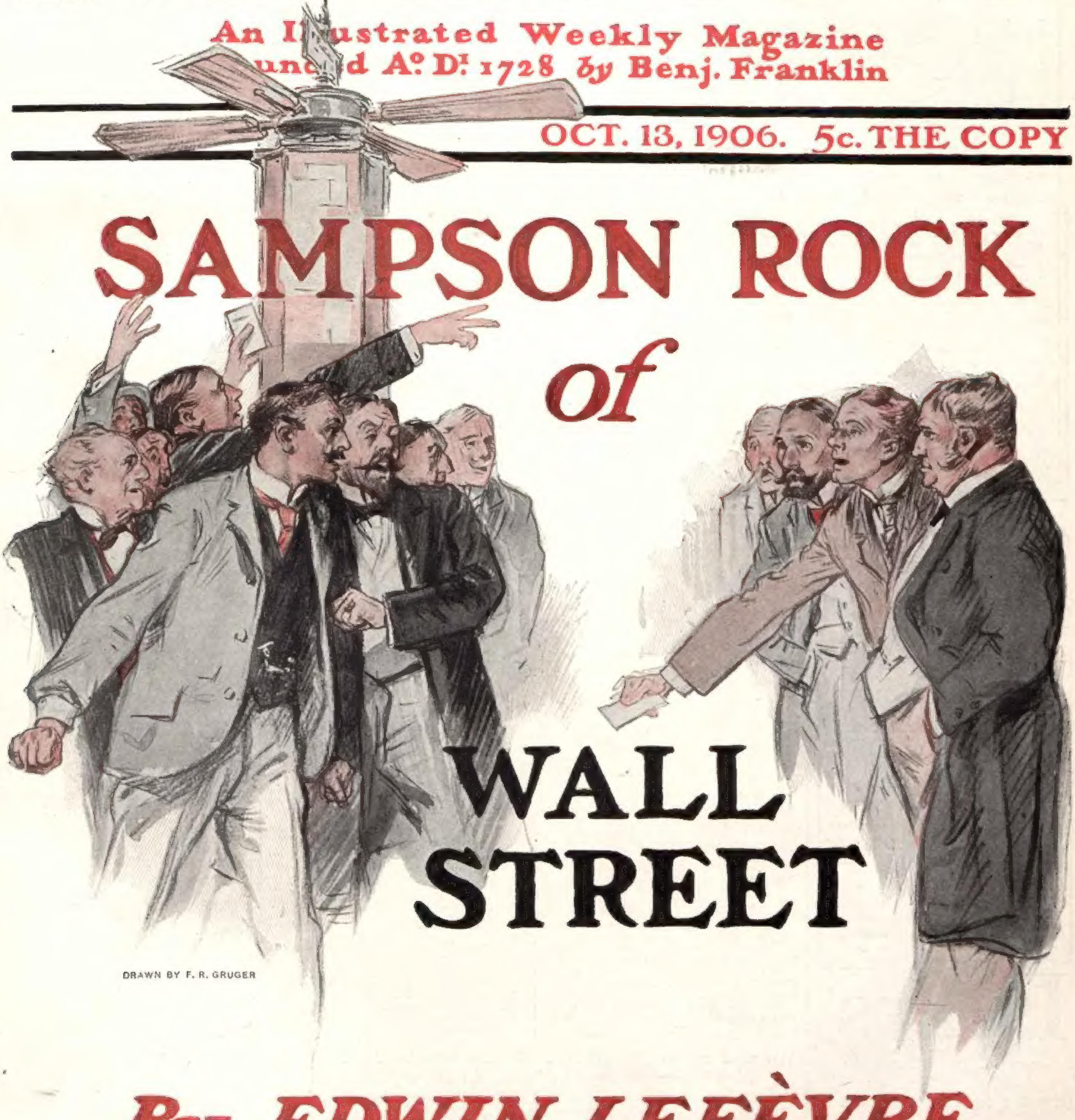
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
unded A°. D!. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

OCT. 13, 1906. 5c. THE COPY

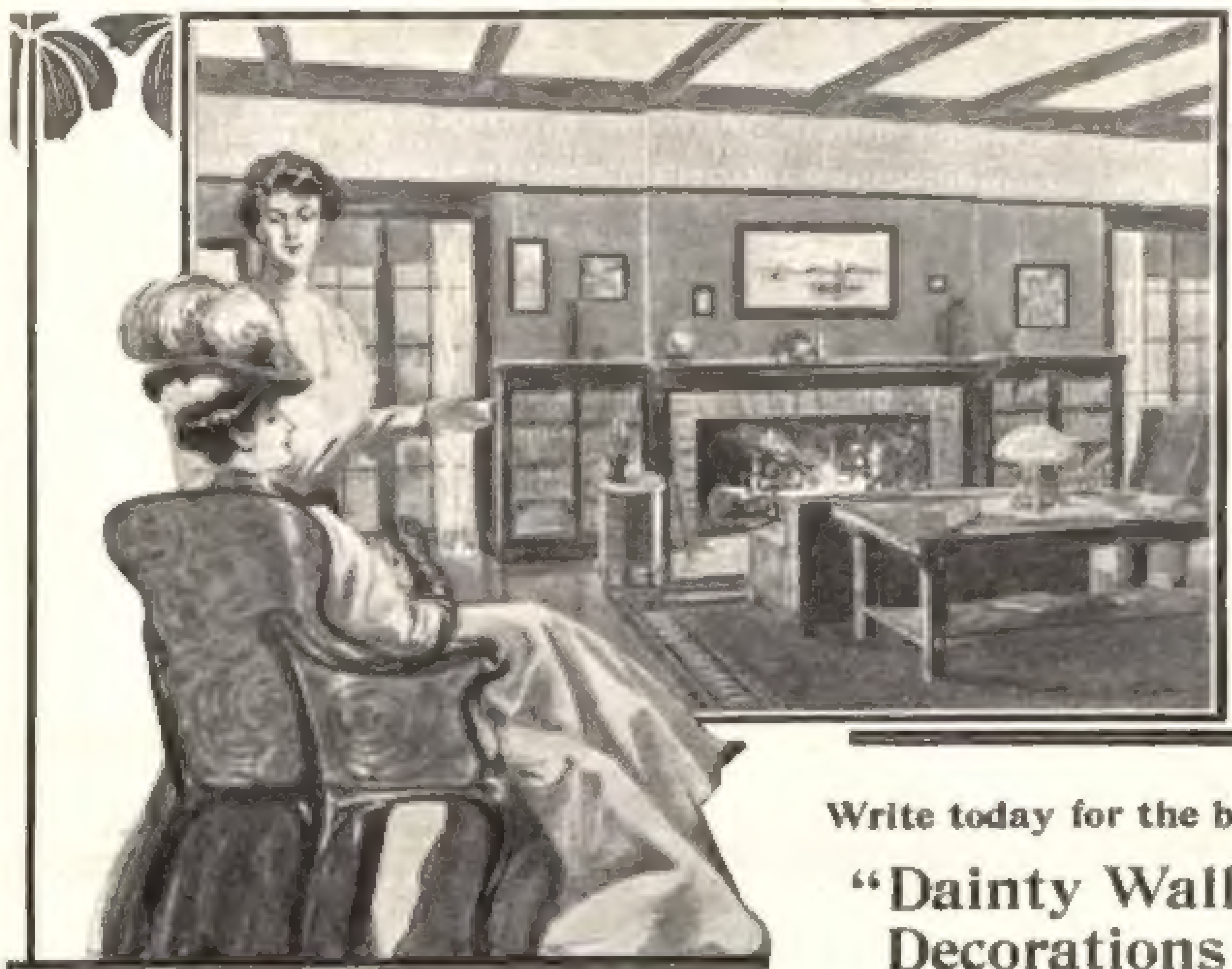


SAMPSON ROCK of WALL STREET

DRAWN BY F. R. GRUGER

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA



Write today for the book

"Dainty Wall Decorations"

It will show you in beautiful colored illustrations, how you can make your home more attractive, while making it more sanitary. It explains what Alabastine is, why it is the most durable and economical wall covering, how it positively destroys disease germs.

Send 10c coin or stamps, today for this valuable book, with its beautiful colored plates, giving many practical suggestions for home furnishings and wall decorations. If you are not more than satisfied, we will cheerfully refund the 10c.

Alabastine

The Sanitary Wall Coating

comes in many dainty and charming tints, all ready for application to the wall after simply mixing with cold water. Any one can apply Alabastine with a flat brush. Its use costs far less than wall paper, oil cloth or kalsomine, and it has no objectionable features.

Ask your dealer to show you the Portfolio of Alabastine Prize Designs

Alabastine is sold everywhere by dealers in paints, hardware, drugs and general merchandise at 50c the 5-lb. package for the white, and 55c. for the tints. Buy only in properly labeled packages. Accept no substitute. Unless the package has the word "Alabastine" on it in large letters, it is not the genuine article.

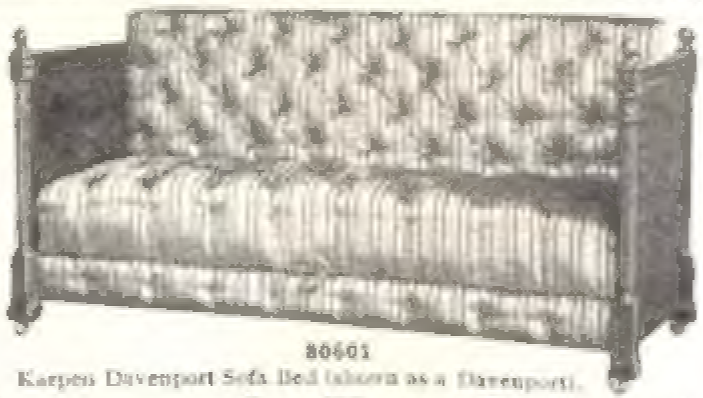
The Alabastine Company,

907 Grandville Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich., or 107 Water Street, New York City.

Karpen Davenport Sofa Beds can be changed from a Davenport to a full size comfortable bed in a few seconds. A child can do it.

80265

Karpen Davenport Sofa Bed (shown as a Bed).



80601

Karpen Davenport Sofa Bed (shown as a Davenport).

Let us send Free Karpen's Book "C"

It tells how to choose Upholstered Furniture and contains much valuable information that you should possess before purchasing Upholstered Furniture. Costs you nothing—saves you much. Read it and no one can foist upon you the **imitation** that so closely counterfeits the **genuine**. Book "C" contains infinitely more designs than any store could afford to carry in stock, hence the advantage of getting the book and making your selections in the quiet of your home in leisure moments. By making selections from this book you can be sure of securing the most enduring furniture made.

KARPEN Guaranteed Upholstered FURNITURE

In Fabric and Genuine Leather Covering

costs no more than unreliable makes and is suitable for every room in the home and for every conceivable purpose. Famed for its classic beauty, honest workmanship and enduring quality. Identify it by these marks. The Spring Supports in Karpen Furniture are specified by the U. S. Government in all its Upholstery.

Write for Book "C" and the name of a dealer who will quote you a **Special Discount** on your first purchase of Karpen Furniture. Sold by the leading dealer in every town in the United States and guaranteed to satisfy or money refunded without quibbling.

Karpen Genuine Leather Furniture

Trade-Mark

Karpen Guaranteed Upholstered Furniture Chicago

80790 Karpen Turkish Rocker.

80791 Karpen Sleepy Hollow Chair. Leather and Solid Cuban Mahogany.

S. KARPEN & BROS.

Karpen Bldg., 187-189 Michigan Ave., Chicago
Karpen Bldg., 155-157 West 34th St., New York

World's Largest Makers of Fine Upholstered Furniture

80597

3-Piece Suite, Louis XVI.
Solid Cuban Mahogany or genuine Gold Leaf.

This Key Gets a Total in 2 Seconds.

Read How You Can Test a Standard Adder FREE

JUST to show you what a Standard Adding Machine will do, we will send you one on trial, and you can use it in your own office—with your own work—just as if it were your own.

Take off your trial balance with it.

Do all your adding, and tabulating, and other work.

Test it out thoroughly, in every way you can think of.

And, if you aren't satisfied—if you can't see big economy in its use—if the machine isn't all we claim—just send it back where it came from and that will end the matter.

We shan't ask you for money, nor try to start an unpleasant argument.

We ask you to sit in judgment on our machine and we will abide by your decision—no matter what it may be.

Is this a fair proposition?

If you want to take it up, just say so on your business letter-head and we will have a Standard Adding Machine delivered to you from our nearest branch at once.

If, after you have used the machine a few weeks, you want to keep it (as you are pretty sure to, when you find out all it will save you), **the price is $185.00.**

That's less—by about half—than you are asked to pay for other machines not as good.

For the Standard Adding Machine prints the figures in plain sight—has only two rows of keys—and one figure of a kind. You can't make mistakes. Construction—simple. Action—easy. Size—compact. Weight—light. Your office boy can carry it with ease, and you can use it anywhere.

But—take up our offer—and see for yourself.

If you can't be persuaded, at least send for our Testimonial Book and read how others economize by using the Standard Adding Machine. You may learn how to effect big savings in your own business.

And we send the book postpaid on receipt of your request.

THE STANDARD ADDING MACHINE CO.

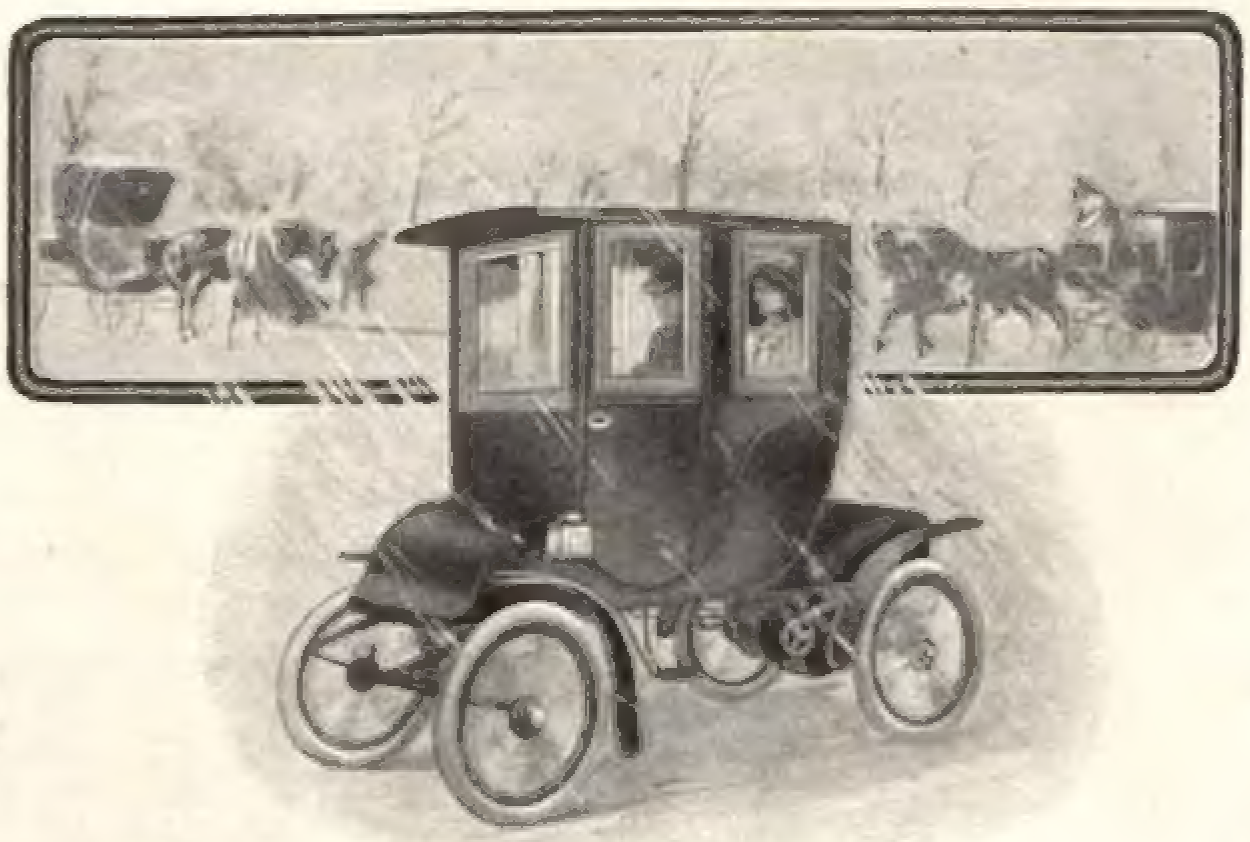
3782 Spring Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Pears'

"The pale complexion of true love" assumes a warmer tint by the use of Pears' Soap.

Sold all over the globe.

The Pope-Waverley Electric Coupe Top Chelsea



This superb carriage answers every purpose of an all around family vehicle. The Coupe Top is readily removable, making it an open Chelsea for the summer days.

The Electric, unlike other types of motor cars, is as "ever ready" on the coldest day as on the warmest day.

For calling, shopping, the theatre, the trip to and from the office, nothing equals in comfort, convenience and style the "always ready" Pope-Waverley Electric Coupe Top Chelsea. The price is $1,600. We must have your order early to insure prompt delivery. We have dealers in all the principal cities.

We also make Electric Runabouts, Stanhopes, Surreys, Physicians' Road, Station and Delivery Wagons

Trucks on Specifications.

Write for Catalogue L.

Pope Waverley Electric Automobiles

Pope Motor Car Company

Waverley Department, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

New York, 1733 Broadway. Boston, 223 Columbus Av.
Washington, 819 14th St., N. W.

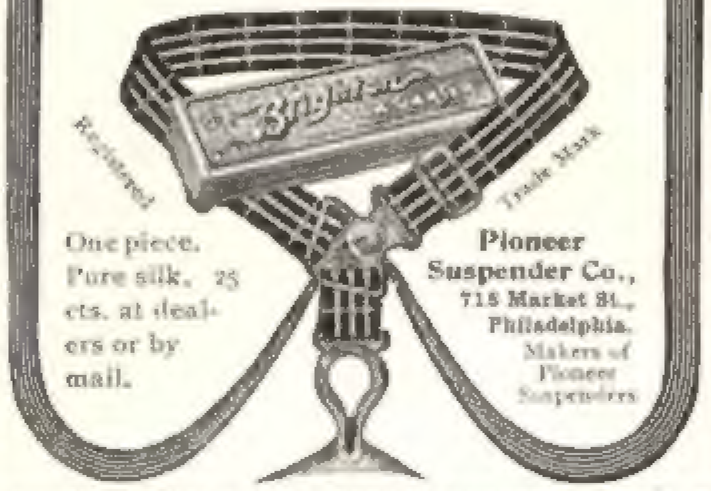
"Be Sure the Name Pope is on Your Automobile."

Pope Waverley Electric Automobiles

BRIGHTON

FLAT CLASP GARTERS

Make All Men Comfortable



One piece. Pure silk. 25 cts. at dealers or by mail.

Pioneer Suspender Co.,
718 Market St.,
Philadelphia.
Makers of Pioneer Suspenders

There is no other hair-brush like the

Keepclean Hair Brush

Handsome—Sanitary

Its bright aluminum "face" behind the bristles cannot get foul by absorbing water, oil or dirt. Military, Cloth and Hat Brushes also. Genuine sold in green boxes, by good stores, everywhere. Remember the name—don't accept substitutes.

Glascock's Racers

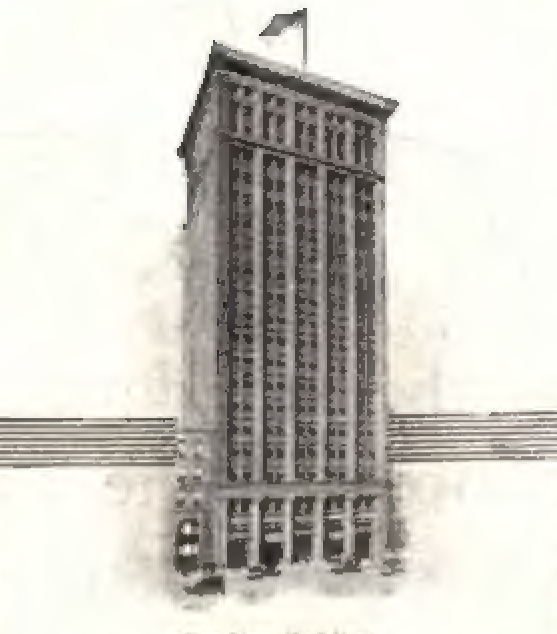
are the fastest the easiest running

THE ONLY HILL-CLIMBERS MADE. Built for children from 2 to 15 years old. Having no dead center requires less power, so that the littlest tot can climb a grade on a Glascock's Racer. It's geared and runs faster and different from all other hand-propelled cars.

Gear wheels are encased.

Three Motions: Racing, Semi-Rowing and Rowing. These exercise motions develop all muscles of the child's body. **Physicians endorse Glascock's**—The Standard, on account of these and many other superior features. Ask your dealer. Write for catalogue now.

Glascock Bros. Mfg. Co.
605 Factory St.
Muncie, Ind.



Our New Building
In the Heart of the Financial District.

Bank by Mail

We offer a most liberal proposition to the saving man or woman, viz.:

4% Interest

(compounded semi-annually) on every dollar deposited with us. Is your money earning that much now? We also issue Certificates of Deposit for $500.00 or multiples thereof, bearing interest at the above rate. Full information and *Booklet C* sent free upon request.

CAPITAL $2,500.000.00 SURPLUS

COMMONWEALTH TRUST CO.
PITTSBURGH, PA.

A Boston man cleared $20,000 in 2 months as a direct result of reading the following 52 Life Science books

All About Yourself

LIST OF THE TITLES

1 The Magic Self
2 Power of Thought
3 Love is Power
4 Woman's Secret Powers
5 How to Rule Your Kingdom
6 Useful Practices
7 Laws of Happiness
8 Mental Helps
9 Life Science in a Nutshell
10 Marriage
11 How to Create Opportunities
12 Your Talents
13 Health
14 Health Recipes
15 Methods of Using Your Powers
16 Methods of Self-Help
17 Self-Help Thru Self-Trust
18 Self-Help Thru Self-Knowledge
19 Self-Help Thru Self-Culture
20 A Plan of Self-Culture and Self-Help
21 Helps
22 Sex Forces
23 Power of Integrity
24 Law of Attraction
25 Life Science Helps
26-27 Thought Laws & Methods
28 The Coming Church
29 The Soul of Beauty
30 The Soul of Fortune
31 The Soul of the Future
32 The Soul of Love
33 The Soul of Your Surroundings
34 The Secret of Perpetual Youth
35-46 (inclusive) Concentration: Drills & Self-Culture Helps for each day of the year. These 365 Concentration Drills and Essays are worth many dollars
47 Secret of Personal Power
48 Rules of Life
49 The Way to Wealth
50 Art of Living
51 Sources and Conditions of Happiness
52 A Plan of Life

Mr. B. F. Meek of Mo. said, "one book is worth the $12.00 I paid for the set."

These books are being introduced as regular studies in some colleges. Judge J. M. L., of Maine says "the whole Truth of Life is well expressed in them" and that "at the age of 71, I have built myself all over by observing their teachings." Dr. Yates of Cincinnati says, "I am convinced that you have the best work on the subjects taught, and I am familiar with most all writers on these and kindred subjects." L. Donnelly said "I would gladly give $100 for the set if I could not get them for less." The verdict of nearly all who receive them is equally enthusiastic. Over a quarter of a million copies have been sold within the past year. I got orders for 3671 copies from one ad.

SPECIAL OFFER If ordered immediately I will send the entire set, prepaid, on receipt of only $12.00; or will send your choice of any twelve of the books for $3.00. By ordering the complete set now you will get a valuable premium and also important helps in the study. These books will help you all your life. I know of no study that can be made more profitable than to thus study yourself. Send to

E. LOOMIS, 28 East 9th Street, New York

POSTAL $25.00 TYPEWRITER

Honest in price, service, material and workmanship—the only **real** typewriter at low price. It combines **universal keyboard,** strong manifolding, mimeograph stencil cutting, visible writing, interchangeable type and prints from ribbon. **Imperfect alignment impossible.**

Will stand hardest wear and is practically accident proof.

Write for our booklet and instalment plan.

Agents Wanted

POSTAL TYPEWRITER CO., Dept. 18
Office and Factory: Norwalk, Conn.
New York City Salesroom: 1304 Broadway.

ALISON LEG FORMS

For Men

correct perfectly the appearance of crooked legs. Pneumatic, easy, "unfeelable, undetectable." Thousands of men wear them; say they wouldn't be without them. Illustrated book and proofs, sealed, free. **THE ALISON CO., Dept. 2 B, Buffalo, N. Y.**

THE EDITOR'S COLUMN

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
423 to 427 Arch Street, Philadelphia

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $2.75
Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

When Your Subscription Expires

Three weeks before a subscription expires we inclose a renewal blank on which you may write your order for the renewal, and in the last copy sent on the old subscription we again inclose a similar blank.

When we first notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once in order not to miss a number. New subscriptions which are received by us on or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by postal order, check or express money order. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made.

A Brief History

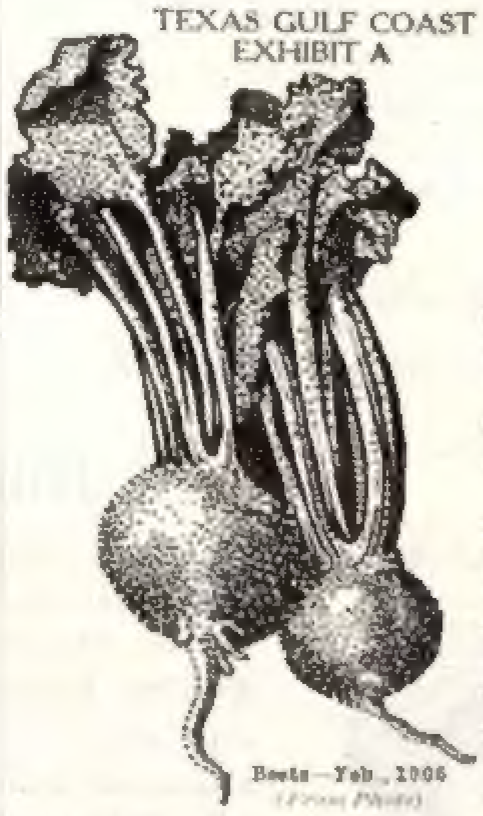
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week—save only while the British army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile—when the magazine has not been issued.

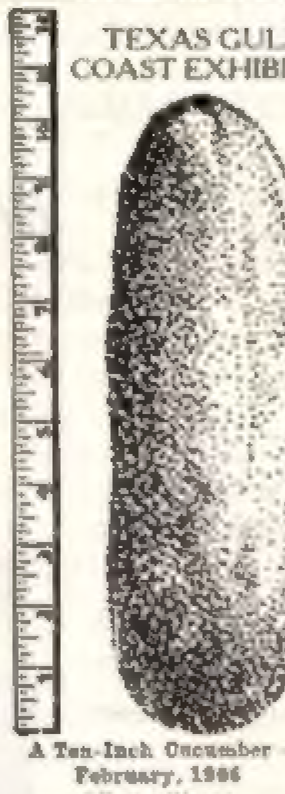
During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

How I Lost My Savings

How did you? Was it through the collapse of a Savings Bank, or National Bank, or through an investment? Did you invest in railroads, mining stock or industrials? Or did some one bunco you in a new way? Can you get more than four per cent. for your money on a safe investment? What do you call a safe investment that yields more? Real estate, stocks, bonds?

Tell us all about it in an article of three to five hundred words and we will pay you for it and publish it in our new series, *How I Lost My Savings,* if found available.





The Gulf Coast of Texas

TEXAS GULF COAST EXHIBIT A

Beets—Feb., 1906
(From Photo)

TEXAS GULF COAST EXHIBIT B

A Ten-Inch Cucumber — February, 1906
(From Photo)

¶ A man of affairs—one who knew whereof he spoke, recently said of Southern Texas: "In no other place are the climatic conditions and the fertility of the soil so favorable to the support of human life."

¶ There is **no more fertile region** in all this broad land of ours than that in Texas, along the Southern Coast.

¶ None will produce a greater variety of fruits and vegetables, or more abundantly—and the Gulf Coast Country **will produce them at times when no other region can!**

¶ This section has just been opened up by the building of the St. Louis, Brownsville & Mexico Railway. It is **new** and it offers you **new** chances to locate and to get a start that will never come again.

¶ Send quickly for copy of new eighty-page illustrated book on the Gulf Coast of Texas, with particulars as to semi-monthly excursion rates. By special arrangement you will also be personally introduced, if you desire, to **farmers who are now there**—to whom you can talk and of whom you can learn all about that wonderful country.

JUST FILL OUT THIS COUPON AND MAIL IT TO-DAY

JOHN SEBASTIAN, Pass. Traffic Mgr. Rock Island-Frisco Lines, **CHICAGO or ST. LOUIS**
(Mail it to city nearest you.)

Send me "The Gulf Coast of Texas" book and particulars as to semi-monthly excursion rates. Within ten days after receipt, I will notify you if I intend to go, so you can furnish me with introductory letter as per your offer.

Name ____________ Address ____________

I saw this ad in ____________

The Dressmaker Knows

The experienced dressmaker insists on getting shears with a positive, everlastingly tight joint; blades that meet firmly all the way to the tips; well ground edges; good steel, carefully tempered. You will find all these qualities perfectly combined in

KEEN KUTTER Shears and Scissors

Whether you cut out a dress or snip a thread, you can do it better with Keen Kutters. No matter how little you pay for common shears, you pay too much compared with Keen Kutter quality at the Keen Kutter price. No other kind has the Keen Kutter double-lock nut and double-service quality which insure perfect satisfaction for a lifetime.

For 37 years Keen Kutter has stood, also, for the very best pocket knives made for men and women. The complete Keen Kutter line is sold under this Mark and Motto:

E. C. SIMMONS KEEN KUTTER TRADE ST. LOUIS MARK U.S.A.

"The Recollection of Quality Remains Long After the Price is Forgotten." Trade Mark Registered.

If your dealer does not keep Keen Kutter goods, write us.

Scissor Book Sent Free

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY
St. Louis and New York,
U. S. A.

Sportsman Attention!!

THIS GUN
The Nelson Hammerless
At $15.00, is the World's Wonder

For general outline, weight, shape, proportion, dimensions, style, finish, fit, strength, durability, long and hard shooting qualities and simplicity of action **this gun leads them all.** We guarantee absolute satisfaction or money refunded; by this we mean that if you send us the full price of the gun it will be shipped with the **full agreement** that if not satisfactory you can return it to us, **at our expense,** and money will be at once returned, or send us **$1.00 only** and we will send exp. C. O. D., sub. to exam., bal. $14 and exp. charges to be paid by you after exam.

Detailed Description of the Nelson Hammerless Shot Guns

BARRELS: Genuine fine imported twist. They are the highest strength barrels of the kind made. They are taper choke bored, to insure the strongest long range shooting qualities, the best possible target, the highest possible penetration.

FRAME: The frame is made of the best quality of decarbonized steel. One of the handsomest hammerless shotgun frames made.

ACTION: The mechanism with which the gun is operated is made from the very best material procurable.

$15.00

STOCK: The stock is handsomely shaped, pistol grip, handsomely checkered in a neat design, fancy checkered butt plate. Made from carefully seasoned selected walnut, hand finished and hand polished.

SAFETY: We offer in our $15.00 Long Range Wonder Hammerless Gun one of the best safety devices used on any gun. It is positive and automatic in its action and renders an accident next to impossible.

SHOOTING QUALITIES: This has been the foundation from which the manufacturer has built this gun up, to furnish a gun that would not shoot loose, that would be the equal of any gun made for durability, that could be relied upon for close, hard shooting at long range, and one in which white or nitro powder could be used as safely as black powder. Everything that you would get in a **hammerless shotgun that cost three times the money. These guns are made in 12-gauge only** 30-inch barrels, and from 7¼ to 7½ pounds. **Send to New York only. We have no branch houses, no agents.**

FREE Catalogue containing every make of gun and marked at OUR PRICE sent FREE upon application.

THE BIG STORE A CITY IN ITSELF
SIEGEL COOPER CO.
SIXTH AVE. 18TH-19TH STS.
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

Armour's

Specializing for quality—that is what makes Armour food products the standard of excellence all the year round and all round the world. The Armour name and the Armour brand on the label always mean "quality," because Armour & Company never stop at producing something "just as good" or "good enough." The constant effort is to produce something *better*. That is "the Armour way." It is the every-day, all-the-year-round business creed in each department throughout six of the largest, cleanest and best equipped food producing plants in the world.

¶ "The Armour way" has been tested by forty years of successful business building. *It pays.* It has put Armour products at the top—has put them in a class by themselves—and has won for them constant use and approval by careful housewives all over the world. And they are at the top to stay. If you want to be sure you are right when buying meat food products, look for the Armour brand on the label.

Best Extract of Beef

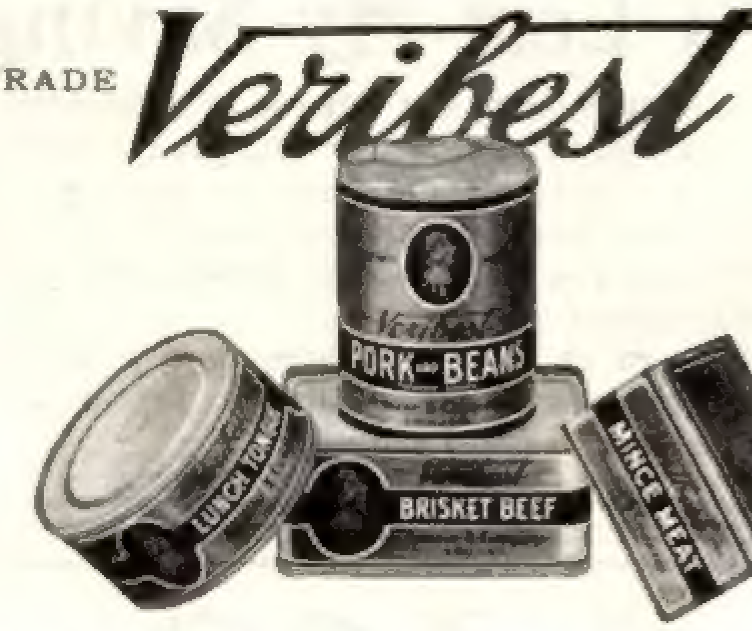
¶ A kitchen without Armour's Extract of Beef is like soup without salt; it lacks savor. A jar of Extract (if it's Armour's) will double the resources of the housewife who likes to "have things taste good."

and put up under their
ARMOUR'S
EXTRACT of BEEF
ARMOUR & CO.
Chicago U.S.A.

¶ Armour's Extract is a concentration of the rich, meaty flavors of choice roast beef—the best extract of the best beef. It gives life and zest to everything it touches—soups, entrees, roasts, vegetables. A little of it helps to convert the "left-overs" of yesterday into a choice dish for today. And when chilly days come, a quarter of a teaspoonful in a cup of boiling water, with a little salt and pepper, makes a beverage that warms, cheers and invigorates.

¶ "Culinary Wrinkles," a little cook book written by Ida M. Palmer, tells of more than one hundred ways of using Armour's Extract of Beef to advantage. It will be sent on request.

TRADE **Veribest** MARK



¶ The art of making your table a constant delight to family and friends lies in providing harmonious variety. By means of "Veribest" you can offer an appetizing surprise at every meal. To name but a few of the products that bear, and merit, the "Veribest" brand, which are especially good for luncheon, tea, or an "extra" at any meal: Pork and Beans put up "Boston way" or in tomato sauce; Brisket Beef, the best "corning" cut perfectly "corned"; Lunch Tongue, cool, palatable and dainty; Mince Meat, that puts within your reach without trouble to yourself, the equal of the best "home-made" mince meat you ever used.

Bacon for Breakfast

¶ Every morning is not too often to have it on the table, when it is the right kind of bacon. Doctors all recommend it, especially for children, because it is a valuable food and is easily digested.

Armour's
"STAR"
SLICED BACON

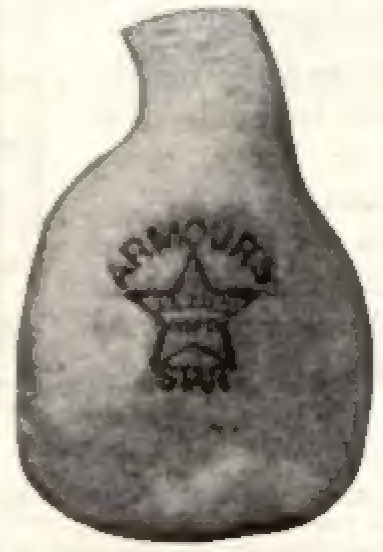
¶ But it should be choice bacon, evenly cured and thinly sliced, tender and juicy, with fat and lean evenly balanced—the kind that doesn't cook dry and stringy. Then it comes to the table, curly-crisp, beautifully brown, sweet, and so delicate it fairly melts in the mouth. Every slice "tastes like more."

¶ But to have it always just right, get Armour's "Star" Bacon, wafer sliced and put up in glass jars or tins. The "Star" brand guarantees *quality*—marks the best bacon in the market—and uniformity. The first package will please, and each succeeding one will be as good as the first—better, if it can be made better.

Armour food products have always been sold on their merits. They are as good today as they were yesterday. They will be better tomorrow if we can make them so.

The "Why" of "*Star*" *Hams*

¶ The Armour plants produce an average of about 40,000 hams a day—all good hams, tender, juicy, nutritious and palatable. But only about one ham in fifteen wins the "Star" brand, the mark of super-excellence. That is why "Star" hams cost a little more than ordinary hams. They are *better* than ordinary hams—the pick of the total output.

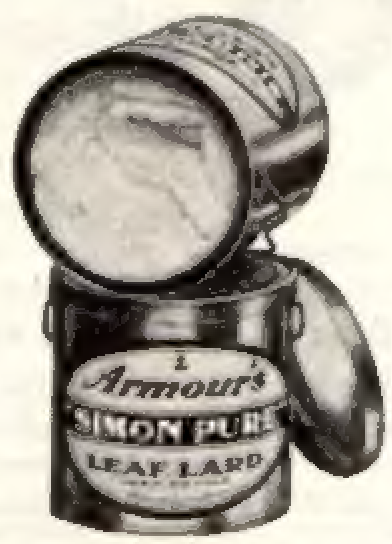


¶ This super-quality is important, for the stomach's sake. The doctor-experts on diet all recommend ham—tender, mild-cure ham—especially for persons whose digestion is just a little slow.

¶ But be sure you get Armour's "Star" ham, with the five-pointed star burned into the skin. That mark guarantees you the pick, a "just right" mild-cure ham from a young, but "matured," moderately fat, corn fed "barrow" hog—"The Ham What Am."

Lard that is Perfect

¶ The lard that shows a deeply wrinkled and "wavy" top, when the pail is opened, is the pure *leaf* lard. But to say "leaf lard" does not tell the whole story.



¶ The highest degree of lard excellence is secured only when the best of raw "leaf" is carefully selected and rendered in open kettles at a temperature that carries off all the undesirable and indigestible substances which are a part of natural "leaf." This process, applied to the selected "leaf," brings forth a "dry," "flaky" product that is the very cream of lard—the best for all purposes and the *only* lard to use for fine cooking. The trade name for this perfect product is "Armour's 'SIMON PURE' Leaf Lard."

¶ Costs a little more than ordinary lard? Yes, but it *always* gives satisfaction. You have no "soggy" pastry when you use "Armour's 'SIMON PURE' Leaf Lard."

CHICAGO
SOUTH OMAHA
SIOUX CITY

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

KANSAS CITY
EAST ST. LOUIS
FORT WORTH

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Copyright, 1906, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY in the United States and Great Britain. Founded A°D¹ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

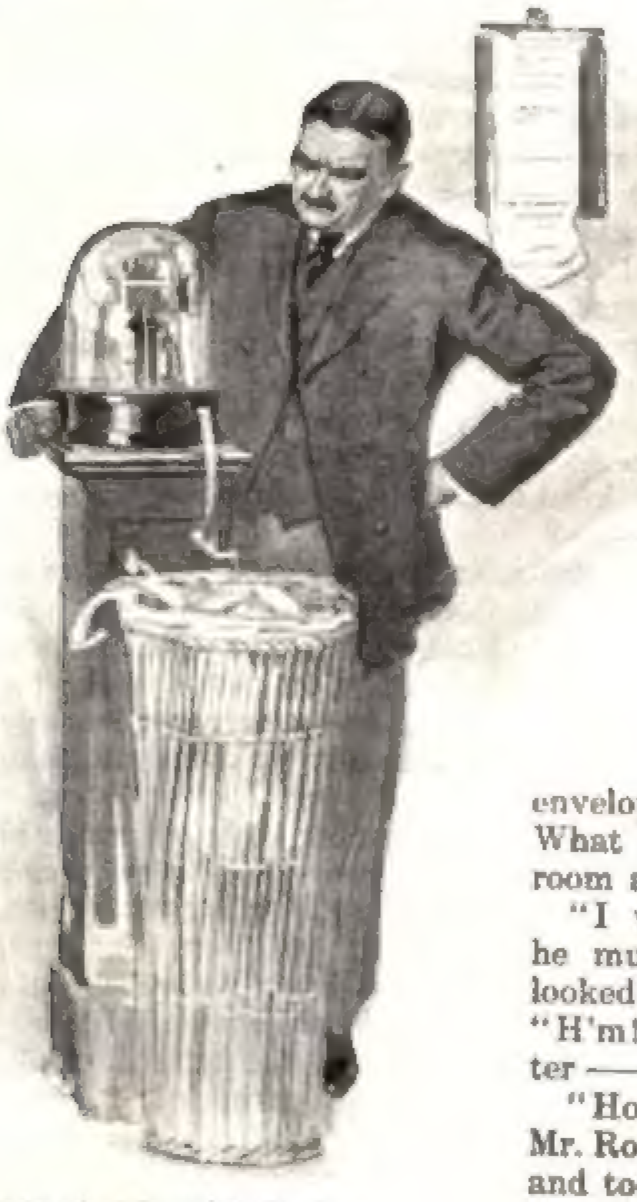
Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

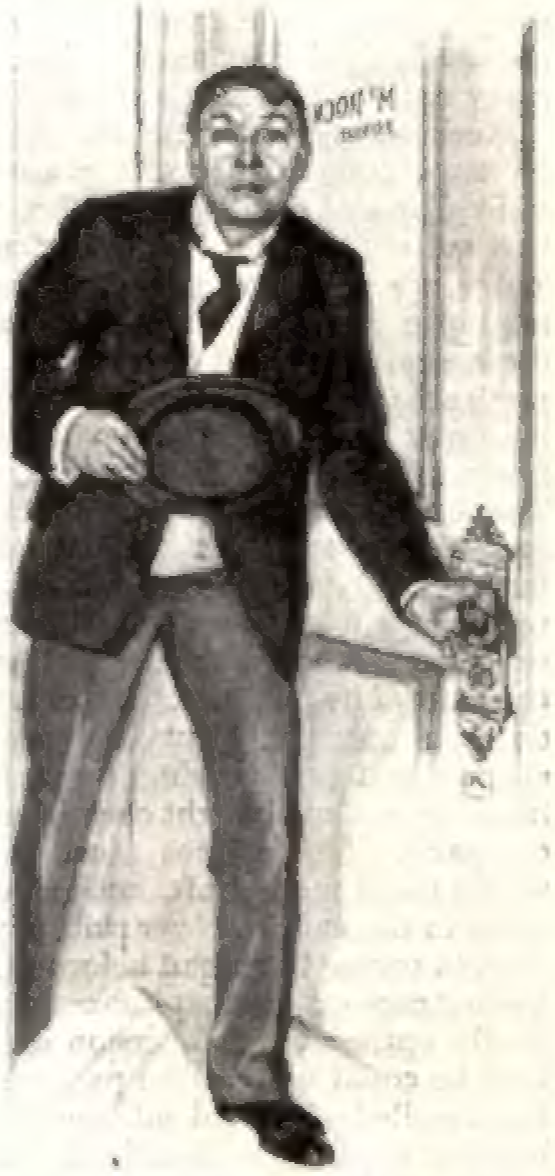
Volume 179 PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 13, 1906 Number 15

Sampson Rock of Wall Street

BY EDWIN LEFÈVRE



All Steel—Thoughts, Desires and Purposes



Ready to Retreat if Rock's Face Made it Prudent

I

THE stock-ticker in Sampson Rock's private office had been whirring away half an hour when Rock's cashier entered the room to lay on the desk a bulky letter. It was marked in one corner, "*Personal—Important,*" heavily underscored. For additional emphasis there was a rough drawing of a hand, the dexter finger rigidly pointing cornerward; all of which gave the cashier no concern—he was accustomed to seeing *Personal* and *Urgent* and *Important* on envelopes addressed to Mr. Sampson Rock. What he was not accustomed to was the empty room at half-past ten.

"I wonder what's keeping the Old Man," he muttered. He approached the ticker and looked over the tape with a desultory interest. "H'm! Sixty-one! I wonder if I hadn't better ——"

"How's the market?" said a voice sharply. Mr. Rock threw a bundle of newspapers on a chair and took the tape which Valentine silently held out to him. Nothing that Valentine could say would be as illuminative as three or four inches of the little paper ribbon. A foot was a book; a yard, a history. Valentine couldn't read the tape that way, but he knew Rock did.

"Surface cars—blocked an hour on Broadway!" explained Rock irritably. He came upon a quotation of the stock of the guilty Cosmopolitan Traction Company. It made him say to Valentine savagely: "Sell a thousand Cosmopolitan at the market. It's 165. Wretched service!"

"Yes, sir." Valentine turned to go, thinking a shade enviously of the ways in which a rich man could gratify revenge against offending corporations—to wit, by selling their stocks short—when Rock said: "Send for Dunlap, and get me the last Cosmopolitan Traction annual report."

He had not stopped looking over the tape, reading backward, until he had seen how the market had gone from the opening. After a final glance at the very last quotation or two which the little machine had printed while he was studying the beginning, he walked, frowning, to his desk. The long, blue envelope marked "*Personal—Important*" lay on the top of the mound of the morning's mail. He opened it and read the typewritten pages with the closest attention. It was a copy of the report which an expert railroad accountant had made on the financial and physical condition of the Virginia Central Railroad for a committee of English bondholders, who were fearful that the optimism of Colonel Robinson, the president of the road, was too American for British consumption.

Rock, for some months, had been so nearly certain that he needed the Virginia Central to round out his own Roanoke system, that he had sent out experts to report in great detail on the physical condition of the property, and to determine the feasibility and cost of a connecting line, while others were analyzing the company's annual reports for years back, supplementing the official figures with confidential information obtained from one of the underpaid bookkeepers of the Virginia Central. Williams, the accountant, unaided and alone, doubtless hindered at every step by a management conscious of its own shortcomings, had learned as much as Rock's experts had with the aid of the bribed bookkeeper, and, moreover, he had taken precisely the same view of the grossly mismanaged road and of its great possibilities that Rock took. Therefore Williams must be bought and paid for. He had succumbed to the Old Man's insidious flattery and had sent him the report, in order that the Old Man might realize that Williams was the best man in his line in the country. He could not be cheap, for he was not only intelligent but, to boot, honest. However, no price would be too high to pay the man who had saved Rock months of valuable time by making the great captain of finance realize definitely now that Williams was a wonder, and also that the Virginia Central must be benevolently assimilated by the Roanoke. The Virginia Central and its owners did not yet know it.

Rock's friends often spoke of his habit of thinking in lightning flashes, of the marvelous quickness with which he abandoned old and settled on new policies, and, at the same time, of the systematic, Von Moltke-like manner in which he planned some of his market campaigns. In their heart of hearts they sometimes doubted that any human mind could think so much and so quickly, or see so far and so clearly. Their minds did not. Therefore they half thought that Rock often closed his eyes, jumped, and landed safely on a golden feather-bed, compelling Fortune's smiles by sheer audacity. But it was no more difficult for Rock to know, in the twinkling of an eye, what to think or what to vision to himself, and why, than for a man to answer "Yes" if he were asked whether he wished to keep on living—a man who was happy, healthy, rich, well-fed, with a nice family, a comfortable home, good friends, a perfect digestion and a devoted cook. Rock's untiring patience in the conduct of the subsequent campaign, and his final success so deliberately led up to, alone shook his friends' confidence in the "blind plunge" theory.

And this particular plunge was not blind. Williams, in addition to telling in how poor a condition, physical and financial, the Virginia Central was, proceeded to show how the one hope of the English bondholders' committee lay in building an extension: not to Biddleboro, to connect with the Roanoke, as Rock planned, but to Franklyn, to connect with the South Atlantic branch of the Great Southern—the Roanoke's powerful rival. The stock had been strong lately, and the Street listlessly thought that possibly President Robinson expected to succeed in raising the needed capital in London. But Rock had taken pains that it should not be active enough to make it an attractive gamble. Men should help their fellows, and Rock felt that poor, harassed Robinson might spare himself further anxiety about English capital and Virginia Central. He decided to take Robinson's burden of care and worry on his own broad shoulders. Ungrateful Robinson, when Robinson should discover the philanthropy!

Sampson Rock leaned back in his chair. His eyes were half closed. The accountant's report was on the desk before him, open at the last page; but he did not see it. The ticker was tinklingly promising golden coins; but he did not hear it. What he saw was a range of hills; there were some black holes—mouths of tunnels leading into rich bituminous mines that were not half busy enough; what he heard was the rumble of a train of loaded cars that was not half long nor half heavy enough—the unexploited mineral wealth of a vast section of territory and the criminal negligence of a mismanaged railroad. Beyond the range of hills was a system of veritable Himalayas of limestone, and beyond them huge deposits of iron ore. With a little more heat and a little closer proximity to the limestone and to the coal the iron almost would have smelted itself into high-grade pigs—only the pigs in the Virginia Central were also asses. The control of the road, an extension to Biddleboro to connect with his own Roanoke & Western, subsidiary companies to exploit the mineral and agricultural territory thus far untapped, a merger, a first-class system controlled by Sampson Rock, a big bull campaign in the stock-market, permanently establishing the credit of his own securities on an investment plane, and ——

He awoke. His eyes, wide open now, took on a curious, alert look.

"H'm! It bears out Morson"—his chief expert, who had been studying the same proposition from Rock's more practical, or, possibly, more piratical, point of view. He must turn Morson loose again—this time to secure options on iron mines and coal lands, and quarries and water-rights, in the interest of the yet unborn Old Dominion Development Company. The Roanoke & Western would guarantee the Development Company bonds, thereby making them easily vendible. That would supply the necessary capital. The Development stock would be called water; but it was Rock's wager on the future growth of industrial Virginia—and sixty per cent. of that water would be Rock's; also, all the credit, later, for the modern miracle of turning water into gold. But that was merely a "side issue." The deal itself would at once enhance the value of his Roanoke holdings. That meant more millions—real millions—and more work; and more power.

Rock pushed one of a row of buttons on his desk. While he waited for Valentine he looked over the rest of his correspondence, reading the letters at a glance. Most of them he threw into the waste-paper basket—one he tore into bits before so doing; two he laid aside, writing undermost; the remainder he initialed, or scribbled on them a word or two, and placed them on the top of the desk to be answered and filed. No business literature was ever allowed to accumulate. Even the letters from beggars and cranks were promptly answered by the secretary, or by him referred to the proper man for reply. Rock never dictated any letters until after ticker hours. But when he left for the day not a scrap of paper remained on his desk. And he never philosophized about it.

Valentine entered.

"Telephone to Walter Williams to come over at once. Take him into the last room. Tell Dunlap to come over in five minutes. I'll see him after I'm done with Williams."

The last room was at the end of the corridor—Number 888—the last of the suite occupied by Rock. It was the next but one to the private office. It was there that Rock received callers whom he did not wish any one else in the office to see. His best friends never went into any other room. His worst enemies also had called at 888 on occasion.

"Yes, sir. Here's the Cosmopolitan report, and a telegram."

"From whom?"

Valentine handed the telegram in silence and laid the report on the desk. Rock read the message.

"It's from Sam. His boat's at Quarantine."

"That's nice." Valentine looked pleased. Rock looked instead at his watch.

"She ought to dock in a half-hour. H'm." His only son was returning from a trip around the world after an absence of eighteen months. Rock saw the smile on his cashier's face. It struck him that he ought to smile too. This made him frown. He said impatiently: "Tell Morson to meet Sam at the dock, American Line, and bring him up here." He added, with a curious, half-defiant, half-apologetic air: "I must see Williams at once."

It did not occur to Valentine that Rock, who had not seen his only son in a year and a half, should be apologetic about a few minutes more or less. He went out quickly to carry out the Old Man's commands.

Rock walked to the ticker. As he looked the tape over he saw "1000 CT 164¾." It was possibly the one thousand shares of Cosmopolitan Traction he did not own but had spitefully sold, because of his delay that morning. There are profits and profits; the more the merrier. It reminded him of the annual report on his desk. He sat down again and read it, frowning. The revenge should be profitable; otherwise, he would forgive. As he finished, his brow cleared and a good-humored look replaced the frown. It was as he had thought. The stock was too high. The brazen manipulation of his semi-occasional friend, Judson, the street-railway magnate, had put up the price, but the road itself was not gaining. It had, quite obviously to Rock, whose expert eye could read between the lines of the report, reached the limit of its prosperity by reaching the limit of its facilities. It was a physical impossibility to do more business. But its operating expenses and fixed charges had gone soaring, owing to losing lines which the inside crowd had bought cheap and sold dear—to their own company. These lines must be "modernized." That would mean more graft, and more graft would tell on the stock in the end, however skillfully Judson manipulated it now, in trying to unload before the community discovered the outrageous overcapitalization. Judson was unintelligently optimistic; his version of Lincoln's aphorism was that he could fool all the people all the time. Therefore Rock smiled—if it had not been for the delay on Broadway he never would have thought of selling the stock short—and rang for Valentine. There were half a dozen telephones on a long table at one end of the room; those were for his confidential brokers, and went to the boardroom—the "floor" of the Stock Exchange. Ordinary orders in ordinary stocks he let Valentine give out for him to the office's routine brokers, as Dunlap called them.

"Valentine, sell four thousand Cosmopolitan more, at the market. It may take some months, but we'll buy it back at 125. Keep track of it." He had no bear campaign in mind. It was merely an investment on the short side, and he immediately dismissed it from his thoughts. If, on the way to the big gold-mine, he saw a few coins on the path, he picked them up—it did not delay or distract—and walked on.

"Yes, sir." Valentine decided that the Old Man was still angry at the delay. Somehow the Old Man had a habit of turning even his anger into dollars—fancy a drunkard getting paid for getting drunk! Lucky people, these stock-gambling captains of finance, thought Valentine, with keen regret that the Old Man had said it would take months to cash in. If he had said days or even weeks, Valentine himself would have sold short one hundred shares. To get rich is pleasant; to get rich quick is Heaven: but takes capital. There were many Valentines in Wall Street, also in the United States. They thought the same thing: no brains and no expert knowledge needed; only money and patience. Lacking capital, patience was slow death, unless there was luck. Even then, Rock would be lucky merely because Rock had money. His short sale of Cosmopolitan Traction, so obviously prompted by nothing but petulant spite, would make $200,000 walk by themselves into Rock's pocket, to pay for the twenty minutes lost on Broadway. Ten thousand dollars a minute that would be, because Rock was rich—Valentine was logical. A moment afterward the cashier announced that Mr. Williams was in the secret room, which a facetious accomplice of Rock's had once dubbed the pool-incubator and scheme-hatchery.

The best railroad accountant in the United States was a short, slim man, utterly bald, with a Vandyke beard and sharp gray eyes. Habitually he looked angry, as if the incompetence of bookkeepers annoyed him. Moreover, the devices some railroad financiers adopted to mislead the public were so transparent as to be an insult to the eagle eye of Mr. Walter Williams, licensed public accountant, forty years old, and not yet a millionaire. But with visions—visions!

"Good-morning, Williams," said Rock with an affability that was not excessive. He could be very affable at times, even to newspaper reporters. His face, however, was expressionless as he went on: "I have read the report. It is a good piece of work; but ——"

Williams' face became at once defiant. He allowed no "buts," and he half repented now having been persuaded to send the copy of the masterpiece to Rock.

"But you cannot send it to London." Rock spoke very evenly, very dispassionately. His eyes looked neither alert nor sleepy—the eyes of an ordinarily intelligent man, speaking to a friend about an every-day matter, regarding which both were of the same mind. Further discussion would absurdly exaggerate the importance of it.

On Williams' face the defiance rose to anger, and he said, scowling:

"Why not?"

He was bitterly sorry that he had been unfaithful to his employers in allowing this stock-gambler, masquerading as a railroad magnate, to see the report as soon as it had been completed. The Old Man had admired his work—which tickled his artistic vanity—and had, moreover, promised to turn Williams loose on the books of the so-called "Rock roads," which would help the bank account. Williams sincerely thought his mission in life was to teach corporations how to conduct their business and keep their books honestly, but, above all, scientifically. Brooding on the obvious designs of a higher power on Walter Williams had chloroformed his sense of humor.

"Because I think it would be well to wait a little." Rock's voice and manner had not changed.

"*I* don't," retorted Williams brusquely.

Rock smiled a trifle as he said: "Williams, it's going to make them feel so good, when they do get it, that a few weeks' delay won't hurt." His voice was full of good humor.

"They expect me to mail it this week."

"Cable that you need to verify some figures."

"My figures never need verification, Mr. Rock." His manner was coldly austere.

"That's why I am here trying to do you a good turn. You must wait." Mr. Rock's look now was full of friendliness. He did not yet know the accountant's price, but was reading the quotations on the accountant's vanity. He did not despise the accountant for having it, because Williams also had the peculiar ability of the expert to a remarkable degree, and he understood scientific railroading in the abstract. Rock could utilize his critical and analytical gifts, and would gladly pay for them. Sometimes theorists' suggestions could be carried out with profit. This theorist must make no suggestions to Rock's competitors. Like charity, the profit should begin at home.

"Impossible!" said Williams. There was finality in his tone. Few people spoke that way to Rock. It would have made a saint angry: also a sinner; but not Rock. Yet Rock deliberately asked:

"To how many people have you shown the report, Williams?"

The accountant flushed angrily. "Only you," he growled; "and I'm sorry I've ——"

"I'm not, and you won't be, either. How much of the stock have you bought?"

"Why must I have bought any?" Williams sneered.

But Rock, who was looking at him meditatively, saw the merest gleam of a fleeting uneasiness in the accountant's sharp gray eyes, and he answered calmly: "You wouldn't be human if you hadn't, knowing what you do. Now, let me give you some friendly advice, Williams. You sell what you have bought, and ——"

"How do you ——" began Williams, still stubbornly defiant.

"My suspicious nature, I suppose," said Rock, with a touch of resignation in his voice. "Look here, Williams"—there was an air of conscious patience about him as he went on—"that stock is going down." Williams could be of use to him in several ways. He saw what position the accountant could fill. Frankness now was merely an advance payment.

"But it won't stay down. You can't keep it down. Why, if Robinson wasn't such an ass ——"

Rock interrupted the accountant.

"Does he know what your report ——"

The accountant interrupted Rock: "No, we didn't get on. The London people don't love him, and he knows it, and he thinks I will make my report unfavorable in order to please my clients who don't trust him. He tried to put obstacles in my way. The ass! Why, if he knew how to run a railroad, that stock ——"

"Precisely. But he doesn't." Into Rock's eyes came a look, alert, aggressive, that sparkled with a living intelligence: the look of a man who both thinks and fights, who both dreams and does. Williams, whose fear that he had made a mistake in his purchase of Virginia Central stock made him sharp-eyed, saw it, and the frown on his face disappeared. Rock went on, his voice not less kindly but more commanding, because he had estimated the accountant's price, and the value of services present and prospective: "Sell that stock at once. I'll tell you when to buy it back. It's going down, and going down fast. That report is merely delayed in transmission; see? Don't argue. When the time is ripe you can buy five thousand shares in this office. Don't worry about the margin. This is a personal matter between you and me. But that report is not mailed until I tell you."

Some things lose nothing by repetition. The number of shares was one of them. Rock added, aiming straight at the breach in the fortifications: "The day you mail it you buy five thousand shares. I guarantee that the price will be lower than it is to-day. That same day you start on the books of the Roanoke & Western at your own price. I'll have a good deal of work for you all this year and next."

A flash burned in Williams' eyes. He saw at a glance what Rock's scheme would be—to acquire the control of the Virginia Central in the open market. To do this cheaply he would depress the price of the shares. That was as 2 + 2 = 4. Then the price would rise as he bought it in bulk; and then, once the control was in his possession, the price would rise still more, just before Mr. Sampson Rock, the daring individual speculator, sold the entire block to Mr. Sampson Rock, the conservative chairman of the executive committee of the Roanoke & Western Railroad. That was as 4 + 4 = 8. Efficiency was Williams' monomania, and Rock, he saw with sympathetic enthusiasm, was highly efficient. Also, being an expert accountant, Williams, in less than three seconds, figured that he himself stood to win $100,000 on that deal—and more, if he could be useful to Rock later. He was an honest man—that was why Rock had not dreamt of asking him to "doctor" the report—and with praiseworthy enthusiasms; but too quick at ticker arithmetic for his own good. He controlled his exultation, and abjectly apologized to himself for what he was going to do by saying, with a carefully calculated shake of the head and a dubious tone of voice: "Well, Mr. Rock, I ——"

"Yes, Williams; it's all right. I'll give you five minutes to sell your Virginia Central. You need not go short—if you don't *wish* to." Rock said this very deliberately. He knew what Williams would wish, therefore he finished: "Not too much of it; just enough for pocket-money."

Williams was human. He said: "I'm very much obliged, Mr. Rock. I ——"

"Don't mention it. Remember, in five minutes Virginia Central begins to decline. If you've told any of your friends it was a good thing, it might be only fair to warn them to get out." It was a very nice touch. Williams felt that the Old Man had a heart. The Old Man knew Williams would think so; he also knew that if he did not advise Williams to tell his friends, Williams, being a decent chap, still would do it. And after a judicious pause, Rock added: "But be discreet. No details to anybody. And *quick*, Williams." It takes genius to advise a man who is in a hurry to get rich to make haste about it.

"Thank you, Mr. Rock," repeated the accountant, his burning desire to run out of the room making his voice sound husky as if with grateful emotion. Sampson Rock considerately held the door open for the ticker-stricken man, and said: "Any time you have anything you think I ought to know, come and see me. And remember, Williams, I trust you," he finished sternly, yet not unkindly.

Rock did not so much think that every man had his price as that devotion, personal and impersonal, like everything else in this world, must be paid for. He was not yet rich enough to have lost the sense of proportion. He made money for others, in order that he might make money for himself. He was a highly intelligent man.

II

STILL looking as if he trusted Williams, Sampson Rock went to the front office. He approached the ticker and gazed intently on the printed letters and numbers of the tape—so intently that they ceased to be numerals and became living figures. Williams was ten million leagues away, and Rock's vision leapt from New York to Richmond, from Richmond to Biddleboro, from Biddleboro back to the glittering marble-and-gold boardroom of the Stock Exchange. The tape-characters were like little soldier ants, bringing precious loads to this New York office, tiny gold nuggets from a thousand stockholders, men and women and children, rich and poor, to the feet of Sampson Rock. It may be there would be shrieks and sobs, pain-squeals and imprecations; but they would not reach the ears of a man whose soul had soared so high that the entire State of Virginia was spread before him in miniature, like an outrolled map, glowing and glittering polychromatically in a flood of sunshine. And through this map ran a line, not a ticker-tape, with towns instead of abbreviations or bridges instead of dashes, but a vein; and it was not a vein of human blood or of human tears, but of human sweat, a living thing, born of work, stretching tentacle-like arms everywhither, reaching to every corner of the State of Virginia, to the great Atlantic; and, more faintly, the same network of life-giving and life-creating veins extending to the Great River and the Great Lakes, and perhaps—if Sampson Rock lived long enough to realize the dream of every railroad emperor—even unto the golden remote Far West and the blue Pacific—from ocean to ocean.

But how to bring all that to him? . . . Those little soldier-ants on the tape must be trained to march, gold-laden, Sampson Rockward. They would, little by little, make a vast mountain, and that mountain would turn the dreams into realities—not gold, but life, would Sampson Rock give to his fellow-men. The gold he would keep—gold meant so little to them who only dreamed, so much to one who dreamt and also did! . . .

Order out of chaos, a definite plan unraveled from the tangled sunbeams—it would not be difficult. He knew exactly what he wished to do. That was a great deal to start with; it was about ten million dollars' worth more than the disorganized and leaderless mob who still owned the Virginia Central knew. And so the Virginia sunshine dimmed, and the visions faded, and in the place of the poet that had been dreaming in the office—the poet whose numbers were of railroad tonnage—there returned to the side of the ticker a calculating machine, all steel—thoughts and desires and purpose all of the temper of steel. It was good advice a great man had given to an expert accountant in bidding him sell out his Virginia Central stock, not because it was too dear, but because it was too cheap!

He walked into the customers' room. Rock made his "headquarters" with the firm of Daniel G. Dunlap & Co., having separate though adjoining offices, and keeping his own set of bookkeepers. The Roanoke & Western offices were on the floor below. What he said was law, however, whether Mr. Dunlap was present or not, and the Street, as well as the office, so understood. The firm did a good business because it was strong and was supposed to be "next to Rock." But it really had outgrown a general commission business because Rock and his pools insured prosperity. Dunlap was courteous enough to the small customers, and gave them good service, but seldom gave what they really wanted, which was tips. But the small customers hoped on; some day, perhaps, they would be repaid for waiting. And so they waited, in the mean time getting their daily tips elsewhere, even taking them from the newspapers.

Rock sought Valentine, who was employed by both Dunlap and himself and received salaries from both. He asked:

"Has the Wall Street News Agency man been around to-day?"

"Who? Gilmartin?"

"Yes."

"No, sir; not yet."

"If he comes, send him in to me." And Rock walked back to his private office. The eyes of Dunlap's customers who sat before a huge quotation-board followed him yearningly. If only they had X-ray sight to pierce through the Old Man's skull and read in the Old Man's brain what was good to buy, what was good to sell! It never struck them that it was a particularly well-shaped head. A demoralizing thing, this practice of holding the tape within six inches of the eyes; all they could see after a while was a financial Moses smiting a rock with a rod of gold, and a stream of dollars gushing out. Looking to see exactly where to place the bag in order to fill it quickly—that strained the eyes, also.

Rock was looking at the ticker when Dunlap entered.

"Good-morning, Sampson. Want to see me?" Dunlap was tall, stout, gray-haired, with a small mustache that drooped like a mandarin's. He was frowning. That meant nothing. He always frowned, even when he made money. He was somewhat myopic, but would not wear glasses; the frown had become habitual from his efforts to see. He was an excellent broker, with a sort of rudimentary imagination.

"Yes. Virginia Central is pretty high." Rock did not raise his eyes from the tape.

"How do you mean, high?" asked Dunlap. He had been buying the stock for the Old Man unostentatiously for some weeks. The Old Man, therefore, couldn't have been bearish on it very long. And even now the voice was not bearish; it could not mean that he really wished to sell the stock, that he had abandoned the campaign.

"H-i-g-h," spelled Rock, looking up. He was in a cheerful mood.

Dunlap arched his eyebrows, let the corners of his mouth drop, and posed for the statue of resignation. At length he said mournfully:

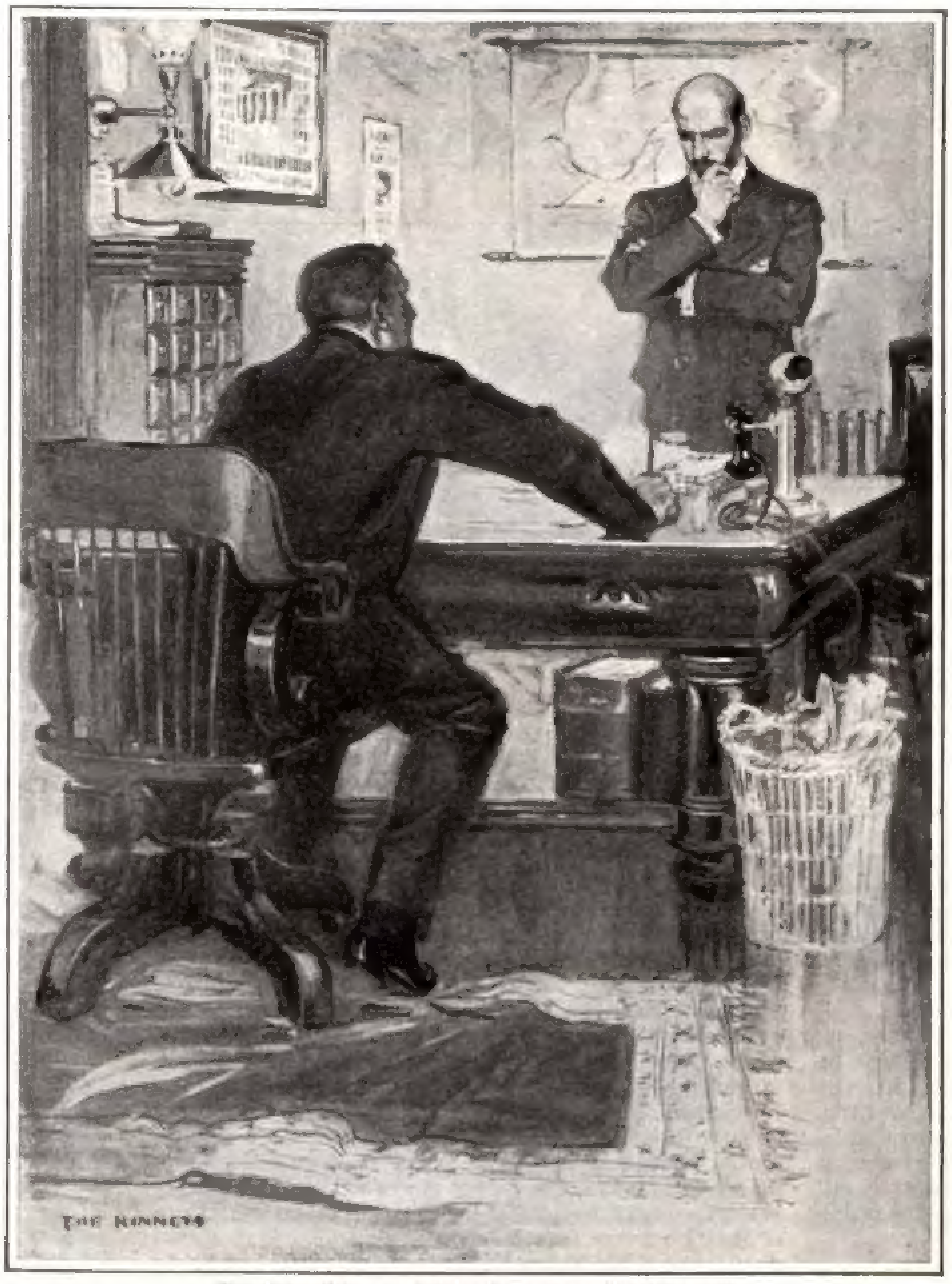
"Shoot ahead."

"It's forty-eight," said Rock.

"Yep."

"Well, it would look better at thirty-eight by the end of the week."

"This is Wednesday."



"It's Going Down, and Going Down Fast. Don't Argue"

"Precisely. That gives you plenty of time. And if you're real clever, Dan, you'll have more stock at thirty-eight than you have now."

"How much more?"

"I'd begin buying on balance from forty-two down. I want all there is floating around. Let somebody else clear for you. The stock in the office goes out with a becoming blare of trumpets. See?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" Dunlap smiled. It was the kind of an order he liked—the War Office saying to the general in the field: "Go in and win!"—no handicapping with useless instructions, no hampering with unnecessary admonitions from bureaucrats who thought nobody else knew anything. "Go in and win"; that was all! It called for the exercise of those qualities of which he was, mistakenly, the proudest. He rather overestimated them as he underestimated the fact that much of his success as a stock manipulator was due to the great fortune of Sampson Rock, which kept him always in ammunition, and to the guiding mind, always suggesting, tactfully, moves and counter-moves, more vigor here, less dash there, feeling for weak spots everywhere and finding them, and concentrating the attack at those points. The brain was Rock's always; but Dunlap was a good corps-commander, and Rock knew his strength and his weakness, and made the most of the one and protected himself against the other.

Dunlap said "Anything more?" so briskly, yet so obviously looking for a negative reply, that Rock smiled.

"No, Dan; I leave the details to you."

Dunlap hurried out of the office as if he feared Rock would change his mind. He was at the door when the Old Man's voice made him pause, a frown on his face:

"I say, Dan!"

"Yes?"

"Not too violently at first."

"All right." And Dunlap was off to the boardroom to distribute selling orders. Rock began once more to watch the tape. He was now on the march. His vision was not in Virginia. He saw no life-giving, life-creating railroad. His mind had taken a calm, judicial attitude. He would see, coldly, critically, how Dunlap would carry out his orders, ready to prevent mistakes and to check inartistic excesses. No zeal, no fire; only intelligence, dispassionate as mathematics. The game was indeed one of pure mathematics just now. At the proper time the game would pass the mathematical stage and attain the psychological. And then Dunlap would get his orders in words of one syllable, to insure their execution exactly as given by the real commander-in-chief. Ethics? In that environment?

The door opened and a short, pudgy, red-haired man partly entered. He was clean-shaven and somewhat careless as to dress.

"Good-morning, Mr. Rock," he said, not advancing an inch beyond the threshold. He was ready to retreat if Rock's face made it prudent. A few days before Gilmartin had so retreated.

"Hello, Gilmartin! Come in. I won't eat you."

Gilmartin entered, all smiles. "No," he said, "I guess I'm getting too tough for that, living in this neighborhood. Anything new, Mr. Rock?"

Mr. Rock shook his head. "N-no," he answered doubtfully, as if he really were trying to remember something to tell to the reporter. It was a subtle compliment, the admission of a certain degree of intimacy and willingness to help. Gilmartin's news-slips went to all the offices in the Street and the newspapers regularly cribbed from them. Rock was accessible to all the financial writers, but he distributed impressions through the news-slips. It saved him time.

The suggestion in Rock's manner of personal good-will made Gilmartin feel better, and he approached the ticker by the window. It symbolized the democracy of the money-makers. All men had the same heart-interest in the little machine—the actual millionaire and the would-be, the piker and the plunger; and all being, therefore, equally entitled to a look, any one might read the tape over another's shoulder and not be deemed rude: only human. Perhaps this is because the ticker lifts to eminence to-day the pauper of yesterday, and can turn the ingratiating smiles of to-day into the derisive laughter of to-morrow. Or it simply may be the democracy of the betting-ring.

"H'm," observed Gilmartin, really to make talk and to show that he knew Rock liked him, "Virginia Central is 47⅛. It was 48¼ a minute ago."

Rock turned to the tape with an air of novelty, almost as if it were the first time that morning he had glanced at it, and said, a trifle correctingly: "It's now 47; 6⅞; ¾. Rather active, isn't it? You might say it's in a melting mood, eh?"

"I wonder what makes it so weak?" asked Gilmartin, ignoring the play of words. He looked at Mr. Rock interrogatively. Rock laughed.

"Don't look so accusingly at me, Gilmartin. Come; what's on your mind?"

"I thought you had some," confessed Gilmartin, looking at the Old Man's face: it was now impassive, perhaps too impassive; and Gilmartin continued: "And I wondered if ——" Gilmartin had no business even to suspect such a thing. Realizing this, he ceased to speak. The Old Man could not wish anybody to know it. But ignorance is as difficult to keep dark in Wall Street at times as knowledge. Rock did not show his displeasure. He asked, with a sort of careless kindness:

"Have you any?"

Mr. Rock's face, it burst joyfully upon Gilmartin, now looked distinctly philanthropic. It made Gilmartin very promptly look dejected, however dithyrambic his soul might be. It was the psychological moment to get at one and the same time a good tip and the facts—that is, to make money out of the tip, which was nice, and to get news for his slips, which was his duty. In the human order of niceness, first the gamble, then the other. He answered:

"Yes, sir; I'm sorry to say that I have." He hesitated and took another look at the tape. What he saw there made him say angrily: "Yes, sir; I'm decidedly sorry to say I have. The pup is now 46⅝." By this time he almost believed his lie and was on the verge of mourning his loss. A rich man's sympathy, if artistically aroused, can do pleasing things. He hoped Rock was making money. That would make him very sympathetic. And so little to Rock meant so much to Gilmartin!

"H'm!" grunted Rock, who was watching the little paper ribbon intently. The grunt did not have a particularly philanthropic sound.

"Yes, sir," almost wept Gilmartin.

"H'm!" again came from Rock, who was not listening to anything but the ticker.

(Continued on Page 31)

Young Cattle, Just Being Trailed to the Maturing Range from Texas Breeding Ranges

THE GREAT AMERICAN STEER

The Innocent Trail Drover

By Emerson Hough

ONCE upon a time, when stopping at a summer resort in the State of Wisconsin, I met a man from Texas, who had come North for the purpose of spending his money. He always bought all the frogs and minnows he liked when he went fishing; and any one who has summered at a Wisconsin resort knows that this requires heavy capital. It was likewise obvious that he came from Texas, because he could not stand up without leaning against something. If perched astride of a log he was at once firm and graceful, but no Texan has legs for standing purposes. Being interested in this stranger and his obviously abundant money, I asked him where he got it.

"Most of my money," he admitted, "I got from three sources: cows, land and a public utility. I figured out early in life that, if you want to make money the best thing you can do is to get hold of something that people are obliged to have."

"Meaning cows?" I asked.

"Well, not so much cows. Did you ever see a man who had made any money out of cows? No man in Texas ever did, anyhow."

"Then you mean land?" I passed over his evident modesty as to cow profits.

"Well, not so much land," he replied. "I have made a little money out of land. I bought a few hundred thousand acres a while back—paid from three to five cents an acre for it—and of late I have been selling it at two dollars and a half."

"You would better keep on selling it," I remarked to him sagely; for at that time I knew all about everything, and was perfectly sure that land in Texas was not worth two dollars and a half an acre. In passing I dislike to remark that this same gentleman is to-day selling a hundred thousand acres now and then at twenty-five dollars an acre. But some men have no business judgment. Only a few of us have that.

"But now as to the public utility," I resumed.

"That is where I made plenty of money. You see, one of my neighbors was a foolish sort of a fellow. He invented a yellow monkey that climbed up a stick. I put up the money for the patent and he gave me half. Now that yellow monkey——" And he became enthusiastic in his exposition of great commercial principles in connection with a public utility. "My friend," he repeated at length, "if you want to get rich, get hold of something the people have got to have."

This unthinking friend was from Ararat and wist it not. He spoke of a time between two great booms of Texas—the cattle boom and the land boom—the one of which was past and gone, the other of which had not yet dawned; and yet he treated lightly an industry that has no parallel in public importance.

Longhorns

United States Steel has made over a thousand millionaires, largely through special privileges which allowed them to benefit Europe and rob America. The cow business of old, carried on with no special privileges and on the basis of wide-open competition, made twice or thrice that many millionaires, all clean, though mostly forgotten to-day and in large part no longer millionaires. It calmly took place as the chief industry of over one-half of the area of the United States. In ten Western States and Territories it claimed over ninety per cent. of the earth. It put in governor's chairs six men who are there to-day, and Providence alone knows how many there were in the total in early days. It has in the Senate to-day three men, in the House twenty-one; in Congress are scores more who indirectly owe their places and power to this same source. When it comes to empires and principalities, large holdings of land by a few individuals, we need only look at the domains of King, Kennedy, Swenson, a hundred others in Texas; Mackenzie, Sylvester, Carey, Duke, Hartzel in Colorado; Haley in Wyoming; Parsons in Utah; Miller in California—scores of others all through the West who own dukedoms in their own names. There are no figures bigger than those who played the drama of the cows; and there is no drama which even to-day comes closer to the heartstrings of each and every one of us.

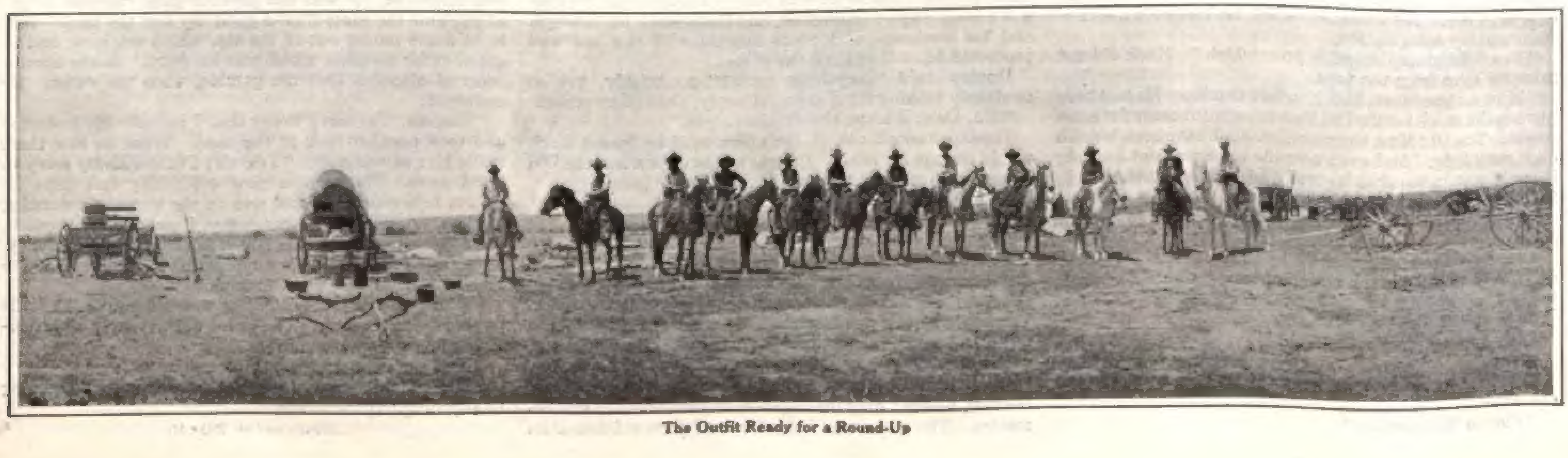
Little dry-fed creatures, cows from Spain, horses from Morocco, by way of Spain and Mexico, swarmed uncounted in Texas before the war. A kingdom used rawhide for nails and ate jerky for dessert. No Texan could sell cows any more than he could sell antelope on the hoof—and the two species had large resemblance. Then came the Civil War, and cows were even more forgotten.

Immediately after the war Texas was doing her best to give her acres to anybody who would take them, these immeasurable acres and leagues of land. We may ring down our curtain on scene one of the second act of the cow drama, leaving Texas trying to sell her domain at three or four cents an acre.

Meantime some one had concluded to build a railroad across the plains and on to California. The Government, plus the railroad, found itself able to whip the Indians of the Northern plains, and segregated them on reservations—which meant reservations for the use of white men later. Then old Uncle Sam awoke and rubbed his dear, foolish eyes. "We have gone and got the buffalo killed, and these beloved redmen of mine have got to eat meat—they ain't broke to breakfast foods—and here I am without meat!" he said.

Texas answered this question, and answered it with cows. She went out in her dooryard and rounded up a million cows and drove some of them North for Uncle Sam. Nobody really knows the figures of the early cow trade either in numbers or prices. Some say that from two hundred thousand to two hundred and fifty thousand cattle went out of Texas in the year 1866. Others cannot trace one-tenth of that number. It is admitted that in 1871, when the railroads had brought a certain permanency into the situation, over six hundred thousand cattle crossed the Red River for the Northern markets. It is admitted that in 1883 there were eight hundred thousand cattle driven North—three hundred herds that year according to statistician Andy Adams, who is a good authority. These needed four thousand men and thirty thousand horses to handle them. It is possible that in a single year a million cattle have been driven North from Texas.

These are big figures; yet it is to be remembered that most of this great Northern movement was in the early



The Outfit Ready for a Round-Up

Four-Year-Old Texas Steers Going in to be Loaded from Maturing Grounds

days one of ignorance, pure and simple. Most great discoveries are made by men and nations in doing the next best thing, such as trying to pay rent and taxes. While thus engaged Texas made a discovery. The immediate reason for driving North was the fact that the Government was paying ten cents a pound for Texas cows on the hoof delivered at the distant military posts scattered over the upper country. The Texas trail drover, who now came upon the scene, could perhaps buy the four-year-old steer in his own country for four dollars, six dollars or ten dollars, as the case might be. He could get thirty dollars, thirty-five dollars or forty dollars for this same cheap steer—which he did not figure had cost him anything at all if he had raised it himself. He knew precisely what it would cost him to drive that steer North. He could land it in Kansas for fifty cents; for six bits, on the upper Missouri River. It might cost him one dollar in the Indian Nations, because he would there perhaps have to hold the herd and turn it over in sections, as the issue to the tribes required.

The trail drover was a good business man, and certainly no man in all the world ever knew the cow as did he. He could converse with a steer in its own language, and knew the most intimate thoughts of its heart at any hour in the day or night. He knew the cost of each item in his business. And yet this well-equipped business man for a long time did not see further than the end of his nose.

Any Texas cowman knew that a difference existed in the animals produced in different districts. He could pick up little "coasters" around Corpus Christi which would weigh six or seven hundred pounds when they were one hundred years old, all horns and legs. Or he could go farther West and buy the big rangy Nueces steers. He knew also vaguely that horses and cows from northern Texas were bigger, bulkier and hardier than those from the lower countries. Thus, all the time upon the verge of a great discovery, he finally made that discovery only by accident.

Some cowman—whose name is forgotten if it was ever known—got to the market too late, and was obliged to winter a herd of cows and a *remuda* of horses somewhere in the North. It was then that he discovered the great truth that the northbound cow trail was foreordained, written in the stars. He found by accident, against his will, that the buffalo grass, the bunch grass, the various other plains grasses, taken in connection with unfailing clean water so abundant that the cows did not have to run themselves to death every other day to get to it, and taken also in conjunction with the sharp cold of winter which forced the animal to put on a provision of tallow for its self-preservation, would cause a Texas steer nearly to double in its gross weight. He found, to his absolute amazement, that very often a five-year-old Texas cow-horse, fully matured, would grow from an inch to an inch and a half in additional height on the Northern range, and would get to be in all ways bigger, stronger and hardier.

The first drover who failed to sell his outfit sat down and wept. He wept more or less continuously until the next season, when he found that, facing sudden ruin, he had found sudden wealth. The winter or so in the North had multiplied his holdings by four! His animals would weigh almost double, and they would bring almost twice the price by reason of their superior quality in beef. Now this was a great and remarkable discovery, although it had long been written in the stars. It becomes the more interesting in that it took place at about the time American railroads began to cross the Western plains. This business of the trail drover, then, is Act Two of the drama of The Great American Steer.

A few cattle went up the Pecos Valley in 1866—how many it is difficult to state. In the following year, 1867, the trail of the half-breed cowman, Jesse Chisholm, was established, and it ran straight up to a fateful storm-centre called Abilene, Kansas, where the new railroad offered a definite market and made possible more definite statistics. The trail to Abilene crossed the lands of the civilized tribes, the Cherokees and Chickasaws, and evaded the Kiowas and Comanches of the dry Western plains. It being thus relatively safe to drive cattle North, and there being some sort of a market, there were 25,000 cattle driven to Abilene in the summer of 1867. So much is known for a certainty, although very likely very many uncounted cows went also. It was found it required only about two months to drive from north Texas to Abilene Texas rubbed her eyes over this. In 1868 150,000 cows went up to Abilene. This was the real beginning of the most romantic pathway of the world, the Long Trail of the cattle days.

In 1868 occurred certain phenomena of interest to students. The corn-belt feeders from the Mississippi Valley followed the railroad West. These farmers wanted cattle to feed. They bought them at Abilene, shipped them back East to their nearest railroad points, and thence drove to their farms.

PHOTO. BY AULTMAN

This Pile of Bones, 20 to 30 Feet High, Shows the Death Loss Vividly

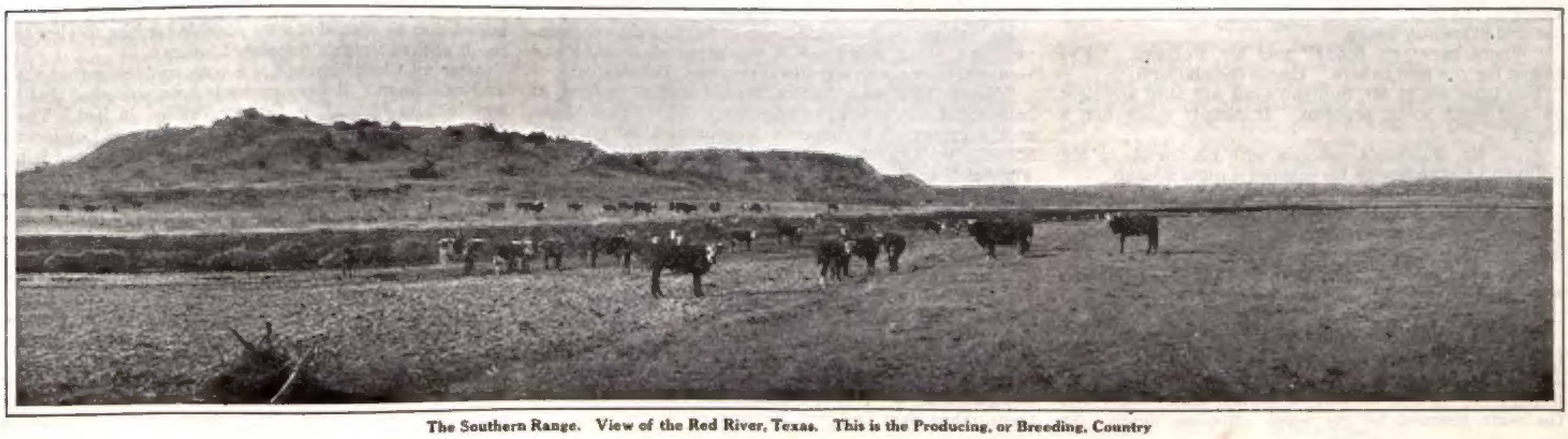
The railroads in those days were meek and lowly. They fought for this new business which had come up out of the ground. They carried out West to Abilene vast numbers of those farmers who wanted cheap cows—farmers who might take one thousand head of cows apiece. Such purchases required money, and now the banks of the Middle West got strictly into the game. They would back to any limit the reputable farmer who would go West and buy cows to ship to the corn lands. Golden days these for everybody! Much vaunting as to what a grand country was this America! Everybody was happy as long as prices kept on going up—just as we are happy to-day, and exalt Uncle Joe Cannon as the savior and bulwark of the country, and delight ourselves in proclaiming to all the world our industrial and commercial importance.

In 1871 over six hundred thousand counted cows—perhaps two hundred thousand or three hundred thousand more uncounted—were delivered at the railroad by midsummer. Some nice little orders from dear old Uncle Sam and the beef ring at Washington came in to the Southern drovers. Fort Buford, on the Missouri River, asked for ten thousand head yearly to feed the Indians of that part of the country. A contract for six million pounds of beef on the hoof, deliverable at an army post, caused no Texas trail drover to bat an eye; an order for a million and a half pounds of beef was something to be sneezed at. The cow business of the West had sprung at once into gigantic proportions.

Yet all this time land remained practically worthless in the Southwest, even though some Northern capitalists had been taking up seas of Texas scrip at Austin about this time. Surveyors would formerly locate lands for cowmen for one-third the land. Now they began to ask one-half. The trail drover of the time was opulent and careless. Sometimes he was rich, and always picturesque. A new figure in our national history, he helped write lurid local history in detail for the newly opening regions. A new railroad, the Santa Fe, has now reached as far west as Newton, which latter is a cow town for just one year and the worst of all the cow towns during its brief day. Eleven men are killed in one night, all with boots and guns *in situ*, in this town of Newton. Here begin the early indelible days of the American Wild West.

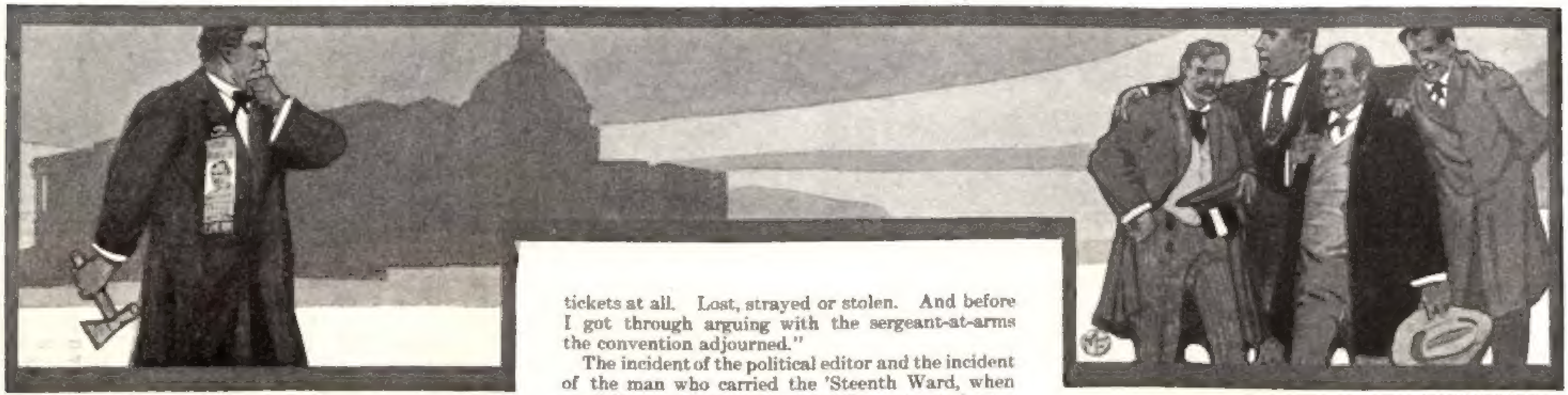
Now the new railroad drops down as far as Wichita, closer to the Kansas border, and Wichita needs a new town marshal every week or so. Abilene is deserted. Cows, like water, find their level, and this is at the end of the shortest drive. The Wichita boomers push far down into the Indian Nations, meet the herds, and urge them to drive to Wichita. The old Chisholm trail still carries cows to the Northwest, but they are more apt now to find the railroad at Ellsworth, sixty-five miles from Abilene, the latter town having now little left except her graveyard.

(*Continued on Page 22*)



The Southern Range. View of the Red River, Texas. This is the Producing, or Breeding, Country

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY



DRAWN BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

Roger Sullivan

Roger Sullivan

"WHY doesn't Roger quit? He's been in politics in the city of Chicago for twenty years. He's got two million dollars. It costs him money every day he stays in. And he doesn't want to be elected to anything. He never runs for office any more. Why doesn't he quit?"

"Well, I'll tell you. I've talked to him about it. It's like this: When he was probate-court clerk, and when he ran for county-court clerk, there were a lot of boys that got out and helped him. They were good to him then, and they put him under a lot of obligations. It was a long time ago, and Roger's got most of those old scores paid off. But there are still a good many of the boys that haven't got anything yet. They're out in the cold. No jobs or anything. And Roger thinks he's got to settle with them before he quits. He's got to get them something before he leaves. That's right, ain't it? He can't quit before he's square with all of them. See?"

This conversation may be put down as the most artless, but the most authoritative, draft of the political platform of Roger Sullivan, Democratic National Committeeman from Illinois.

It is a platform that seems to William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska, to be lamentably deficient at certain points. It neglects to inquire, for instance, whether or not the man who is a friend of Mr. Sullivan's is also a friend of the Filipinos.

Next to a statesman's platform come his methods.

There was a political editor who went to the last Democratic State Convention. He couldn't do anything for Mr. Sullivan in his paper. But on the night before the convention he did happen to run across a small political fact that he thought might be interesting to Mr. Sullivan. So he went to Mr. Sullivan and told him about it. It was a very small fact.

"What can I do for you?" said Mr. Sullivan.

"You can give me the platform as soon as the convention committee gets it drawn up."

The next morning, when the political editor was at a point quite distant from the convention hall, there was a knock on the door. Mr. Sullivan stood outside, extremely hot and extremely damp.

"Where have you been?" said Mr. Sullivan. "I've looked for you everywhere. Here's the platform."

This little act of Mr. Sullivan's did not shed any light on any great social problem. It simply made him a friend.

From Mr. Sullivan's methods with his friends to Mr. Sullivan's methods with his enemies is quite a jump.

One of Mr. Sullivan's enemies took the trouble to go out and carry the 'Steenth Ward in Chicago just before the Democratic State Convention of 1904. He had all the delegates from that ward in his pocket.

"But what was the use? Why did I take the trouble to carry that ward? What was the use?"

"Why, were you unseated?"

"Oh, Sullivan didn't even take the trouble to do that! I didn't guess there was going to be anything wrong. There was no contest. I wasn't unseated. But there weren't any tickets for me. I simply couldn't get into the seats reserved for my ward. Nothing doing. No tickets at all. Lost, strayed or stolen. And before I got through arguing with the sergeant-at-arms the convention adjourned."

The incident of the political editor and the incident of the man who carried the 'Steenth Ward, when carefully matched and thoughtfully contrasted, may do something toward explaining the fact that most Illinois Democrats, when deciding whether to be friendly to Mr. Sullivan or hostile to him, incline gradually toward the former alternative.

Before Mr. Sullivan was a politician he was a machinist. Some people say he hasn't changed much since.

But it is certain, at least, that Mr. Sullivan soon gave up being a working machinist and took to being an employing machinist. He rose in business as he rose in politics. As a contractor and as a manufacturer of gas he changed in twenty years from a poor, Irish country lad to a double millionaire. As a politician he changed in twenty years from a fighting, obliging member of a precinct club to the leader of the Democratic party in Illinois.

Such was Mr. Sullivan when Mr. Bryan, returning from the Orient, began to rise, in a burst of splendor, on the Eastern horizon of the United States.

But between Mr. Bryan and Nebraska there loomed a big, black object. This was Sullivan.

Mr. Bryan waved his hand at the object and looked again. It was still there.

Then Mr. Bryan wrote a letter to a friend, and the friend went to the object and suggested that no place had been reserved for it in the designs now being prepared for a newer and more chaste Democratic landscape. Wouldn't Mr. Sullivan kindly take his pen in hand and write a few words ordering his own political execution? Wouldn't he, without any fuss, separate himself from his own membership in the Democratic National Committee?

Mr. Sullivan was not angered. He was bewildered. Why should a man resign from something that he had? And echo, from the wide borders of County Clare, of County Limerick and of County Cork, answered: "*Why?*"

Mr. Bryan, having delivered a few more lectures on the ease with which international peace can be secured, looked again for domestic peace in the direction of Illinois. Sullivan was still there, a large, plutocratic object in a simple, Democratic prospect. And more than that: smitten by the rays of the rising sun of "The Next President," the object had begun to cast a long, black shadow across the United States. The anger of Mr. Bryan had made Mr. Sullivan a national character.

The next scene was at Peoria, at the Democratic State Convention.

"How many delegates do you think you'll have?" said Henry Barrett Chamberlain to Mr. Sullivan.

"I think about 1035," said Mr. Sullivan.

It turned out that he had 1038.

This shows that Mr. Sullivan, although he may not know what the people think, knows what the delegates think. If he and Mr. Bryan could only get together they would be invincible.

Mr. Sullivan had not said much in public before the convention. Many years ago it was reported that he had ventured to compose a political maxim. It was this:

"Never tell a man that on the tenth of next June, at half-past eleven in the morning, you will knock him down at the corner of Wentworth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street. Wait till the tenth of June comes, and then see whether or not he's at that corner, and how you feel."

True to this profound political principle, Mr. Sullivan had awaited the convention without any unnecessary conversational explosions. When the convention had adjourned he talked. He said:

"I am grateful to my friends."

What his friends had done was enough. They had disobeyed "The Next President" by voting down a resolution calling for Mr. Sullivan's resignation. And they had again disobeyed "The Next President" by giving the Bryan boom an enthusiastic indorsement after Mr. Bryan had said that he wouldn't accept any indorsement from them unless they had first decapitated Mr. Sullivan.

A few years ago Mr. Sullivan went to Ireland. While there he looked up the town from which his ancestors came. Having found it, and having established himself in the most commodious local inn, he sent out heralds and town-criers and messenger-boys and the like, and summoned all Sullivans to a dinner. They came. Distance was no difficulty and age was no impediment. When they were finally massed in the neighborhood of the inn, their numbers surprised the oldest family expert. But the American relative was unabashed. What he wanted to do was to honor himself by satisfying every appetite and every thirst that could lay claim to the name of Sullivan. It was a spacious occasion. And when, after having ingratiated himself with all of his twenty-third cousins, the American relative returned to America, he brought a few of the cousins back with him, oecause he knew where he could give them a start.

This was the most characteristic incident of all. Of course, Mr. Sullivan cannot give everybody the consideration that a Sullivan has to have. It would be presumptuous to expect anything like that. But when the relatives have been cared for there is plenty for the friends, and when the friends have been cared for there is something for the acquaintances. All others look elsewhere. They must be relatives, friends or acquaintances of somebody else—and that somebody else ought to get busy for them. They are his territory.

It is a simple philosophy. It fails to see the necessity for Social Reform. If everybody will look after his own crowd, everything will be all right. Why bother about income-taxes, governmentally-owned railways and anti-trust laws?

It is for this reason that the contest between the Bryan idea and the Sullivan idea in Illinois is interesting. It is a contest between Political Principles and Personal Services, between elevating the masses and helping individuals, between worrying about people you don't know and getting jobs for people you do know.

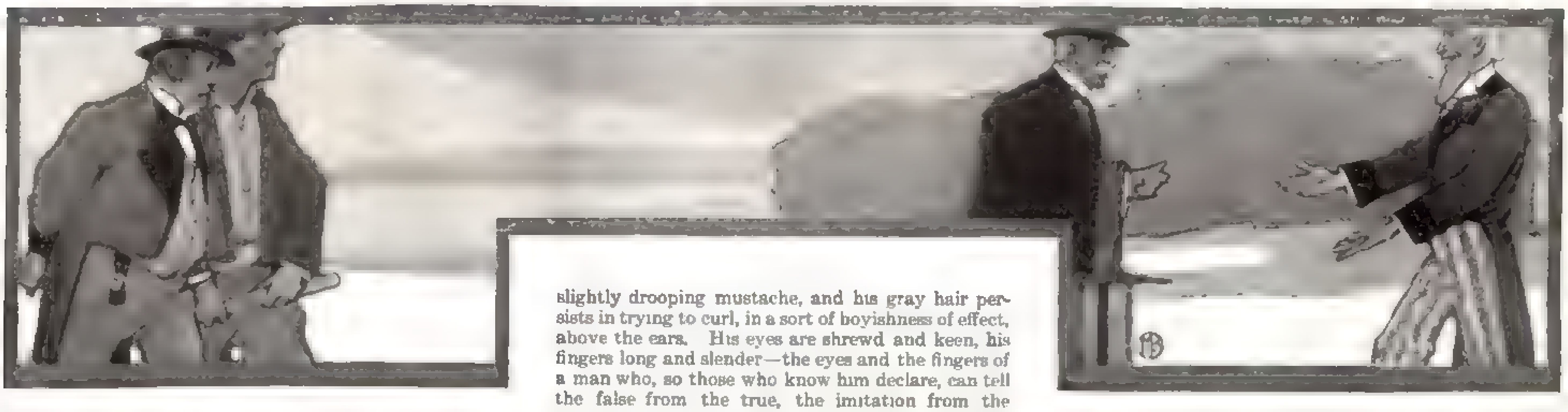
The Metropolitan's New Head

AFTER all, there is nothing which so interests good Republicans as that which has interested a King, and so the new head of the Metropolitan Museum of New York, Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, begins with a first-class claim to American attention. For, before he sailed for this land of the free, King Edward gave him a long and friendly audience, at which Sir Purdon outlined his plans for the American museum in such a way as to impress the King deeply, and cause him to say that he should watch his work here with great interest. The King even added that he wished it were possible for him to view the result of Sir Purdon's completed labors.

After all, Clarke himself is a cosmopolitan rather than an Englishman. It has commonly been published that he was born in Ireland: in County Dublin, in fact. That, however, is a mistake. He is a Londoner of Londoners, a veritable cockney, by place of birth, for he was born, sixty years ago, in a house on the Strand, than which no part of London is more typically of its heart. But his cosmopolitanism began with his ancestry. Both of his grandfathers were English, but his father was born in Ireland, and both of his grandmothers were Irish.

From the first, everything has tended to make Clarke a citizen of the world. A Londoner, with so much of Irish ancestry, he received his general education in France. Then, in England, at the National Arts Training Schools, he was given a technical education, followed by the study of architecture. He is not a university man, but after formally entering the profession of architecture, he was promptly given important governmental and museum

SERIOUS AND FRIVOLOUS FACTS
ABOUT THE GREAT AND THE NEAR GREAT



work—his bent being early recognized—and before long he found himself commissioned to visit various parts of the world for the South Kensington, the great London museum of which he was to become the head.

To say that Clarke traveled widely only half expresses it. He has not only reached the curious and out-of-the-way corners of the world—not only, for example, houseboated for weeks on the lakes of Cashmere—but he has stayed lengthily in various regions, studying modes of work and art. For two years he lived in India. For two years he lived in Persia. He has sat by the side of Oriental rug-makers, watched them, helped them, learned the secrets of their craft. He has worked with the glassmakers of Venice and with the glassmakers of India. He has mastered the secrets of the making and the composition of much of the Asiatic and European textiles and pottery. It has been said of him that he is not only an antiquary, but a chemist, scientist, architect, craftsman, artist, archæologist and almost an alchemist. His friends declare that he stands alone in his combined knowledge of how things are made and what they ought to look like, from an artistic standpoint, when completed. That his father and his father's father were makers of telescopes shows that his tendency to fine handiwork is inherited.

He has always been ready to look into things American. When in New York a quarter of a century ago, he made a special trip to Albany for the sake of seeing the Capitol—then in course of having its many millions spent upon it for he knew that the striking experiment was in progress, under the direction of Richardson, of altering a building begun as Italian into the style of Gothic.

And so Sir Purdon Clarke does not come to the Metropolitan with any narrowness of outlook. Indeed, he seems to be more of an American than as if he were American-born—that is to say, it is the American who would, after all, be most liable to overrate what he sees in Europe and underrate what he sees in America, and especially in the realm of art.

"Some of the best artists in England are American-born," remarks this man of London unexpectedly; and he continues: "Such men as Sargent and Abbey and the recently deceased Whistler show of what American art and artists are capable. Abbey was chosen by the King to paint the scene of the Coronation. It was more than a hundred years ago that an American, Benjamin West, was deservedly given the Presidency of the Royal Academy. American artists should find it possible to obtain a greater share of appreciation and of financial reward at home. They ought not to be compelled to go to Europe for their most important recognition."

No cockneyism here, one sees, but the desire to give America due appreciation. In every line he looks to this. "Why, your Paul Revere, one of your great patriots—the famous rider, you know—was among the famous goldsmiths of his time, ranking with Paul Lamarie."

Sir Purdon is not of those who think that only paintings and statuary represent art. "Within the classification of 'Fine Arts,'" he says, "should be included not only paintings and statuary, but pottery, glassware, textiles and cognate branches."

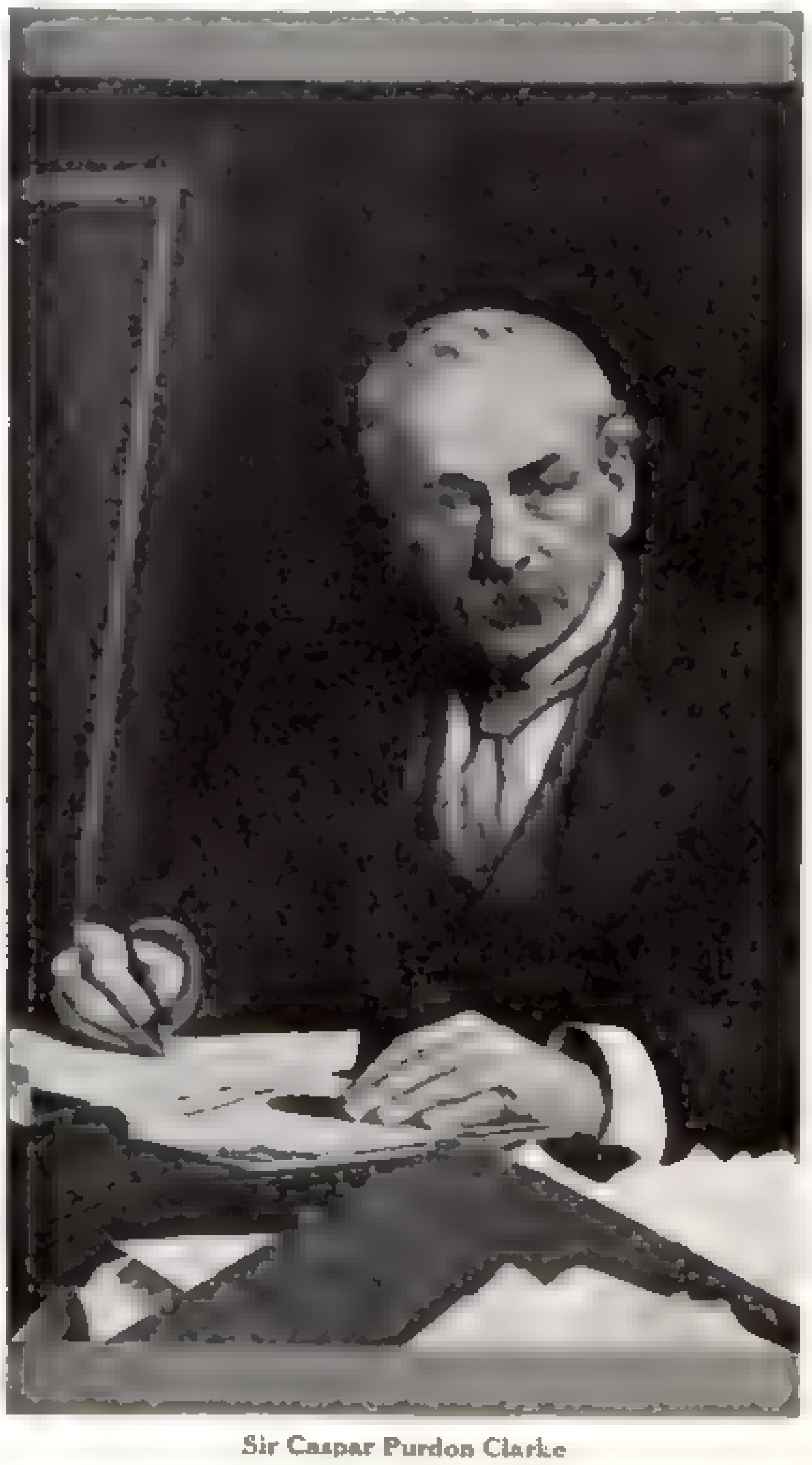
We are not surprised, after this, to learn that Sir Purdon is practical-minded in what he plans to do. He holds that it is the proper mission of a museum to look not only to the satisfaction of intelligent curiosity, not only to the promotion of art, but to the good of practical manufactures. In particular, he hopes to build up an important collection of American textiles, which will be practically valuable in manufacturing results as well as interesting from an artistic standpoint.

He is a genial man, with a great deal of personal charm. He is of hardly more than medium height. He has a slightly drooping mustache, and his gray hair persists in trying to curl, in a sort of boyishness of effect, above the ears. His eyes are shrewd and keen, his fingers long and slender—the eyes and the fingers of a man who, so those who know him declare, can tell the false from the true, the imitation from the genuine, almost by instinct. He has not yet made acquaintance with problems of American housekeeping, as he has not yet fetched his family from England, but is living at one of the clubs.

It was for his labors as the head of the South Kensington Museum that knighthood came to him, a few years ago, and on his departure for America there was conferred upon him an honor which he values even more highly, that of a commandership in the Victorian Order, a personal honor conferred upon those who have done what is considered direct service to the Crown.

Sir Purdon knows that it is still possible to pick up beautiful things in Europe; that museums and collectors have not yet monopolized them all. He dearly loves a bargain, too, and gleefully tells how, wishing to purchase a superb piece of wood-carving by Grinling Gibbons, he was repelled by the exorbitant price set upon it, of over four thousand pounds, but, by waiting for an auction sale of the estate, secured it for three hundred!

Recently, in Brussels, Clarke came upon an old building in course of demolition. His eye was caught by an ancient carved newel. He offered to buy it; the man, caring nothing for it, indifferently sold it for a dollar and a half. But a little examination brought to light a number of others, and thereupon began a campaign. The second was sold at an advance of a dollar. The third made a preposterous jump, it gradually having dawned upon the owner that here was a man not only with a queer taste for old rubbish, but with a pocketbook to empty in the acquisition! Clarke, to check his too swift leaps of price, went away and did not come back until next morning. Then the campaign recommenced, the man's ideas chastened a trifle, but Clarke determined to let not a single newel escape. They were bargained for, one by one, and the last was sold to him for thirty dollars. "And cheap at that!" says Sir Purdon with a reminiscent laugh.



Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke

His ideas in regard to "fakes" are practical and sensible. "'Fakes' are manufactured to fill the demand," he says. "So many people want antiques that unscrupulous persons step to the front with something to satisfy them. 'Veritable old masters' are in such demand that it is inevitable that there should be copies or imitations when the supply of genuines runs short. Museums? Well, yes, even museums, with their expert buying, may now and then be deceived. But it is only a question of time before a mistake of that sort is discovered. 'Fakes' in the Metropolitan?" He smiled. "Oh, possibly a few certainly not many. And if there are a few, they are not among the objects that have been purchased, but in some of the admirable collections which are loaned for exhibition, and it would be very foolish to make a fuss about a very few doubtful things, if there are any, among a large number that are genuine and valuable, and thereby anger the donors and very probably lose all chance of loans being made into bequests." From which it is clear that Sir Purdon is not without the wisdom of the serpent as well as the innocence of the dove.

And he adds, with a delightfully economical suggestion of not wasting what has been acquired, that even "fakes," when owned by a museum, need not be thrown away! "For many an imitation 'old master' is a really good example of painting, and, when properly labeled as a modern production, may be of value as an example of modern pictorial art!"

Although he well knows that it is possible at any time to come upon a hidden prize, experience has taught him to be wary of a wonderful work of art coming mysteriously to light. "Whether or not it is genuine, there is usually a syndicate beneath it, busily boosting up the price."

American art, he says with a smile, will have its future assured when all the people who now feel it incumbent upon them to attend the annual Horse Show shall feel it equally incumbent to attend the great annual art exhibitions. American architecture, which is so often the object of criticism abroad, finds in him a warm friend. "It quite holds its own with the present-day architecture of the rest of the world," he says.

Of course, there will be years before his plans, if approved by the trustees and welcomed warmly, can be carried out. In time, more governmental help may be given, as encouragement for education. There may be more munificent private donations when the broadening work becomes better understood. At present a building is in course of construction which will contain a large room for a lecture-hall. It is possible that, in the course of years, there will be, in connection with the Museum, schools of the fine arts in wood, and metal, and pottery, and textiles, and glass. It is hoped that a system will be developed of lending, to other institutions throughout the country, casts, reproductions or models of famous articles, and the establishment of such a circulation department is one of the personal desires of the new director.

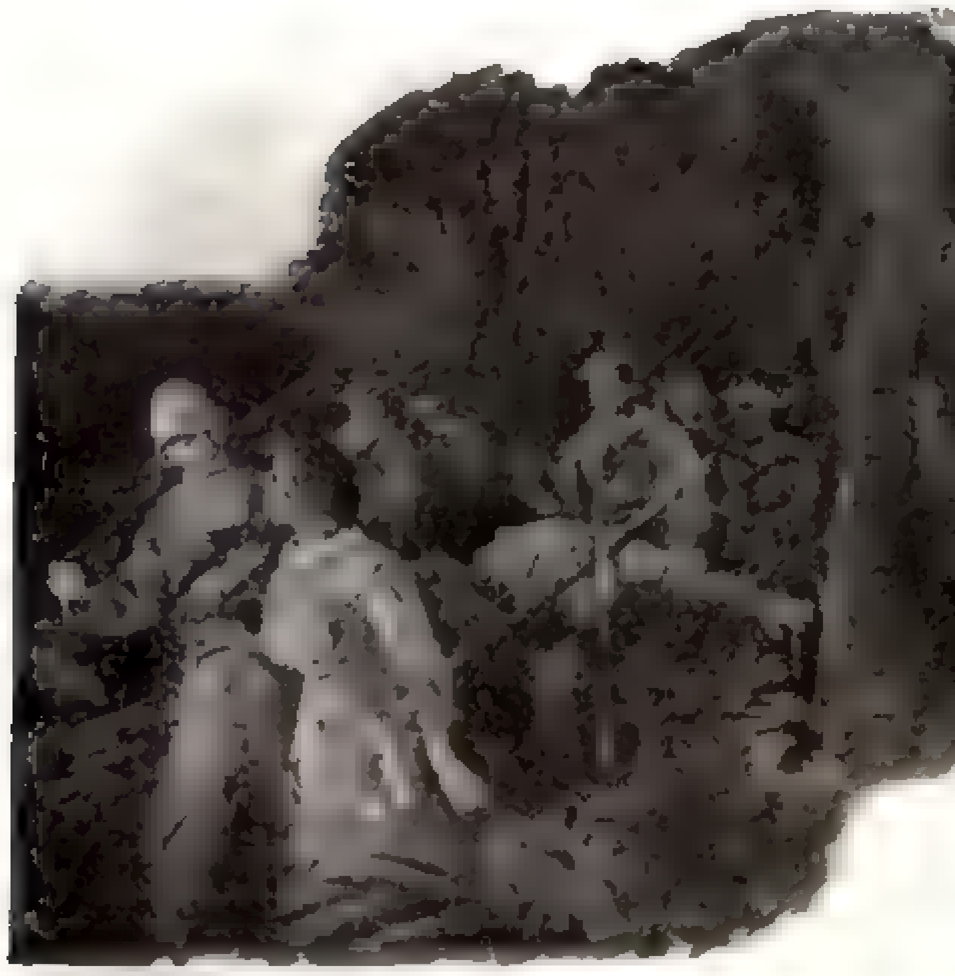
So this man from across seas has come to the greatest of our museums with the warm desire to upbuild all that is best in the possibilities of American art. A practical, economical man, he, a business man as well as an antiquary. "The principal reason for the spending of money is that we endeavor to make it reproductive," he says; and, if this be the feared foreign influence, the Metropolitan is fortunate in having a London head.

VAITI OF THE ISLANDS

BY BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

The Tale of Coral Bay

[illegible] 1906 [illegible] Publishing Company Copyright in Great Britain



Neither the Bluejackets nor the Officer Ever Forgot that Night's March

THE wide, still waters of Coral Bay were turning glassy pink under the sunset afterglow. The Sybil's boat, rowing rapidly toward the schooner, left, as it went, a long, ugly flaw upon the stainless crystal of the sea. It was very still and the night was coming down.

Even in that uncertain twilight, the color of the boat as it cut through the pale-hued water stood out strange and sinister. Most boats are white in tropic seas; the Sybil's had always been snowy as her own graceful hull. Now they were vivid scarlet, and the ship herself had a wide band of scarlet around her counter and flew a scarlet flag at her masthead.

Any islander could have told you at a glance what these things meant. The schooner was "recruiting"—conveying natives from the wild cannibal islands of the New Hebrides to the Queensland sugar plantations. Ten pounds a head was paid for the men on their arrival, and it was politely supposed that these ignorant heathen had one and all been duly engaged under a contract to serve three years, at a wage of five pounds a year. How much they understood of contracts, times and wages—where and what they thought Australia might be—and what were the means employed to get them on board the ship nobody asked. Saxon was not the man to answer, if any one had.

Why he had temporarily deserted the pleasant, peaceful islands of the Eastern Pacific and gone "blackbirding" in the wild and wicked and fever-smitten groups of the West was Saxon's own affair. Doubtless he had his reasons; possibly they were satisfactory. But there is reason to believe that about Apia and Papeete at this time he was characterized as a liar and a villain who was running away because it was unsafe for him to stay and risk his neck among honest men. This is not the history of Captain Saxon; at least not all of it. From such a recital as that may the Young Person of Sixteen deliver us! It must therefore be enough to say that, for sufficient reasons, the captain decided to shift his headquarters to the New Hebrides, and immediately did so, leaving behind him certain unsettled scores with which this tale has nothing to do.

He was not new to the islands or the natives, having been one of the most notorious of the sandalwood traders in years gone by. The sandalwood was gone, and of the money he had made by it, not even the memory remained. But there was still something in the labor trade, and Saxon liked the lawless atmosphere of the place.

Vaiti remembered the islands well, though she had only been there as a child, and she was glad to have the excitement of the change. When the recruiting boat left the schooner (guarded by a companion full of armed men), and drew up on the beach to negotiate with the islanders, she always sat in the stern, with a very smart little Winchester rifle across her knees, and took command, if her father was not there. Very often he was not; for the New Hebrideans have long memories, and there was many a spot where Saxon had run up so many bad, black scores in the sandalwood days that he could not hope for success—or safety, if he had minded that—in going ashore. Harris usually took command of the covering boat—a post of comparative security that suited him very well—while the dauntless Vaiti managed all the real business and seldom came back with an empty bag.

They had good luck, on the whole, and not many narrow escapes. Coasting around the notorious island of Mallicolo or Malekula, they succeeded in obtaining about forty natives in a week or two. Saxon was well pleased and began to count up his profits. Also he began to drink again.

Then it was that trouble came, as trouble generally does, out of a fair-seeming sky.

Half a dozen natives had been given up to the missionaries, on the far side of Malekula, to hand over to the British gunboat, Alligator, which at that time was cruising about the islands, intent on punishing the Malekulans for a more than usually atrocious murder of whites. The tribes to which the culprits belonged had taken fright and were anxious to save themselves at any cost. The missionaries, when asked by them, consented to take charge of the prisoners, but refused to keep them any longer than could possibly be helped, since they did not consider themselves judges or jailers. At this point, the Sybil turned up, and the missionaries, hearing she was bound for Parrot Harbor, where the Alligator was certain to call, put the men on board and engaged Saxon to hand them over to the Parrot Harbor Mission, receiving from the missionaries there the price of their passage, which the man-of-war would doubtless refund.

Saxon, understanding that he had not to meet the Alligator, undertook the job at a rather excessive rate, and brought the prisoners over as agreed, but, finding that the Parrot Harbor Mission refused to pay the passage-money until the man-of-war arrived, he went into a towering rage and abused everybody. Wait for the Alligator? Not he! He had something else to do, and he wouldn't have any gunboat that ever sailed the sanguinary waters of the Pacific poking her nose into any of his business. He had been promised the money as soon as he arrived, and the money or its equivalent he meant to have, or know the reason why. Off he went out to sea again, taking with him the whole six prisoners, and openly declaring his intention either to hold them for ransom or run them down to the Queensland plantations, as seemed most convenient.

Next day the Alligator appeared, and her commander was informed of the occurrence. Saxon, master of a miserable labor schooner, had run off with prisoners of war belonging to a British gunboat, defied the Imperial Government, and offered open disrespect to the Crown! The commander, an iron-faced, flinty-eyed disciplinarian of the toughest school, and a first-class pepper-pot into the bargain, nearly choked with rage and indignation. Out went the Alligator again, full steam ahead, making the captain's dainty suite of cabins tremble like an ill-set jelly in the stern, as the ship forged along at thirteen knots an hour, blackening the crystal sky with trails of smoke, and looking implacably about for the offending Sybil.

That delinquent of the high seas was farther off than might have been supposed. The wind, though light, was in her favor, and she had managed to get around the far end of the island, and down the other side, to Coral Bay, eighty miles off, before the Alligator came up with her, late in the afternoon. Once caught, her shrift was short. The prisoners were at once transferred; Saxon was arrested and taken on board the man-of-war, and his ship was confiscated—"just to learn him"—as Gray (who had throughout viewed his captain's proceedings with sour and silent disapproval) was heard to remark—not without a little I-told-you-so satisfaction.

And so it came about that Vaiti, returning with the boat from an unsuccessful recruiting expedition, and not in the best of humors to begin with, was met on her arrival with extremely unpleasant news.

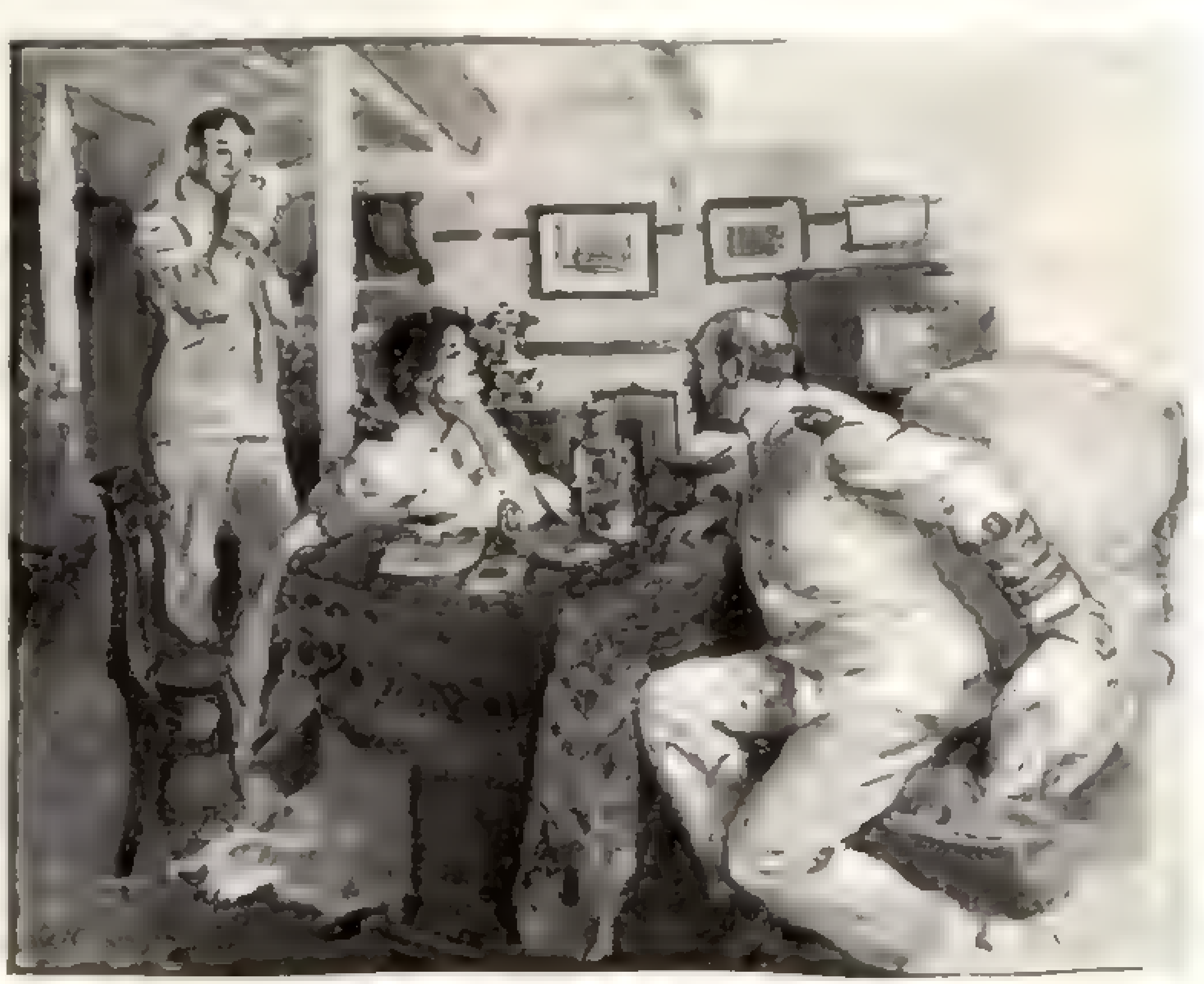
"We're took, cap'n; we're took, ma'am!" shouted Gray over the bulwarks, as the boat nosed along the side of the schooner. He added a rapid account of the calamity, but was careful to suppress his personal feelings of delight.

The smart young lieutenant who had been left in charge of the ship came and looked down at the boat. He wanted to know what sort of person it might be who was addressed with this extraordinary hail. He had been under the impression that the "captain" of the Sybil had been left two hours ago, sullen and swearing, in the cells of H. M. S. Alligator.

What he saw was a red-painted boat, manned by four stalwart native seamen, and steered by an extremely handsome olive-faced young woman, who looked up at him, with eyes that seemed to dart black lightning under their beautifully drawn brows, as she listened to the boatswain's story. She wore a dainty, lacy, white muslin frock, and carried a Winchester rifle in her lap.

Second-Lieutenant Tempest, who had been cursing his luck up to that moment, suddenly became reconciled to the uninteresting job on which he was engaged. It is just conceivable that his commander might have selected another officer to perform the duty if he had been aware of its possible alleviations; for Mr. Tempest was notoriously given to scrapes with a soupçon of petticoat in them, and had already imperiled his career more than once after this fashion. But Commander the Hon. Francis St. John Raleigh had not seen "Captain" Vaiti; so he sent Mr. Tempest to take possession of the Sybil, and slept the sleep of the well-conscienced and well-dined that evening in his velvet armchair. It might have seemed somewhat less perfectly stuffed to him had his dreams been concerned with what was happening a few hundred yards away.

Mr. Tempest, smiling like the godmother beast of his own ship, offered his hand to the sullen beauty as she swung herself up the Sybil's side. Vaiti tossed it indignantly away, favored him with another black-lightning glance that reduced his susceptible sailor-heart to pulp, and stalked



"No You Talk, You Listen, You Kapitani with um Wooden Face," Spat Vaiti

---

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of five stories, each independent of the others, but all dealing with Vaiti of the Islands.

aft like an offended Cleopatra. Tempest, persistently following, poured out explanations, apologies; smiled consolations, promises. Vaiti began to think that civility might possibly avail her something, and began to melt by carefully calculated degrees. Before very long she was sitting on the main hatch with Tempest, beside her, holding her hand unreproved, and continuing his consolations. The commander was very angry, no doubt, but he was a good sort at bottom, and perhaps he would not really seize the ship. She would be sent to Fiji, no doubt, and Saxon might possibly be imprisoned, but it would all come out all right—trust him! And he would take very good care of the Sybil and her charming "captain."

Vaiti, still smiling sweetly, dug her nails into the wood of the hatch at her side. Underneath all this verbiage she foresaw the reality of serious trouble. Why had her father been such a *fool*? What could be done to save the ship? There seemed no way of helping Saxon himself. If the commander proved implacable, to prison he must go. Well, that would not break any bones; but the loss of the Sybil—if such a disaster was indeed possible must be averted at any cost. She did not believe Mr. Tempest's smiling assertion. The commander had threatened to confiscate the ship, and most probably he would. At any rate, the risk was too great to face. The schooner must not be taken to Fiji.

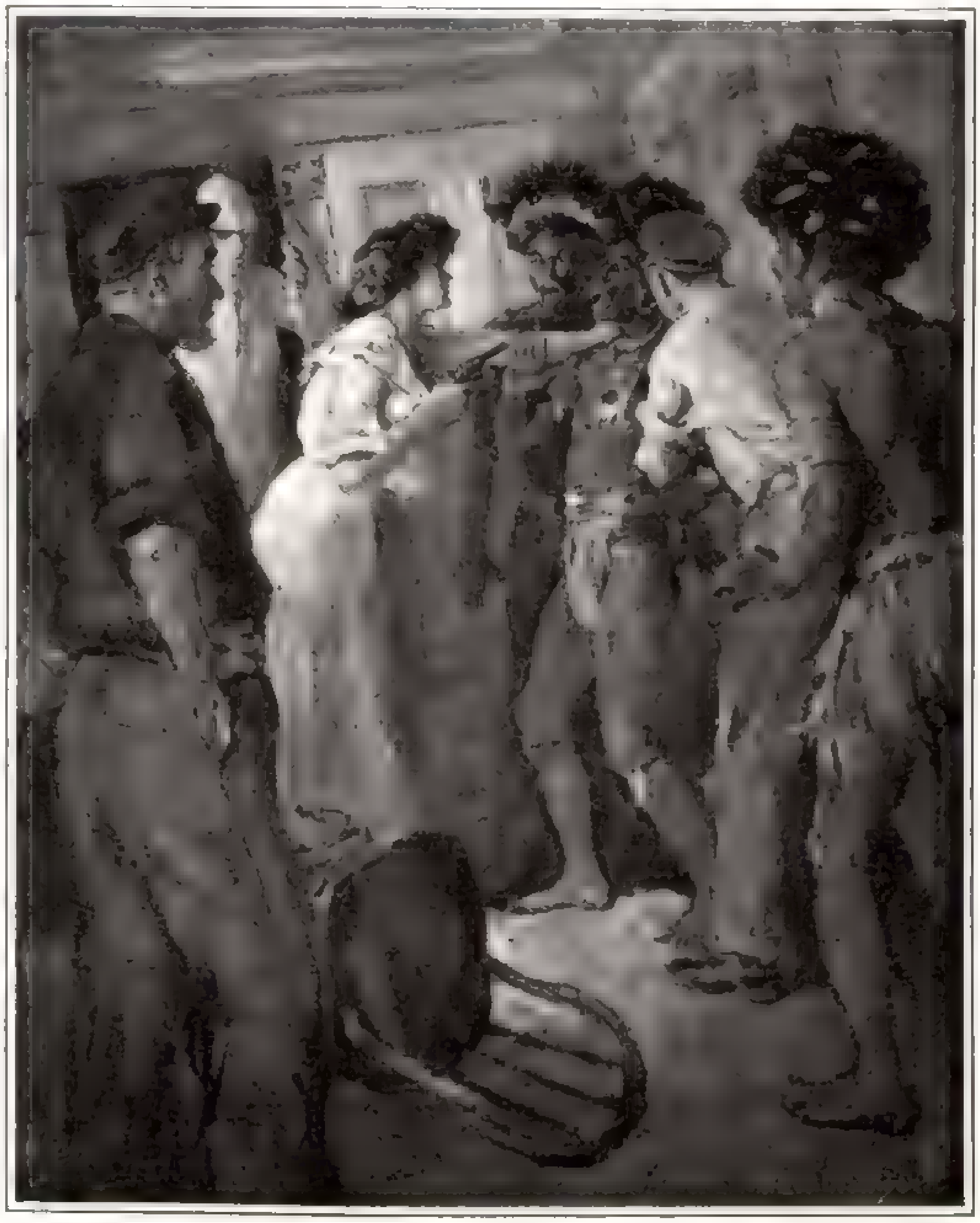
The wily brain was hard at work as she sat on the hatch, listening with a gentle smile and soft, downcast, maidenly eyes to Tempest's lovemaking, and answering now and then in her pretty Polynesian "pidgin-English"—so much simpler and less grotesque than the "*bêche de mer* talk" of the Melanesian Islands.

If he could be got out of the way, and the marines suddenly overpowered, the schooner might slip off around the corner of the headland in the dark and get nearly a hundred miles away before daylight with the steady wind that was blowing outside the glassy, landlocked harbor of Coral Bay. There was just enough air stirring at this farthest point to allow her to get out, and once off she could show her heels in a way that would astonish even a British gunboat. Of course, the latter would easily overhaul her in an open chase, but Vaiti did not purpose any such folly. There was many a perilous inlet and passage among those dangerous, ill-surveyed islands where the Sybil could safely go, but where the Alligator could not venture. Let them only gain a day, and who was to say whither they had flown into the wide wastes of the Pacific? Once beyond pursuit, paint and other disguises would so alter the ship that no one could identify her; her name could be changed, and the Mary Ann, or the Nautilus, would innocently sail the seas formerly polluted by the presence of the naughty Sybil. It was certainly worth trying.

As for Tempest, she had a plan concocted to get rid of him almost as soon as the matter entered her mind. She left him, by and by, solacing himself with fresh turtle steak in the cabin for the loss of his own dinner, while she went into the bows with Harris and Gray, and rapidly explained her plan. The marines had been accommodated with eatables and drinkables after their own hearts, on the cover of the main hatch, and were too much engaged to notice anything in the thick darkness that was now lying heavily on Coral Bay.

Vaiti's plan was simple and effective. Tempest was to be enticed into leaving his duty and going ashore—she would see to that. Four of the New Hebridean crew, stripped of their ship-clothes and attired in their aboriginal paint and plumes, were to be concealed on the beach. They would capture him and carry him off to a bush village near the coast, where the people were not ill-disposed to the whites, and leave him there, scared, no doubt, but safe, until the morning, when he would be let go. Vaiti would come back to the ship as soon as the capture was effected, and the four native sailors would hurry down from the village as quickly as possible. Meantime, it would be easy for Harris to drug the marines' drink and make them helpless. They would be set adrift in one of the boats as soon as the schooner was clear of the land, so that they should tell no tales. With good luck, everything should be over and the Sybil far out to sea in less than a couple of hours.

Of the disgrace of Lieutenant Tempest there is no need to tell at length. The decline of an officer from duty and honor, his desertion of a post which every professional instinct should have compelled him to keep, is not a happy subject, as, fortunately, it is not a common one. Vaiti, in brief, invited the young man to leave the ship unguarded and slip ashore with her to sup at a neighboring trader's shanty. There was no such place, of course, but Tempest did not know that. He was ready to follow Vaiti wherever she directed. The dinghy was got out softly and cautiously, and, with muffled oars, they slipped away unheard. So far out of his mind was the lieutenant that he did not even note the disappearance of his men, who were all lying very ably and completely shanghaied in the hold.


Harris, Who was Rather Frightened at Her Demeanor, Got Him Away

In less than half an hour Vaiti came back, swimming the stretch of black water that lay between the Sybil and the shore, to leave the boat ready for the men. Dripping, sparkling and laughing, she stood up in the dim light of the deck-lantern and told the mate and boatswain how the capture had been managed. Tempest, with a sack over his head, and his hands and feet bound to a pole, was at that moment being carried up in the dark to the bush village. The inhabitants of the place were to have ten pounds' worth of trade-goods promised them to keep him there all night and let him escape in the morning, when they themselves would go off and hide in the impenetrable forests until the man-of-war had sailed away again. In half an hour or so the four natives would be back on board, and they would all sail away around the headland and leave no evidence of any kind to connect the Sybil with this last unpardonable outrage—for Tempest could not but suppose that the natives who so neatly bagged him as he was philandering along the dark beach with the innocent Vaiti were ordinary hill-tribesmen. And, in any case, his sacred person would be taken good care of.

"Then he ain't to be damaged, the little darlin'?" inquired Harris. The question was not an idle one. Every one on the schooner knew that Vaiti was capable of ugly things, at her worst. The girl laughed—a low, gurgling laugh.

"No. No kill him, no hurt him. I not like," she said, tossing back her wet, wavy hair with a coquettish gesture that told Harris the woman in Vaiti was full awake that night, despite the rough-and-ready adventure on which she was engaged. Harris was no fool, if he was somewhat unsteady in character, and, more or less, he admired Vaiti himself, which tended to sharpen his sight.

"Good job the dandy leftenant is out of the way," he growled as Vaiti disappeared into the cabin to change. "'Twouldn't take much for 'er to get fancyin' his silly face, after all."

"Well, if you hask me, I don't like none of the 'ole thing from beginnin' to hend," declared the bo'sun, jamming a wad of tobacco viciously into his pipe. "Not the keepin' of the bloomin' niggers, nor again runnin' to Coral Bay, nor again this business. Why? Because I don't, and because it makes me smell dirty weather. Give us a light."

Overhead the stars in the velvet sky began to twinkle here and there as the breeze rose and the clouds melted away. An odor of hot, wet jungle drifted out across the bay from the invisible land, and a locust, with a rattle exactly like a policeman's whistle, burred loudly among the trees. It might have been half an hour, and it might have been more, before something else became audible—something that sounded like a frightened wailing on the shore

"A—wé! Aaaa—wé!"

Vaiti came out of her cabin and stood on deck, listening intently.

The sound went on.

"A—wé! A—wé! A—wa—wé!"

Harris, watching Vaiti's face in the light of the lantern, saw it change and harden, but she said nothing. There was another sound now—a dinghy shoving off from the beach and the rattle of carelessly-handled oars.

"What's the fools makin' such a row for?" asked Gray. "They'll 'ave the Halligator on to us."

Still Vaiti said nothing, but stood like a statue on the deck, listening and looking into the darkness.

The boat rammed the Sybil in another minute with a shock that made her quiver, and then drifted aimlessly along her sides. Three brown, naked figures lifted up their arms from below and cried despairingly

"Kapitani! Kapitani! A—wé! a—wé!"

"Get those fellow on board, too much quick, and bring him cabin!" ordered Vaiti. Harris and Gray hauled them in with small ceremony and dumped them down the companion into the cabin, where they stood in the light of the lamp, painted, feather-bedecked creatures, fierce enough in appearance, but in reality abjectly frightened and a-shiver.

"What thing you been do?" demanded Vaiti sharply. "Where you make other sailor-man? What you do Tempest?"

One of the men was beginning his wail again. She seized him by the shoulder, pulled a pistol from among her draperies and shook it in his face. The man, with a yell of terror, twisted himself out of her hold. Harris, who was rather frightened at her demeanor, got him away, forced a dram of spirits into his mouth and tried to extract the terrified creature's story from him by degrees.

It was not grateful when obtained. Half a mile from the beach, the captors had been overtaken by a party of wild hillmen from Ranaar, one of the worst of the inland cannibal towns, and had been set upon fiercely in the dark. Aki, one of their own party, had been clubbed and his body carried off. The other natives had escaped. As for the lieutenant, the Ranaar men had seized on him with cries of joy, exclaiming that now indeed they had a chance of "making themselves strong" before all Malekula. Then they had carried him away, slung on a pole between two men, and the Sybil's people, half dead with fright, had run down to the beach again, and here they were begging the kapitani to have mercy on them, for indeed it was not their fault, and no one could have known that the Ranaar men would venture so near the coast.

Vaiti, Harris and Gray all looked grave at this recital. They knew only too well what was implied by the phrase "making strong," and what virtues the hill tribes of Malekula ascribed to the eating of white man's flesh. The rude play of the capture had turned into most serious earnest, and Tempest's life was worth just so many hours as it might take the cannibals to reach their mountain stronghold and go through the preliminary ceremonies of the feast. No more.

There was silence for a minute or two, while the schooner rolled gently on the swell of the incoming tide and the smoky kerosene light flickered to and fro upon the strange, wild scene. Vaiti's beautiful, angry head standing out above the weatherbeaten faces of the two English sailors; the three naked New Hebrideans, squalid and monkey-faced, cowering before her; the remnants of Tempest's dinner, some one's greasy pack of cards decorating the table. The natives were still badly frightened. They did not understand that the kapitani's plans had been entangled beyond all hope of setting right by this disaster, or that the Alligator must have been alarmed by their noisy return; but Vaiti's countenance was enough to warn any one who had ever seen the very unpleasant things that happened at times on board the Sybil that hurricane weather was ahead. But before she had had time to speak again a loud hail from outside made every one look toward the deck. In another moment the first lieutenant of the Alligator had framed his smart white-and-gold personality in the dark oblong of the companion and demanded, loudly and authoritatively, to know where Mr. Tempest was, where the marines were, and what the deuce was the meaning of all this?

Vaiti, motioning aside the mate and bo'sun, swept to the front, and spoke straight out:

"All your sailor, he too much drunk, sleep 'long hold. Tempesi, he been go shore. Men belong Ranaar, they catch him, take him away. Pretty quick, they eat him."

"Great Scott!" said the officer. Facts were falling very thick and fast, and there were evidently more facts behind them, which for the present he felt obliged—most reluctantly—to neglect. People think quickly in the navy, and Lieutenant Darcy realized instantly that this strange, wild, handsome creature was speaking the truth and that it must be acted on without delay.

He stepped out on deck and gave certain orders to his men. A sharp little midshipman and half the boat's crew followed him on board and planted themselves about the ship. The rest remained in the boat.

"This officer will stay here and take charge, and you will come with me to the Alligator," said the lieutenant, addressing Vaiti.

"Yes, I speak captain. Very good you let me see him quick," said the girl imperiously; and the lieutenant, guessing that there was more still to be told, hurried the boat away.

He delivered his report to the commander and concluded by saying that the girl was in waiting and had, in his opinion, something more to say about the matter.

"Bring her in," said the commander shortly. The gravity of the affair had darkened his face a trifle, but he made no comment. It was not a time for talk.

Vaiti entered with the light step and carriage of the woman who wears neither shoes nor stays, and stood silently before the commander, fixing his hard, gray eyes with her inscrutable dark stare.

"You can sit down," said the officer. "I want to ask you some questions."

Vaiti drew herself up a little higher.

"No time for sit," she said curtly. "Suppose you no want Tempesi eaten pretty quick, you listen me."

"Young woman ——" began Commander the Hon. Francis St. John Raleigh sternly.

"I tell you, no time talk!" interrupted Vaiti. "I savvy all right you very big sea-chief; I savvy my father been make bad work, make bad work myself. Let him go all-a-same that; by-'n-by we talk those thing. Now you listen me."

"All right; sit down," said the officer in a more conciliatory tone. Vaiti sat, and leaning across the table with her chin in one slender hand and her eyes blazing out from under the mass of damp waves on her forehead, she said her say:

"You no savvy Malekula man, I savvy plenty. Suppose you do what I telling you, Tempesi he come back, I think. Suppose not, Tempesi he eat. Ranaar, he ten, eleven mile up 'long bush, plenty bad way. You take some sailor, he go too much sof', too much quiet, all-a-same cat. Time we coming 'long Ranaar, one-half mile, sailor he all stop. I go myself Ranaar, maybe I get Tempesi, we coming back to sailor, go home all right."

"Oh, nonsense! How are you going to get him if the men can't?" demanded the commander. He saw that he had a remarkable personality to deal with in this strange half-caste beauty; but he did not comprehend her very clearly, and he thought she was "gassing" a little.

Vaiti frowned.

"I tell you, you no savvy Malekula," she said scornfully. "Sailor belong you, all the man hear him when he walk 'long bush. Ranaar man, he hear, he run away."

"Well, so long as we rescue Mr. Tempest ——"

"No you talk, I say, you listen, you kapitani with um wooden face!" spat Vaiti.

The lieutenant turned his head away and choked a little in his pocket handkerchief. The commander stared, then burst out laughing.

"Go on, you she-cat!" he said.

"Ranaar man he run away; very good. He leave Tempesi; very good. No want Tempesi tell some tale, so he leave him dead. Break him head, all same pig, very quick, then run away. Now what you think?"

"I think that you are a very plucky young lady and that you have something more to say about it," replied the commander politely.

"Very good. Suppose I going 'long bush, I savvy plenty the way—I been 'long Ranaar recruit, savvy all-a-road. No walking all same white man, walking all same one snake, all same one mice. No white man he walk that way. I come up Ranaar all-a-dark, I stop 'long one small place, see the man he dance, he sing, he make dinner. Bushman, he plenty frighten something he no savvy. Savvy gun, dynamity, but no savvy big blue-light signal thing you got 'long ship. I take one, two blue-light thing, I throw. Bushman he think one big devil stop, no think man-of-war come, run away too much quick, not stop kill Tempesi. By an' by he coming back, but I cut rope before he come; I bring Tempesi 'long me, 'long sailor-man; we go back quick, Tempesi all right. Savvy?"

"Yes, I do savvy; seems a neat plan, on the whole. But what's going to happen to you if they catch you?"

"Eat," said Vaiti succinctly. "Now you listen me: I no do all this thing for nothing, see?"

"H'm, yes; I do see. How much do you want?"

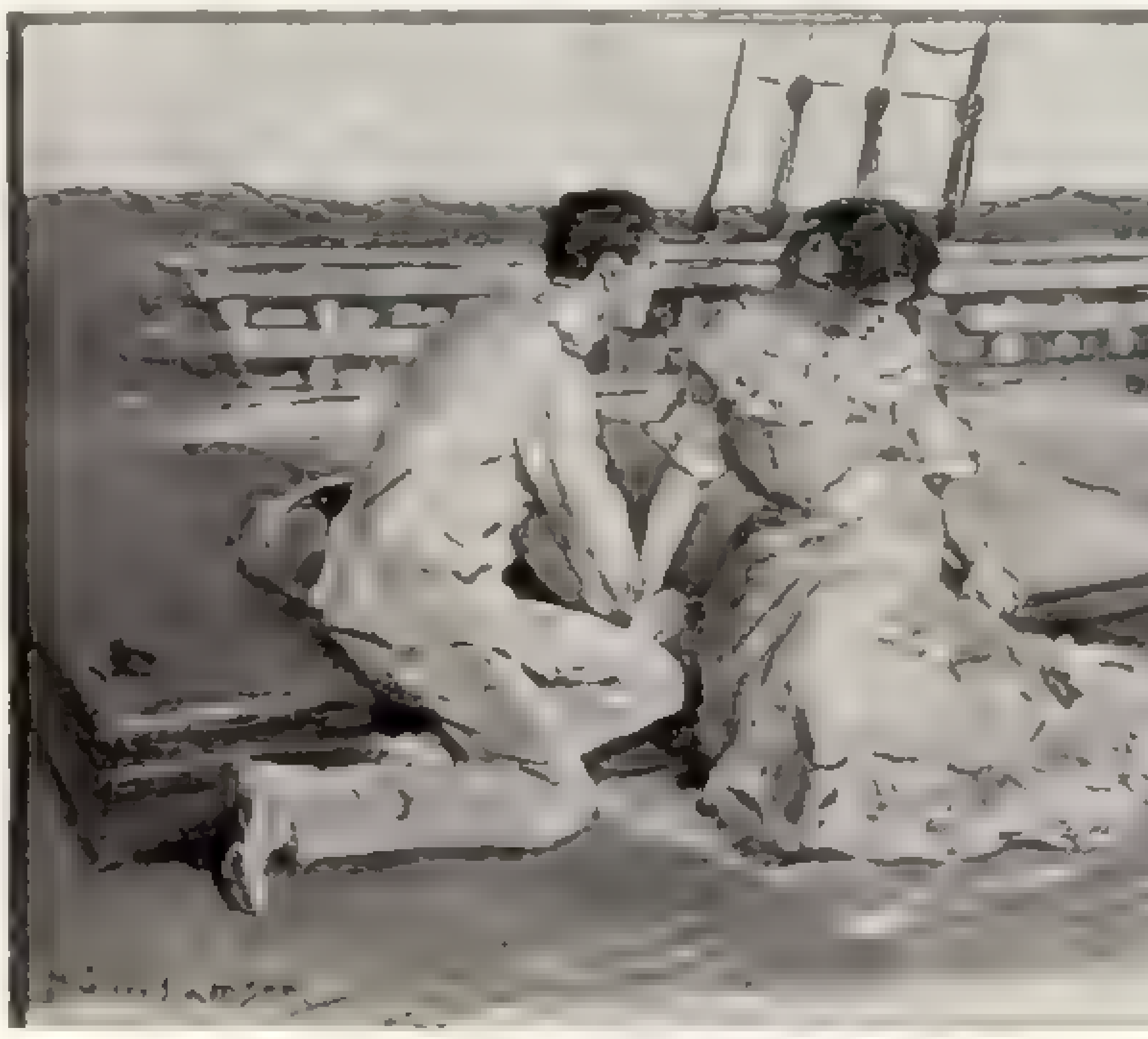
"Two thing," said Vaiti, eying him narrowly. "One: my father say he plenty sorry, no do any more bad thing, you let him go, let schooner go."

"Well—yes, I'll promise that," answered the commander rather stiffly. The girl was taking her life in her hand to serve the interests of the British Crown, and it was not a time to stick at trifles or indeed larger things.

"Two," went on Vaiti: "Tempesi he been leave ship, go 'long shore with me. You tell him all right, you no punish."

"Oh, by Jove, that's too much," snapped out the commander. "No, Miss—Miss What's-your-name, I can't promise any such thing. I can't have you or any one else interfering with the discipline of my ship. Mr. Tempest's conduct is a very serious matter, and he must take the consequences—if he comes back alive to take them."

Vaiti had had a good deal to do with men-of-war and their officers during the course of the schooner's many wanderings. She did not need to be told that Tempest's career might be ended, and his life disgraced, if naval justice took its course. A few hours ago she would not have cared. But Mr. Tempest, like all men notorious for getting into scrapes with a girl in them, had a "way with him," and it happened to be a way that appealed to this daughter of the Islands more than she would have cared to allow. Besides, it was not her custom to give in to a defeat.



He Would Take Very Good Care of the Sybil and Her Charming "Captain"

"All right," she said calmly. "I savvy all about Englis' officer, Tempesi: he no like court-mars'al, make break—make longshoreman, all the people, laugh. Tempesi, he like die I think. All right. I let him. Good-night."

The commander held out his hand.

"Good-night," he said politely. "Mr. Darcy, you will see about getting a native guide who can show the way to Ranaar, at once. We will do our best to surprise them."

A low, sarcastic laugh came from Vaiti.

"You wooden-face kapitani, you think you savvy Malekula!" she said. "Where you get guide?"

Mr. Darcy did know a little about the New Hebrides, and he saw that they were beaten.

"She's right, sir," he said. "Take my word for it, no native would dare to guide you. There's no mission here; they're a very bad lot, and all at war."

It was a bitter moment for the commander, but he surrendered like a gentleman.

"You've got the best of me, Miss—Miss Saxon," he said. "Very well. You have my promise. Mr. Tempest shall be pardoned if we get him back alive. You know nothing about this matter, you will remember, Mr. Darcy. Miss Saxon, you're a very brave young lady, and I wish I had met you in circumstances of which I could more honestly approve."

"No one need tell me," he said afterward, "that that old vagabond we had in the cells wasn't a gentleman once. It comes out in the girl: blood will tell, even in a half-caste."

Neither the bluejackets of the Alligator nor the officer appointed to command the column ever forgot that night's march through the mountain bush of Malekula. The air was like hot water, and not a breath of wind was stirring. The track was but a few inches wide and as slippery as butter, so that the men slid and fell continually when struggling up the endless sides of the innumerable gullies. Mosquitoes settled in bloodthirsty hordes upon their faces and hands, roots tripped them, saw-edged reeds slapped them in the eyes and thorny tangles of bush-lawyer fished for and successfully hooked them. At any moment a huge soft-nosed bullet, cruel as a shell, might come singing out of the darkness, or a poisoned arrow, freighted with sure and agonizing death, might whir across their path. When the officer in command, irritated by the stumbling and falling of the men, ordered them to remove their boots and march barefoot, Vaiti told him that nothing of the kind must be done, for poisoned spearheads were in all probability set here and there in unsuspected places, ready to pierce the unwary foot. She herself seemed invulnerable and untiring; she led the column at a pace that caused more than one to fall out, and never hesitated or faltered through all the three hours of the worst and most intricate march that the Alligator's men had ever known.

At last she told the officer to call a halt and on no account to make even the slightest noise or advance his men until he should see a blue light burning, about half a mile ahead. Then she vanished into the darkness, lithe and noiseless as a lizard, and silence, dead and oppressive, settled down upon the bush.

Lieutenant Tempest was a man and a sailor, and he was not afraid of death. But he thought there might be pleasanter ways of dying than that which actually stared him in the face.

Memory plays strange tricks when the dark is closing down about her doors. Lying there on the damp earth, bound hand and foot to a pole, with the hideous howls of the cannibal dancers in his ears, and the glare of the cooking-pits in his eyes, Tempest could think of nothing but a fragment of verse out of a half-forgotten poem read somewhere, long ago:

. . . It isn't the fact that you're
dead that counts,
But only—how did you die?

How was he dying? Not as an English officer might gladly die, in the cause of his country and in loyal obedience to orders. Not even as a man, with a sword in his hand, facing the foe. He was dying an unfaithful servant, false to his trust, and suffering because of that falseness—as a slaughtered brute, struck down with a club like a bullock, and afterward ——

The red remains of the luckless Aki, joined and piled in a ghastly heap, told the rest.

Tempest did not look at that ugly pile any more than he could help. He wanted all the nerve he could muster, for he was haunted by a deadly fear that he might cry out for mercy when it came to the last, and he did not want to add cowardice to the tale of his many shortcomings. If he could have died here as a prisoner of war—as a captured scout, a fighting enemy, taken in a skirmish—the death, hideous as it was, would have been honorable, and his pride of

(Continued on Page [illegible])

AT PADEREWSKI'S VILLA

By William Armstrong

IN THE time of the French Revolution the Marquis des Tournelles fled to Morges, on the Swiss side of Lake Geneva, and there, having been more fortunate than most *emigrés*, for he had saved not only his head but his money, he built him a villa.

It was at the edge of the little town with its quiet, shady square, filled with rose-trees that never grow tired of blooming; its white arsenal, that sleeps the sleep of peace and neglect; its grand *rue*, where the market stalls are gay with vegetables in the early summer mornings; and its quay, that is only stirred from drowsiness when the boat from Geneva or Lausanne stops to let down stray voyagers.

The Marble Terrace

The spot that the Marquis chose was a crest of land running down to the water, with a view of the Savoy Mountains rising sheer from the far side of the lake, and Mont Blanc, glistening and icy, touching the arc of the sky in the distance. Only the blue of the water swept between him and France, and from dawn until dark his eyes could rest on the land he had lost. The great lawn in front of the house he planted with trees that are giants now, spreading wide shadows over the grass that is cut here and there with big flower-beds. To the left of the villa a spur of mountain runs up in the sky; on this he planted a vineyard. On the whole, the Marquis spent his time well, much better, no doubt, than if he had remained in his Paris.

His son returned to France as a soldier of the first Napoleon, and rose to the rank of general. But he came back, and so did his children, to the Villa Riond-Bosson, until the Count Le Marois, his descendant, came there on his honeymoon. That visit was fatal, so far as any future connection of villa and family went.

The Count, in a moment of indiscretion, forgot how many years older he was than his bride, and brought her to Riond-Bosson, where she was cut off from everything else in the world but the charm of his society. That a little of that went a long way with her seems rather certain. In the second week of their honeymoon she announced that she hated the place and its quiet, and that she would leave it at once, and, moreover, would never return. To show that she really meant what she said, she had her trunks packed, and took them and the Count back to Paris.

I am sorry that I cannot give you the subsequent career of this lady, which must have held much of the charm of surprise; but history only records that the villa was put up for sale—whether the Count was disposed of by the same method I do not know.

Mr. Paderewski, in the early flush of his great successes, saw the place and read its beauties with the eye of the poet. The rocky Savoy Mountains, that change color with every hour of the day; the white glories of Mont Blanc; the lake, the rustling green of the vineyard, with Morges blinking white through the branches of trees that the old Marquis planted, had for the great pianist a finer charm than they had for the Countess. So he bought the estate. Ever since he has made it his home for as much of the time as London, Melbourne, Paris, Madrid, New York, or some other part of the world, does not claim a peremptory right to him—and there he studies and composes.

Leaving Paris at night for Morges, early the following morning you reach Lausanne for the brief final stage of the journey by water. When the boat puffed away that day from the pier, there it was hot, and, though a breeze sprung up at intervals on the water, one could see the heat shimmering in waves over the shore-line. To the left rose the mountains; to the right were villas with shady grounds full of flower-beds, and with landings reaching out into the lake. Back of these the shore rolled upward under the treetops. The sky was blue and the water still bluer, with a white shaft of spray at the boat's bow, the only touch to disturb it.

A Distant View of the Villa

We steamed along, stopping at landings, letting a few stray passengers down, watching one white little town fade on the shore-line as another white little town grew closer ahead. Then came Morges, with its towered arsenal, its red roofs, and many green trees. A sleepy horse, piloted by a sleepier driver, the only animate things in sight, took me and my luggage aboard the fiacre they dozed with, and we crawled up the hill toward the Villa Riond-Bosson, and Mr. Paderewski.

It took us thirty minutes to get there; later I found I could walk back the same way in ten. At last, after a stretch of leafy highway and hedges, the driver, the horse and the fiacre took a final moment of drowsing, and turned in between two tall, stone pillars with a wrought-iron gateway swung open. On each pillar was cut: "Villa Riond-Bosson."

Two curious-eyed children peeped from between the leaves that covered the porter's lodge; a pair of St. Bernard dogs sauntered toward the fiacre, the wheels of which rolled with caressing slowness over the broad gravel driveway.

Mr. Paderewski's valet, who knows every civilized land under the sun, and speaks the language of each, spying from an upper window my leisurely progress, was at the entrance-steps before we were. He had welcomed me, taken my luggage, and announced me before my less lively companions had quite turned on the gravel on their way back to Morges.

Before my eyes had got focused to the cool dark of the hall, Mr. and Madame Paderewski had entered. Their hearty welcome was not without upbraiding for failing to tell them by what boat I was coming. Then they both went with me, to show me my room—a big, airy place, directly over Mr. Paderewski's study—hoping on the way that I would enjoy my stay, telling me that I needed a rest, that Riond-Bosson was the place to take it, and many other kind things. Their simple heartiness brought with it already the feeling of home.

As Mr. Paderewski pointed out from the balcony, that ran the length of that story, his favorite view of Mont Blanc, from which a veil of white mist was lifting slowly, there was a croaking sound back of us. Seven parrots that he had brought all the way from Australia were swinging the limit of their cages to catch his attention. Stepping into the room, we rejoined Madame Paderewski, who had had a maid turn back the cool linen sheets invitingly for my rest, and was herself closing the shutters.

"What is that new house going up below the gardens?" I asked.

"For my gardener," he answered, smiling "It is only ten minutes' walk to his family in Morges, but he grumbled so over it that I built one that he might have them nearer."

"Now, go to sleep," said Mr. Paderewski, as they left me, dropping a handful of Russian cigarettes on the table.

Looking out of the window I saw him with Madame Paderewski on the lawn in interested, friendly conversation with a group of gardeners. Presently he handed them each a cigar from his pocket.

After meeting many great people through the accident of my calling, they have, simply as great people, lost interest for me. My perspective has slipped, so far as hero-worship is concerned. I look on them as men and women; their art is for me something separate and apart. Their good traits of heart are the things that stick like burrs in my sense of appreciation. With the really great those same high human qualities are the things that show in their music and draw the public to them. So, after all, our strong American desire to know the personality of celebrities is not far removed from an appreciation of their art.

More than once during that visit to Riond-Bosson a remark of Madame Nordica's about a certain singer came to me: "No, she is not a great artist. How could she be? She is not simple enough." That simplicity, lacking in the lady whom Madame Nordica so tersely analyzed, is strongly Mr. Paderewski's, and with it is thoughtful, genuine sympathy for others; not as occasional impulse, but steady and constant, and in the little things that make life happy.

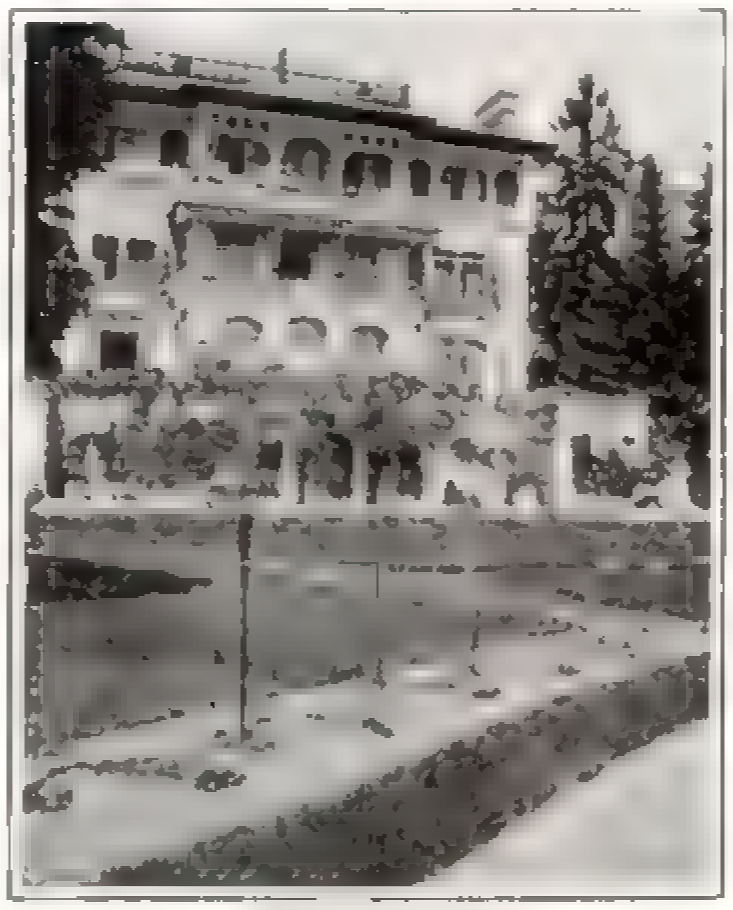
As he was that morning, so he appears always to be, thinking of the comfort of those about him, forgetting that he is anything else than Paderewski the man.

That afternoon I was just dozing off among my pillows when I heard a shriek, followed by a dozen others as piercing. Jumping clear of my bed to the middle of the floor, I heard another volley. Flinging open the shutters I looked out. It was the seven parrots all going at once. A big, white cockatoo led the commotion, swinging violently from the perch by his beak.

Then I remembered the story. Mr. Paderewski had bought him in Australia from a shoemaker, who was in the habit of beating his dog. It was the yelping of the poor beast that the cockatoo was imitating, and his six subtropical friends were helping him out with the story.

And it kept up. Sometimes it would stop for a moment, and I tried to go off to sleep, then a screech would ring out, and the Australian tragedy went off in a new key.

That night I looked out on the balcony in the moonlight for the big cockatoo. I had visions of the way he would welcome the dawn. But he was missing; some thoughtful hand had carried him off. Without him next morning the six remaining birds gave only subdued mutterings, such as one might expect from a stranded chorus when the star singer forsakes them.


Villa Riond-Bosson

There was quite a house-party at the villa, mainly of relatives, as Mr. Paderewski was resting, the two exceptions being Monsignor Count Drohojowski, a friend of many years' standing, and the pianist, Mr. Stojowski, a pupil of Mr. Paderewski. Of the group of relatives Madame Wilkonska, Mr. Paderewski's sister, and young Mr. Gorski, the son of Madame Paderewski, were prominent in interest.

It was a brilliant dinner that night in the big dining-room, the moonlight streaming in undisturbed by the shaded candles. A bed of pink geraniums extended down the middle of the table, and running from it between the plates, like rays from a sunburst, were wreaths of little pink roses that fell over the edge of the cloth.

Mr. Paderewski sat opposite me; his face was in shadow, but his hair, catching the light, stood out like an aureole of brass against the dark. Near him sat his sister, who has much of his gentle charm of expression. Her English is fluent, though she insisted that, in the little Russian town where she lives, she had no chance to speak it from year's end to year's end.

That afternoon young Gorski had shown me his room; the walls of it were hung with portraits of his mother done in oils, in crayon, and in every other medium known to her artist-friends. It was a touching tribute of the son, this collection, to the heart-qualities of the mother. Her face as I studied it then, high bred, with great beauty of profile, her dark hair, her pallor, and the depth of her eyes, were all accentuated that night under the play of light from the candles.

Beyond her sat Monsignor Drohojowski, white-haired and noble-faced, a jeweled cross on the breast of his black cassock. To know the history of a strong personality is generally to have the explanation of much; it was so in his case. A Polish revolutionist, exiled, suffering all the hardships that one man's life can well hold, turning for consolation to the religion of the country he had lost—all this had meant for him a broad outlook, quick sympathy and an unwavering faith.

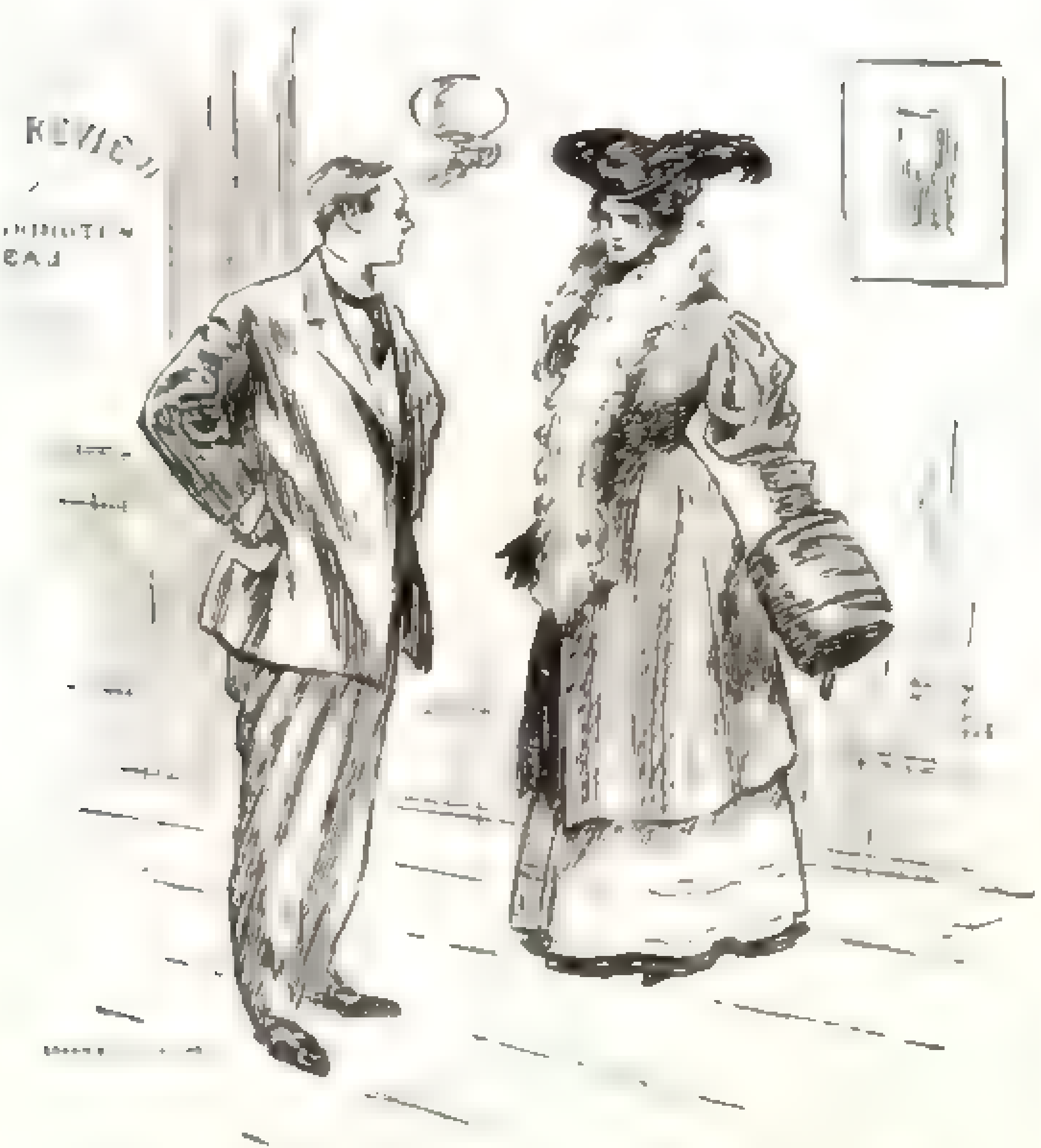
The Poles have a charming custom: when dinner is over, the men, rising with the women, kiss their hands, and shake hands with each other, saying: "I thank you for your company."

(Concluded on Page 27)

THE YELLOW STREAK

And How it Came to the Surface

BY WILL PAYNE



"Jimmy! Jimmy! You Do Need Somebody to Take Care of You"

THE Commissioner of Statistics contemplated his egg and slowly tapped the shell, like a leisurely man breaking the crust of the new day.

"Young Wildey," he said deliberately, "has been apprehended in the act of burglary and has confessed his crime. He will go to jail."

"Yes," said his daughter absently.

The Commissioner elevated his bushy, yellow eyebrows. "You knew it?"

"Julia Ainsley told me. The last time I saw him he called me a liar." She spoke reminiscently, without energy, and she was gazing blankly out of the window, which gave a profile to her father's view—a calm, pensive, statuesque profile. Fulmer had used it for his goddess of liberty.

Mrs. Lester got her breath first and wailed: "Oh, Mary!"

Turning her head then, Miss Lester saw that her father had started violently and was gripping the edge of the table. He was a large man, with a high-colored, smooth-shaven, impressive face. He had a great deal of dignity and not a little manner. His feeling for propriety was extremely nice; his sense of honor exceedingly quick.

"Of course, not in so many words, father. You're always so quick to jump at conclusions," she complained mildly. "I said he was positively mistaken, and he replied that I didn't in the least know what I was talking about. However," she added, "that is neither here nor there."

The Commissioner frowned slightly. He found his daughter's manner rather unsatisfactory. "I trust you see now, Mary," he observed, "that our objections to him were well founded."

She skipped that point and replied: "I had some well-founded objections of my own."

Mr. Lester's frown deepened. "I should have been glad if he had turned out well," he said impartially. "But the moment the yellow streak appeared in him I knew he was hopeless. A man may drink and reform, or steal and repent; but the yellow streak is a sign of degeneracy. Wherever you see it, you may be sure the law of moral gravitation will operate."

Miss Lester stirred her coffee absently. "What do you call yellow, father?" she asked, almost as though she were saying: "Why does a hen cross the road?"

The Commissioner set his jaw and thrust out his nether lip sternly. "I call it yellow to denounce without proof; to lose the sense of the sacredness of individual character; to pry into private things; to intrude within the sacred circle of any other being's rights and liberties. Take young Wildey's case. He inoculated himself with the notion that our cotton reports were wrong; that they were colored to help the cotton growers and the bull speculators in that commodity. He could not prove his case, and his very failure to prove it, operating upon the yellow principle in his nature, pushed him on to make wilder and wilder charges—ending with insinuations that the bull speculators were bribing the Government to doctor its reports! It became so monstrous that I myself felt compelled to take up the matter with the proprietors of the Business Review—the natural result being that they discharged Wildey. But does he stop there? Oh, no! The law of gravitation operates! He steals a key and breaks into the office at night, and is arrested. And with him the jail is merely a beginning. He will continue to go down. He'll drift to New York as a yellow reporter—one of the creatures who peek through keyholes, intercept letters, befoul women's names!" The Commissioner's temperature was evidently rising steadily.

"Then why don't you discharge Lattimer?" his daughter demanded—and it was clear that her father had struck fire. "Doesn't he hound poor, helpless Julia Ainsley because she won't accept his nauseating attentions? Hasn't he done everything to make life miserable for her? When she refused to go to the theatre with him, didn't he have her locked up in the office, and then put that disgusting stuff in the New York Mucker about 'a beautiful young widow, employed in the Treasury Department, saved in the nick of time from having to spend the night in Uncle Sam's treasure-house'? Is an innocent woman who has to work for a living to be driven out of the Government service by a dog?" Almost any one would have admired the poise of her head as she spoke in clear, round, contralto tones.

The Commissioner controlled himself—partially, and by a strong effort. "How do you know that a single word of that is true?" he demanded.

"Because Julia told me so!" she replied hotly. "Besides, I have seen the man Lattimer often enough, and talked with him—a mere locomotory vat of tallow!"

"To say that Lattimer locked her in the office is ridiculous. Lattimer has something else to think about! To say that he inspired that low article in the Mucker—why, there isn't an atom of proof!"

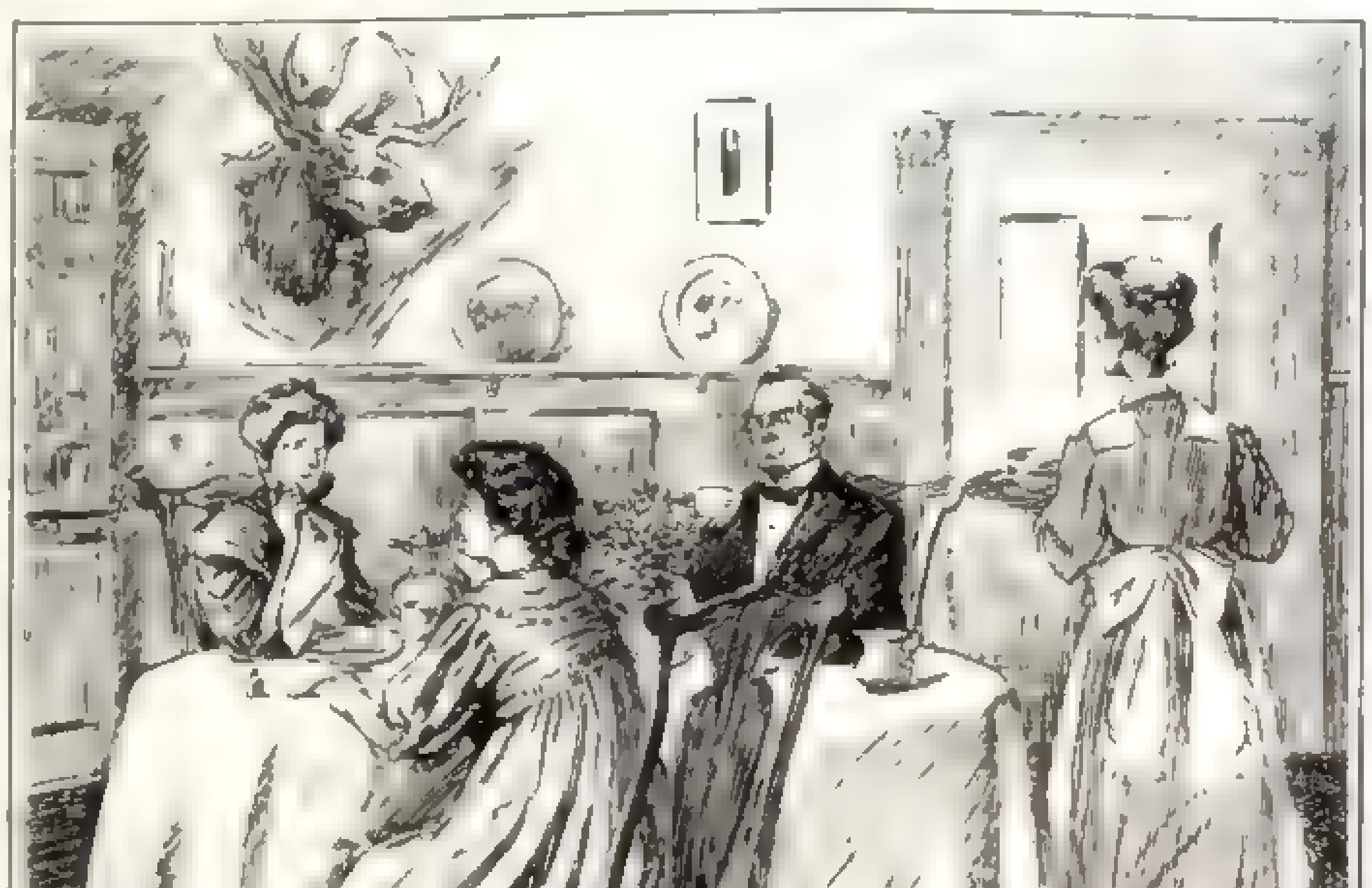
"The proof is in his fat, cunning, sensual face!" cried the girl.

The Commissioner waved both hands above his head. "Yellow! Yellow!" he exclaimed quite tragically. As though it were an exorcism, he repeated: "Yellow! Yellow! Charge without proof!"

Miss Lester's hazel eyes sparkled with animation—but her mother's wildly groping foot found her own and pressed it. She caught her mother's imploring glance. Father and daughter were rather too much alike. When they clashed good Mrs. Lester experienced about the same agitation that a domestic fowl, of a gentle and nervous temperament, might be supposed to suffer if she had married into a nest of eagles and saw the kinglier birds swoop at each other in wrath. The daughter was aware of this—and so exhaled a long, soft sigh. A moment later she was looking demurely at her plate, the ribbon on her dress fluttering with the gently subsiding undulations of her breast.

Seeing his eaglet thus meekly fold her rebellious wings, the Commissioner took a new hold of himself. "Guard against it, Mary," he said, quite mildly. "Lattimer is an able and faithful employee of the Government. To accuse him without proof, even to me, is of the same piece as that scandalous article in the Mucker that you are so indignant about. It is yellow."

The silken lashes still veiled Miss Lester's gentle eyes. With the handle of her spoon she made a light tracery on the tablecloth. Only she could see that what she traced was this: "RATS!!!!!"



What She Traced was This: "RATS!!!!!"

There was a little garden behind the house, snobbishly inclosed with a very high brick wall. After breakfast, Miss Lester stood at the window of her second-story room gazing down upon its wintry deadness. A light snow had fallen. The rosebushes were mere bare sticks. She felt more or less in the same case, and she was trying to think what she should do. At the same time she was subconsciously aware of that regrettable defect in her nature which made it impossible for her ever to get anywhere with thinking. Even as she dressed for the street she did not at all know how she was going to get out of what she was about after she had let her feelings lead her into it; but she was rather used to that, so minded it the less. She looked up the address in the telephone directory, and walked, for it was only a short distance to Fourteenth Street.

At the street door of the rather shabby building which bore the right number she paused, and looked obliquely over her shoulder and down the thoroughfare at the classic columns of the Treasury Building. Naturally, it was associated in her mind with her father; perhaps it seemed to look down upon her with a classical, governmental indignation. But at any rate Statistics was on the other side. So she gathered her skirts and climbed the stairs—there was no sign of an elevator.

After some wandering in the wide, dingy and empty hall she found the door with the sign: "The Business Review: Washington Bureau." A name underneath had been newly scraped off; but she could make out the half-obliterated tops of the capital letters J and W—as though that was all that was left of James Wildey.

As she opened the door her lips were prepared to say: "Can you tell me where I can find Mr. Wildey?" But there was no need. Of the three men in the dingy office who glanced up at the opening of the door, one came forward rapidly and stepped out into the hall with her. It was a man scarcely taller than herself, and rather stocky; blond, too—notwithstanding her prepossessions against blond men. He wore eyeglasses.

"How do you do, Jimmy?" she said gravely.

He followed her away from the door, a little distance down the empty hall. The moment was all she needed to recover from the surprise of having met him so plumply.

"What can I do to help you?" she asked. She seemed quite composed. The tone was level.

"I don't see that you can do anything, Mary."

"How did you get into it?" It may have been her height, or the way she held her head, or her contralto voice, or almost anything else that enabled her to handle him in this fashion — as though she were having him recite a lesson to her.

"Oh, the cotton reports, of course!" he said, quite lightly.

"Why do you stick to them?" That seemed to be the next question in her catechism.

He smiled slightly. "Naturally, I can't do anything else. Those cotton reports are wrong. They're doctored to bull the price of cotton. They always give the crop and the amount of cotton to be marketed less than it really is. That helps to keep up prices. Of course, the cotton growers like it. So does this Wall Street clique that is running the bull deal in cotton. It's a case where a lie pleases everybody interested, so why tell the truth?" He explained it to her unemotionally.

"When I attacked the cotton reports in the Review, naturally there was a row. It offended the cotton growers. It offended the bull clique. Then it was an attack upon a piece of Government work. If you attack one man in uniform, you know, everybody else in uniform rises up and jumps on you. Pusey, the Director of Cotton Reports, is a well-meaning old gentleman; but his brains dried up and blew away a hundred years ago. Lattimer, the chief clerk, really runs the thing. Lattimer tells Pusey the reports are all right, so Pusey says I'm a liar for asserting the contrary. The Commissioner of Statistics supports his subordinate, the Director. The Secretary of the Department supports the Commissioner, and the President supports the Secretary. Some cotton-State Senators are very zealous in defending the bullish Government reports. The bull clique defends them. The whole mass drops on the correspondent who attacks the reports. The pressure got too strong for the Review, so it 'fired' me. That branded me as a libeler, and I couldn't see anything to do but stick right to it and fight it out."

"Without any newspaper? Without any money? Without any friends? Without any influence?" She slowly shook her head. "Jimmy! Jimmy! You do need somebody to take care of you!"

And this, it seemed, was the first word she had humanly spoken to him; the rest had been mere phonographing. The color went over his face as he looked at her; he caught his breath a bit; then looked firmly at the floor.

"I'm perfectly certain that Lattimer is a crook," he phonographed steadily. "He is in the pay of somebody in Wall Street. He not only doctors the reports, but he gives his Wall Street ally advance information of what the report is going to be. There's a chap named Adamson that I've trailed down here — a fellow connected with a fourth-rate brokerage house in the Street. I've seen him twice with Lattimer — a hook-nosed, one-eyed man — altogether as villainous a mug as ever I laid eyes on. I'm certain he's a go-between."

Someway it reminded her exactly of the passage at the breakfast-table and her own grounds of conviction concerning Lattimer. Thus Wildey looked up in astonishment — hearing a low, sweet laugh.

"Go on!" she commanded with dignity.

His gaze returned to the floor. "You understand, the great difficulty is to get hold of some tangible piece of evidence — something strong enough to shock fat-headed officialdom out of its complacent self-sufficiency." It did not occur to him at the moment that he was speaking of her father. "If they'd really investigate; if they'd stop taking one another's word for it, they'd find I was right. But they won't do that. So it was up to me, as you might say, to find a bomb. I discovered Adamson was in town, and I believed that if I could get into Lattimer's room I could lay hands on something that would serve my purpose. Of course, I knew the risk. But I was willing to take it. So I stole a key and went in there."

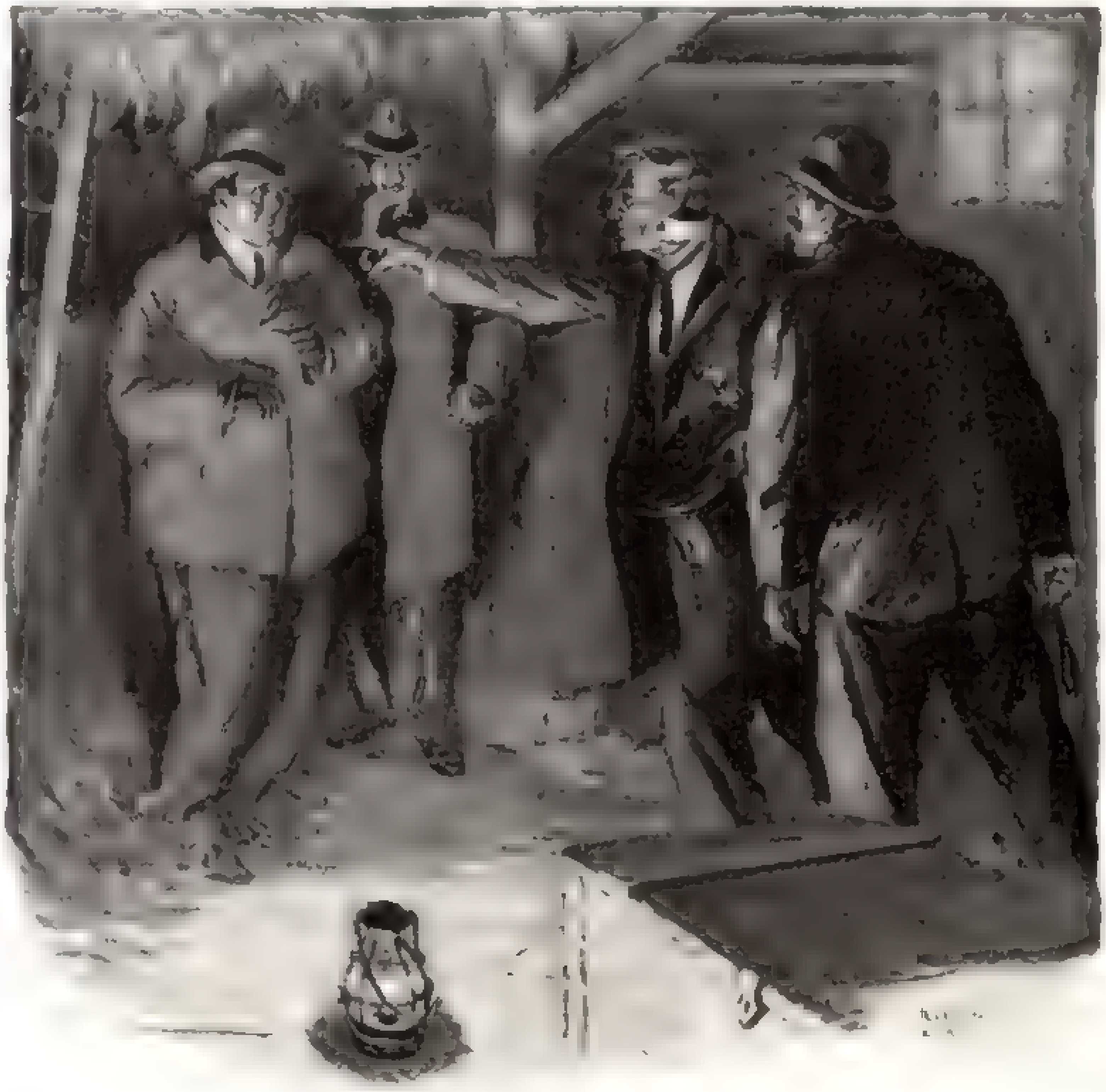
"Why do you tell me that stuff?" she demanded. "I put Julia up to seeing you myself!"

She spoke humanly again, and he was confused. "Why the truth is," he stammered — "the truth is that Mrs. Ainsley and I were in the same boat. We both needed Lattimer's scalp to save ourselves. I haven't any doubt that he treats her like a dog and that he's bound to force her to accept his attentions or quit the service. As in my case, it's mighty hard for her to get proof. Officialdom would protect her, too, if she could blow it into a state of consciousness, so to speak, with a piece of tangible evidence. Well, I talked it over with her, and we decided to make a stroke together. She could get me into Lattimer's room." He paused and drew a mark on the floor with his toe; looked up at her squarely, and lowered his voice. "I was hot to win, Mary; but it wasn't a nice thing to do — letting a woman put herself in a compromising position to further my ends, even though it furthered her ends, too. When the fellows nabbed me, naturally, I had to save her."

"You're a fool, Jimmy!" she declared, and winked her dark eyelashes thrice in rapid succession. He saw what glistened beneath them, and the tumult of her breast and the door opposite them opened, and a bewhiskered man, offensively smoking a pipe, stepped out, stared at them, and clumped leisurely down the hall.

"However," said Miss Lester, in a voice that she was getting under control, "that's neither here nor there." She waited another moment. "The point is that I put Julia up to see you. I'm her friend. It's almost as much my affair as it is hers or yours. In carrying it out you got into this scrape. I want to help you. That's only fair all around."

"Yes. But I don't see anything you can do, Mary," he replied, friendly. "I don't believe they can make out burglary against me. Probably they've got me on petty larceny of the key. I don't see what you can do about that."



"Explain This Infamous Outrage, You Scoundrel!"

"You must have a first-class lawyer." She could not keep from blushing, nor hold her eyes steady, although she exerted all of her vigorous will; she even spoke a bit tremulously and pleadingly: "You may need some money."

It was his turn to laugh then — quietly, with perfect good humor, in a way that made any other answer superfluous.

She now looked at the floor. "You'll not let me do what I can, Jimmy. I'm sorry."

He might have answered that pointedly; but he was aware of their position; of the manner in which she had come to him, which made taking an advantage of it impossible. "But I don't see that there's anything to be done," he argued amiably.

"Except for you to go to jail!" she retorted with a spice of bitterness.

"Oh, going to jail isn't so bad — when you're right," he said genially. "You know a lot better men than I am have done that. Besides, I don't believe they can get me there. You see, I am right, Mary. I am right!"

She looked away thoughtfully, and asked, almost incidentally, "What was it you hoped to find in Lattimer's office?"

"Why, nothing exactly." He laughed frankly. "You see, the man's a crook, and crookedness is bound to leave a trail. He is doctoring the reports, and he is in touch with somebody in Wall Street. I'm certain of it. If I could just rummage his desk for half an hour!" He glowed up with the alluring prospect. "Crookedness is simply bound to leave a trail!"

"But what were you going to look for?" she insisted.

"Why, I hoped he'd be just making up the Government's report on this year's cotton crop. It's about time for it. You see, this bull deal in cotton is simply boiling over now. My theory is that the bull clique is playing it so hard because they expect that the Government's report on the crop will be very favorable to them. Maybe it will be so favorable that it will set the market wild, and give them the chance to unload at top prices. Practically, what the report will be depends upon Lattimer alone. He is the man who makes it up."

Then he explained to her how the Bureau's correspondents and agents — thousands of them — sent in reports, each covering a particular locality; how these were tabulated and averaged; and the figures turned over to Lattimer, who, alone in his office, made the deductions which constituted the report as given out.

"If he was making up the report," he continued, "of course his Wall Street fellows would be in closer touch with him than ever. That's why Adamson is in town."

"I wonder if father knows about Adamson?"

To bring in the Commissioner of Statistics, in view of all the circumstances, was embarrassing. "I once described Adamson to him," Wildey replied with a touch of confusion. "That was before I was completely in disgrace. He said you couldn't arrest a man for having a hooked nose and one eye. But, I say, Mary, why are you asking me this?" An idea had occurred to him.

"I've told you it is my affair as much as anybody's," she replied.

"But, for Heaven's sake' ——" He checked himself abruptly and got himself in hand, and spoke quietly, looking her steadily in the eye: "Please don't go to getting yourself mixed up in it, Mary. Do that much for me! I couldn't bear your getting into my scrape."

"You never were much for bearing things, Jimmy," she replied. "And it isn't your scrape at all. You're too proud! That's your bad streak! It belongs to me as much as it does to you, and I don't think you ought — I don't think you have any right — to be yellow to me, Jimmy."

"Why, it isn't yellow, Mary!" he urged eagerly. "It isn't that at all! It's your getting yourself mixed up I insist —— "

She elevated her chin, and her gaze fell proudly into his. "You ought to know," she said, "that when you insist — that's where you get off. I'm not going to let you have this all to yourself," she added, over her shoulder, and left him a picture of perplexity.

II

THE Commissioner of Statistics paced restlessly about the dark parlor — where he should not have been at that hour of the afternoon He had just come from a profoundly disturbing interview with his wife — the fourth of this series. Agitated and tearful Mrs. Lester had imparted her strengthened — nay, fairly confirmed — fears that Mary was in correspondence with young Wildey. She had informed her husband of previous strong grounds for suspicion. She was almost sure she had seen the girl talking to him in the Circle at dusk. Why should Mary be sending so many messages?

And, emerging from his wife's apartment with a tumultuous mind, the Commissioner had seen, with his own proper eyes, a maid letting in a blue-capped messenger-boy and sending him upstairs to Mary's room.

There was nothing yellow about the Lester household. Each member's sacred circle of rights and liberties was respected. But it was not about any member of the household that the Commissioner was really thinking. His mind was bent upon a predatory outsider — namely, the wretched young Wildey, whose yellow streak might even lead him on to entangling an innocent but headstrong girl. Thus it was no saffron domestic tyrant, but a tenderly defensive father that paced the parlor, in deep perturbation, with a gleaming eye ever toward the open door and the lighted hall beyond.

The boy came down the stairs, softly and contentedly whistling rag-time, one hand holding a note, the other

(Continued on Page 28)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A.D. 1728
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 TO 427 ARCH STREET
GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 18, 1906

Cheerful Finance

THE annual withdrawal of money from New York to move the Western crops begins early in September, continues through that month, and usually culminates the last of October. This makes money tight in the metropolis.

That withdrawals would be heavy the current fall was foreknown from the size of the crops. Wall Street banks cheerfully faced the situation, during the first week in September, with every dollar of their surplus reserve exhausted and call money at twenty-five to forty per cent. All summer they had been financing a bull stock-market. From early July to early September the average price of twenty-five leading railroad stocks advanced thirteen dollars a share. With call funds at forty per cent. there was no break in stocks. The Street said:

"Don't bother about money. The Government will help us out."

Secretary Shaw had sold $30,000,000 of Panama bonds when the Treasury had no immediate need of the proceeds. It was supposed that this pot would be available to keep the game going. When the banks were $6,500,000 below their legal reserve, stocks "closed strong at the top." The word of cheer was: "Hang on; trust to the Treasury; nothing will break—probably!"

This has happened before. The stock-gamblers, backed and financed by the banks, bull the market. The banks permit them to weight the financial machinery of the country with millions upon millions of inflated stock-values in joyous disregard of the fact that a heavy crop-moving burden is about to come upon it also. They don't think anything will give way. Sometimes, however, the pinch is so acute that it makes them yell—and the yell is always for an elastic currency system, so that when the West withdraws its money for crop-moving, or other legitimate purposes, they can print some more and keep the world's greatest gambling-joint merrily going. The Treasury Department is helping them this year by giving them free use of Government gold against imports—in effect making them a present of the interest on the metal while in transit.

Abolishing Rebate Competition

THE Pennsylvania Railroad has sold half its holdings of Baltimore & Ohio and Norfolk & Western stocks to Kuhn, Loeb & Co. Its remaining holdings amount to only a fifth interest in each road. The sale obviously improves its position in respect of the charge that it unlawfully controls parallel and competing lines. And we imagine that the stocks sold to Kuhn, Loeb & Co. will never get into hands that are inimical to Pennsylvania interests.

The Pennsylvania's object in buying these stocks, as officially described, was to induce the two roads to join with it to "do away with secret rebates and preferences." Competition among railroads is mostly by way of secret rebates. Open competition is costly and futile. If one road lowers its published tariff the others at once follow. It is the secret rate that gets traffic away from a rival.

Before the Pennsylvania bought the stocks this rebate competition among the three roads was strong. Norfolk & Western's average receipts per ton per mile had fallen to 4.04 mills. Last year, under Pennsylvania control, with competition in leash, the average was 4.84 mills. So stated, the gain looks small; but it amounts to twenty per cent. Apply it to the five billion ton-miles handled, and you see that it means a yearly gain of nearly four million dollars, or more than enough to pay Norfolk & Western dividends.

If the new rate law is any good it will finally abolish rebate competition everywhere, besides stopping a huge free-pass leak in the passenger department. Probably nobody is in a position to say accurately just how much the roads will gain thereby; but the sum will evidently be large.

This is worth mentioning just now, because a good many railroad spokesmen have been sounding loud notes of warning to the effect that the Interstate Commerce Commission, under the powers given it by the new law, may lower an open rate here and there, and in this way so curtail the revenues of the roads that they will no longer be able to give patrons any service worth mentioning.

Political Dope-Makers

WE NEVER wondered at the inability of pure-food bills to make headway in Congress prior to the eruption toward the close of the last session. There is a spiritual twin-brotherhood between machine politics and sure cures for cancer. Most State political conventions are patent-medicine fakirs in another dress, and advertise their dope with a gorgeousness of mendacity which puts the best efforts of the nostrums to shame.

In Illinois the Democratic convention, completely dominated by a certain gas magnate whom Bryan had publicly declared to be unfit to sit in Democratic councils, obeyed the boss in all material things and wound up by adopting resolutions lauding Bryan to the skies, declaring unalterable devotion to him and to the cause of the common people. In Ohio—where the percentage of whisky and cocaine has always been a trifle above the average—the Republican convention concluded a glowing panegyric on the President thus: "To him belongs the principal credit for the long list of beneficent laws enacted at the last session of Congress, and we are proud of his leadership and pledge him our loyal support in the future as in the past." The next paragraph says: "We most heartily and without reserve approve and indorse our distinguished Senators, Joseph Benson Foraker and Charles Dick. We glory in their conspicuous and effective work in legislative accomplishments and Republican leadership." The mere fact that the glorious Senators fought the pure and sagacious President on the most important of his beneficent laws cuts no figure. The convention is equally ravished with delight because the President got the law enacted and because the Senators tried to prevent it. Two courses, diametrically opposed, come in alike for its unconfined enthusiasm.

Step up, gentlemen! If you are too thin, one dose of our peerless dope will make you look like a prize-turkey; if you are too fat, a single teaspoonful will give you the figure of Apollo Belvedere! Step up!

Labor Bulls and Bears

"I AM my brother's keeper," says a distinguished preacher, "if I am an employer of labor. It is my duty to recognize the humblest workman as my brother, to pay him just wages and to take a personal interest, as far as possible, in his welfare."

We have often wished that this pretty idea could be useful to the world; that there could be a standard of justice in the matter of wages. But the wish is obviously idle. Of two persons employed in occupations about equally productive, one gets twice as much as the other; both get the market price. One has manipulated his market by combining with his fellows. The other hasn't. There is neither justice nor injustice on either side.

There is no particular reason why a union carpenter should get more than one dollar a day, nor why he should not get ten dollars a day. The man would live and houses would be built under either condition. Labor is the great producer and the great consumer. Whatever price it gets, the rest of the organization will adjust itself to it. The benevolent and paternal idea that the minister expressed probably obtains much more, in fact, among employers than among employed. Labor learns that it gets whatever it will fetch in the market—and turns its attention more and more to bulling the market. So far as it is unionized, it rejects vehemently the idea that its welfare is to be left to the benevolence of the employer. It vastly prefers to have its own say as to what its share of the profits shall be.

A Benevolent Trust

WHY not a bank trust whose business it should be to stand the losses of any affiliated bank caused by speculative presidents and cashiers and dummy directors? In the case of danger of failure among the large commercial banks, such as happened with the Walsh banks in Chicago, the clearing-house banks already form a kind of trust, and, for selfish reasons—out of fear of panic, which would upset business and cause a run on their own institutions—get together and take over the business of the tottering concern. But when it is a case of simple looting of a small bank, such as the notorious Milwaukee Avenue wreck in Chicago, the big banks stand coldly on one side of the road and look on while poor depositors lose their little all. It is no affair of theirs that thousands of people who can least afford it lose their savings. They should have banked in a "sound" bank—that is, a big one—where their accounts would have been spurned.

As a matter of fact, it is of deep concern to every banker in the country that the popular belief in banks, the habit of trustingly depositing small savings, should not be impaired. Out of these drops large buckets of water are gathered which help in playing the game. The bank for deposit and savings is a modern necessity, like the ice-chest or the street-car. It would be a bad state of things if all the little people in the country should become scared by seeing the ease with which their money may be squandered by dishonest bankers, and take to hoarding or spending their dollars.

But if no bank could do business without the guarantee of an association of banks there would be more regard paid to the honesty and integrity of every institution that did banking. There would be fewer risky concerns started, fewer failures, and the losses would be distributed widely, as in insurance. There are enough trusts with the sole object of working the public: let us have one with the object of protecting innocent patrons.

The Order of Life

TOLSTOY thinks that man develops in cycles of seven years—that is, just as the bodily tissue is popularly supposed to renew itself completely once every seven years, so a man's mind and his outlook on life go through a process of change which, when one looks back over a long course of years, may be seen to run in a series of sevens. Thus in Tolstoy's own life, up to the present, there have been eleven such cycles—three of childhood, boyhood and youth (the educational period); two of experiment as soldier and young man about town; two of literary activity before his "conversion"; and four of educational, religious and reformatory character since that crisis. It's a neat formula for existence, and incidentally does away with Oslerism; for what Tolstoy reckons as the most important cycles of his life have all occurred since he was forty-nine years old.

There is a broad human inclination to have fixed periods for things, as swearing off on New Year's Day, with the prospect of a clean slate; so it is pleasant to reflect that, at the end of every seven years, there is a chance for a new deal in the kind of person one is to be. But we live so much more rapidly over here that the cycle might have to be shortened, to fit the circumstances, to five or three years. Our literary folk contrive to get through the experiences of half a dozen of the Tolstoy cycles in as many years. Think of Clyde Fitch, or Winston Churchill, or Anna Katharine Green being compelled to wait seven years before developing some new line of sensation! And as for business, we have Mr. Morgan's hot summer of corporation combination followed by an era of expatriation and fine art. In politics we go from bossism into violent reform and back to the muck-rake reaction within a short four years. Altogether, President Roosevelt would burst the Tolstoy order of things in about three days, with a good stenographer.

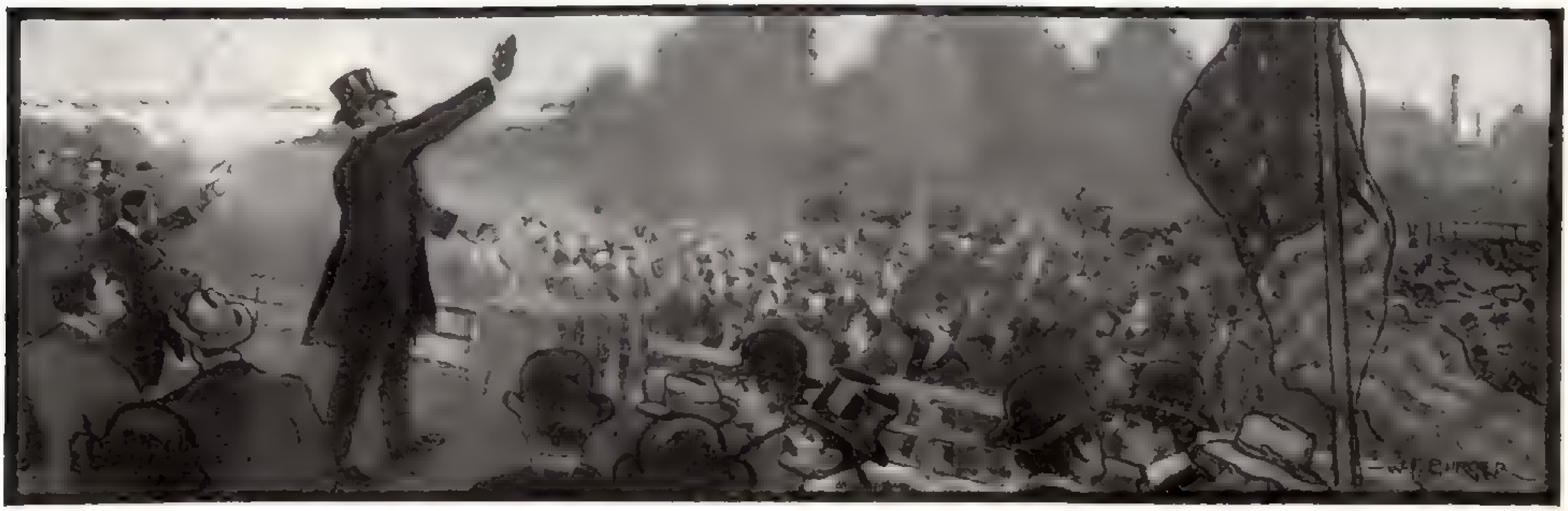
Going Back to School

ALL over the land the tide of summer travel has turned away from the sea, the lake, the mountain, back to the city. In September "school began," and that marks for the great majority of American families the real New Year—either that or moving-day! The leaves still cling to the trees, and the best weeks of the year are yet to come—the golden Indian summer, the delight of every male that can handle rod or gun. Nevertheless, custom has established, hard and fast, the rule that now the young must once more begin their tasks.

Johnny may not like the dusty back yard after the swimming-hole in the brook; he may find 'rithmetic and "Nature study" more of a bore than ever, considering the vast deal he has managed to forget since last June. But there is always the excitement of seeing old cronies and sizing up the newcomers; there is the joyful experience of change, of new teachers and new textbooks, if not new knowledge. Now he has settled into the routine, and by Thanksgiving all will be as if the summer had never been. With the coming of Christmas the winter is fully launched, and by Washington's Birthday the schoolboy is already dreaming of tops and marbles, baseball and the sporting sheet. When the Easter recess is over, the summer vacation feeling is in the air, and the serious business of school seems at an end.

So the year spins around, the rapid year of youth, and somehow he gets educated, more or less, and finds himself a man—"up against it." Then there are no more periods of change, no more seasons, except those dictated by the necessity of thinner or thicker underwear, and the two weeks' vacation that his job allows—a cherry with one bite.

THE PARTY FETICH



Patriotism *vs.* Partyism; a Straight Conscience *vs.* a Straight Vote

BY BRAND WHITLOCK

MAYOR OF TOLEDO

To practically enter into politics is an important part of American personalism. To every young man, North and South, earnestly studying these things, I should here, as an offset to what I have said in former pages, now also say, that maybe to views of very largest scope, after all, perhaps the political (perhaps the literary and sociological), America goes best about its development its own way—sometimes, to temporary sight, appalling enough. It is the fashion among dilettants and fops (perhaps I myself am not guiltless) to decry the whole formulation of the active politics of America as beyond redemption, and to be carefully kept away from. See you that you do not fall into this error. America, it may be, is doing very well upon the whole, notwithstanding these antics of the parties and their leaders, these half-brained nominees, the many ignorant ballots, and many elected failures and blatherers. It is the dilettants, and all who shirk their duty, who are not doing well. As for you, I advise you to enter more strongly yet into politics. I advise every young man to do so. Always inform yourself; always do the best you can; always vote. Disengage yourself from parties. They have been useful, and to some extent remain so; but the floating, uncommitted electors, farmers, clerks, mechanics, the masters of parties—watching aloof, inclining victory this side or that side—such are the ones most needed, present and future. For America, if eligible at all to downfall and ruin, is eligible within herself, not without; for I see clearly that the combined foreign world could not beat her down. But these savage, wolfish parties alarm me. Owning no law but their own will, more and more combative, less and less tolerant of the idea of ensemble and of equal brotherhood, the perfect equality of the States, the ever-overarching American ideas, it behooves you to convey yourself implicitly to no party, nor submit blindly to their dictators, but steadily hold yourself judge and master over all of them.

—WALT WHITMAN in Democratic Vistas.

IT IS idle to abuse the bosses, the boodlers, the grafters and the rest. They are bad enough, goodness knows, and so, no doubt, does badness; but they are not, after all, so much to blame. They have only believed what everybody has taught, that money is everything. They have adopted the conventional standard, and chosen to live after the prevailing ideal. Were not most of them, for example, as little boys in Sunday-school, told that if they would only bring their pennies regularly they would, some day, grow up to be rich men like Mr. Rockefeller? Besides, they were permitted, and even encouraged, to become bosses, and so to make grafting and boodling possible on a large scale, because the great mass of the voters, although citizens in a so-called free country and entitled, each one, to vote, have consented to become something less than free men, have voluntarily disfranchised themselves and actually conspired to throw away their votes. They have done this by belonging to parties; that is it precisely, *belonging*. Men who belong are not free; they are owned. And unless the men in it are free, a country cannot be free. And when men cease to be free, democracy fails, and an oligarchy is established. This is what has happened in our cities; thus have they become the shame of democracy.

I

NO, IT is not the boss who is responsible; it is the man who votes the straight ticket. There are large numbers of such men in every city in America. They are very proud of voting the straight ticket; they speak of voting the straight ticket and of their having voted it since they were twenty-one, and of their determination to vote it as long as life lasts and the central committee sends around the hack on election day, as if this were a cardinal virtue entitling them to general consideration and respect. It can, of course, be said of these men that they are for the most part decent, respectable citizens, who do their duty by their families, their business associates and their church; furthermore, they actually think that, by voting that straight ticket, they are doing their duty by their state.

The superficial, dilettante reformers, who hope to save the state by establishing a kind of aristocracy of the "better element," have long complained that they disregard and neglect politics; but these men do not disregard politics; they talk politics half the time, even if they do not think politics. They speak of their party devoutly; it means more to them than their city, or their state, or their country. They have a phraseology—they talk of party fealty, party allegiance, party regularity, party sedition, party treason. They talk of "throwing away votes," of "losing votes," as if, to win, one must always be with the winning side; as if ballots, even though there be but one in a million, do not count when cast for principle alone! Partyism to them is more than patriotism. They are of a part, not of the whole. They have "conveyed themselves implicitly"; they are no more their own masters; they have parted with their sovereignty; they have submerged their individualities, dwarfed their personalities; they belong; they are owned, and hence, as has been said, cannot be free. America is, or was intended to be, and some day will be, a democracy, and democracy means the whole people, not a part of them. And democracy means free men, not owned men.

The party man, indeed, is in a curious state of mind. Passionately devoted, and unalterably committed as he is, to his party, he nevertheless does not insist that every one belong to his party. He does not even wish that. He insists only that every one belong to some party—any party, though more especially a party that stands for nothing but itself. He proclaims his respect for his neighbor who belongs to an opposing party, but he treats with something like contempt the man across the street who says that he belongs to no party at all. Why is this? Because, to the party-man, the party is of primary and paramount importance; the principle is secondary; the party has ceased to be a means, merely a vehicle to carry onward a principle; it has become an end in itself. The party-man has lost sight completely of his town, his state, his nation; he thinks only of his party, and of his duty toward it; he feels that he has discharged his duty, and his whole duty, if he is, as he loves to say, "loyal" to his party—that is, if he votes his party ticket. Thus he enters the state of the crystallized mind; the form is everything, the spirit nothing. He thinks or feels that, by belonging to a party, he is patriotic, just as many men think that by belonging to a church they are religious.

In their beginnings, parties, no doubt, were bodies of men who believed in certain principles, and thought, wisely enough, that by organized, united effort they could advance those principles and bring about their adoption. So far, parties were useful. But in time the principle is established, takes its place in institutions, the end is accomplished. But the party, the bare organization, remains, and, enjoying its victories, finding the fruits sweet, it longs to perpetuate itself; it survives for a while on its prestige; then finally casts about for another principle, and any principle will serve. Platforms, as the old politician said, become "good things to run on." But now the party does not exist for the principle; the principle exists for the party. The once gallant ship, having accomplished its warfare and carried its flag to victory, turns pirate and sails out—for a while under the old flag, then under any flag it can get. To the victor belong the spoils.

Some time ago I had the pleasure of listening to an address delivered by a young civilian, aged forty-seven, who was a Republican because he had been born in Ohio of a Republican father. He was deploring the independence the people have recently displayed in their own affairs. After extolling the virtues of the Republican party and celebrating its glories, after paying his tribute to the great men he said it had produced, he paid a tribute no less fervid to the Democratic party, lauding its past and acclaiming the great men it had produced. And yet in campaigns this young civilian abuses Democrats and derides their party, and the great men he thinks their party has produced, and shows how foolish and mistaken they were. But does he wish Democrats to change their minds and become Republicans? Not at all; he does not wish that; he wishes them to remain Democrats. For, in order that the party system may do its perfect work, it is necessary that there be two parties and two machines in existence, and, that this may be the case, it is necessary for a great many men to be in the wrong and to stay in the wrong, so that he may have something to abuse and fight—that is, it is necessary for a farce to be enacted in every campaign.

Plainly, this young civilian, like all young civilians of whatever age, did not know that it is not the parties that have produced the great men. Great men have produced parties, for, to quote from the wise Emerson, "An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man; and all history resolves itself very easily into the biography of a few stout and earnest persons." The Republican party did not produce Lincoln. The candidates whose names the bosses print under the eagle on their ballots do not thereby become Lincolns. They merely find it more convenient to run on Lincoln's record than on their own.

II

WHEN a sufficient number of men have got themselves in this state of mind, the political boss appears and establishes himself as a dictator—first of a ward, then of a city, finally of a whole state. It is to be noted that he did not get them into that frame of mind; he did not lead them into that state; he did not appear until they had arrived. He has no political principles himself; he is not concerned with principles, save as a pirate is concerned

Canned Foods
of
Unrivaled Quality
and
Absolute Honesty

PARIS SUGAR CORN
BURNHAM & MORRILL

Paris Sugar Corn

Tender, sweet and creamy. A genuine delicacy. The very best of Maine corn is harvested with great care, and immediately put up in hermetically sealed tins. This is Paris Sugar Corn. It is the best corn that grows. The Standard of American Quality for many years. A trial will convince you of the difference between this and ordinary "canned corn."

Scarboro Beach Clam Chowder

Has that "taste" different from all *other* chowders. Like the flavor that "just right flavor" that is so hard to describe and harder to get, is apparent from the first delicious spoonful. Made from the white sand Maine clams and other excellent ingredients. It's very nutritious.

Burnham & Morrill Co.'s products represent the highest principles of New England manufacturing integrity—purity and quality. Our canning methods are the most modern, but the old-fashioned standards of purity and quality are still maintained. Not a particle of adulterant or preservative of any kind goes into any of our foods.

BAKED BEANS
PURITY GUARANTEED
BURNHAM & MORRILL CO.
PORTLAND, ME.
U.S.A.

Extra Quality Baked Beans

Are baked where Baked Bean reputation is made, by the people who know how to give them that "down east taste." Our baked beans merit the name "Extra Quality." For there is not a hard or uncooked bean to be found, soft and baked to the point of digestibility. With and without tomato sauce. A generous portion of prime farm raised pork is in each can. Like all our products these beans are *unlike* any other.

Cape Shore Corned Cod

CAPE SHORE
CORNED COD
PURE CODFISH
BURNHAM & MORRILL CO.
PORTLAND, ME.

Almost right out of the ocean to you. After being caught they are immediately boiled and put into tins. Absolutely fresh; as different from prepared or salted codfish as fresh fish is. Is it not reasonable that this should be so? Ready for immediate use. Is perfectly delicious made into fish balls, fish hash, creamed fish, etc.

By having your grocer supply our products, you will be sure of the highest attainable quality. Interesting illustrated booklet "Five Foods Ready to Serve" sent on request.

Burnham & Morrill Co.
PORTLAND, MAINE

with flags, and, like the pirate, he sails under that flag that best subserves his purpose at the time.

He is not in politics for principle; he is not even in politics for politics; he is in politics for business. He wants something to sell, something for which in certain quarters there is a demand, something for which a certain few will pay high—that is, special privileges. He knows that as soon as a sufficient number of men have become partisans, unvarying voters of straight tickets, they need no longer be reckoned with; they can be depended upon to do the same thing every time, over and over again, like performing bears—that is, they will always vote one way. They have voluntarily disfranchised themselves, eliminated their own personalities, and they no longer count. He pays, indeed, little attention to them save as now and then he permits the more prominent of them, in their capacity of eminent citizens, to serve on honorary committees and superfluous boards, and, when he deems it expedient to create a diversion, he allows such men to be of the two hundred honorary vice-presidents and sit gravely on the platform while the Congressman from the adjoining State glorifies the party record. Thus the partisans become like the Dead Souls in Gogol's novel, and the boss, like Tchitchikoff, can put them up and sell them to the highest bidder.

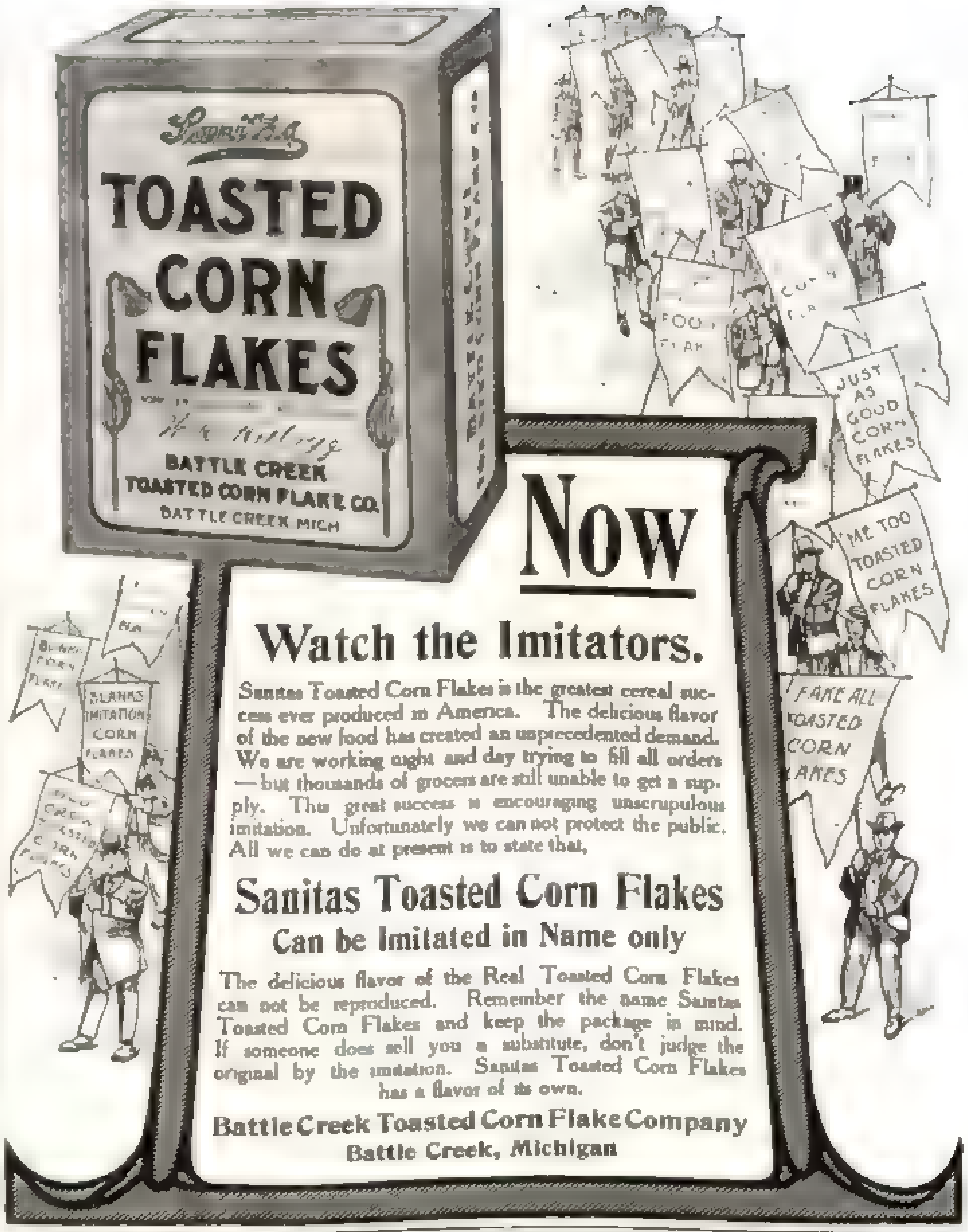
The boss, as one of them told us, "knows his business." So long as the great mass of voters are stupefied by partisanship, and are clinging to the superstitions of party regularity, and go about expressing themselves only in dead phrases, just so long does the boss know that he can control—nay, be—the government of the city. He knows that he need only dominate the central committee to have the party caucuses and the party conventions at his mercy. Then he puts the names of certain men on the ballot, and those persons who have disfranchised themselves will inevitably vote their straight ticket, and formally, legally elect the man he has already chosen for them.

And now, in order to establish more firmly his oligarchy on the ruins of the democracy its own members have destroyed, he advances another step: he has his legislatures recognize parties in the laws, where they never were entitled to recognition. Third parties, independent movements, become difficult, almost impossible, and new hypocrisies and new frauds are perpetrated; the farce of "bi-partisan" boards appears—election-boards and what not—a whole vast paraphernalia and complicated machinery, enormously expensive to the people, but providing many new places.

About the same time he devises a new and most convenient form of ballot—that is, convenient for him and for the party automatons—and, as if no opportunity for hypocrisy should be overlooked, he calls it the Australian system; though it bears no resemblance to anything Australian except, perhaps, the dodo. He prints the names of his nominees in columns, and over each column he prints the picture of a bird—an eagle, a rooster, a buzzard, sometimes, in irony, perhaps, a bird of prey—and thereafter the party-man need exercise no intelligence whatever; the boss has made provision against every possible accident and contingency, even partisan paresis. The human organism which was once a free man needs only the ability to recognize a given bird when he sees it and put a cross under that bird. To such base and disreputable depths has partisan politics sunk in Ohio, for instance, that campaigns have been waged and won on the cynical cry alone: "Put your cross under the eagle and let it go at that!"

III

IF, DEMOCRACY having thus been overthrown, it were desirable to have an aristocracy—and doubtless it were better as one step farther away from oligarchy and one nearer to democracy—this condition might afford the opportunity; for, in a city where the automatons of the two parties had paired with each other, the few remaining uncommitted electors voting now with one side, now with the other, by playing one party off against the other, might incline victory this way or that. A clumsy method this, at best, as being but a choice between two horns of a dilemma, for both parties may be, and likely are, in the wrong. And yet it is by some triumphantly pointed out as the great merit



Watch the Imitators.

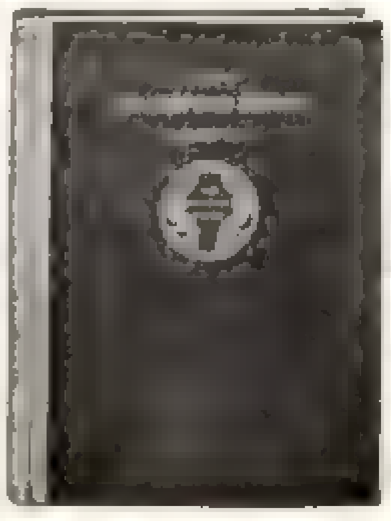
Sanitas Toasted Corn Flakes is the greatest cereal success ever produced in America. The delicious flavor of the new food has created an unprecedented demand. We are working night and day trying to fill all orders—but thousands of grocers are still unable to get a supply. This great success is encouraging unscrupulous imitation. Unfortunately we can not protect the public. All we can do at present is to state that,

Sanitas Toasted Corn Flakes
Can be Imitated in Name only

The delicious flavor of the Real Toasted Corn Flakes can not be reproduced. Remember the name Sanitas Toasted Corn Flakes and keep the package in mind. If someone does sell you a substitute, don't judge the original by the imitation. Sanitas Toasted Corn Flakes has a flavor of its own.

Battle Creek Toasted Corn Flake Company
Battle Creek, Michigan

Shakspere Songs



[illegible] will prove [illegible] interest to vocalists, to Music and Shakspere [illegible] and to all who are familiar with the works of the great playwright.

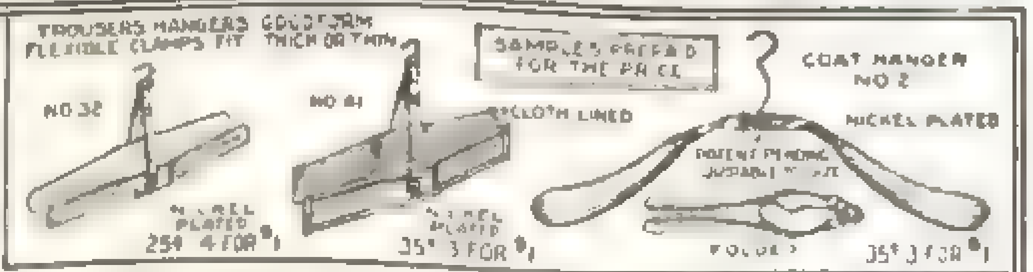
The book is divided into four parts, as follows. I Songs mentioned by Shakspere in his plays. II Songs sung in the original performances. III Settings composed since Shakspere's time to the middle of the nineteenth century. IV Recent settings. The adaptations to the [illegible] accompaniments of the older numbers have been made to correspond as nearly as possible with the originals.

Part I contains the authentic melodies of "Heart's Ease" mentioned in Romeo and Juliet, "Heigh ho for a Husband" in Much Ado About Nothing, "Green Sleeves" in the Merry Wives, "Light o' Love" in Two Gentlemen of Verona, and "Farewell Dear Love," "Peg o' Ramsay," and "Three Merry Men," mentioned in Twelfth Night. The examples given in the second part prove that the music written for and performed in the plays of Shakspere's period was refined and artistic in character.

The volume is one of the Musicians Library. It contains an [illegible] by the editor Dr. Charles Vincent and a reproduction [illegible] the etching by Leopold Flameng of the Chandos portrait of Shakspere in the National Gallery, London.

Published in two editions—for high voice and for low voice. Price, each in heavy paper, cloth back $1.50, in cloth, gilt $2.50 [illegible] paid.

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, 27 Mason St., Boston



Use this Goodform Closet Set, 30 Days FREE

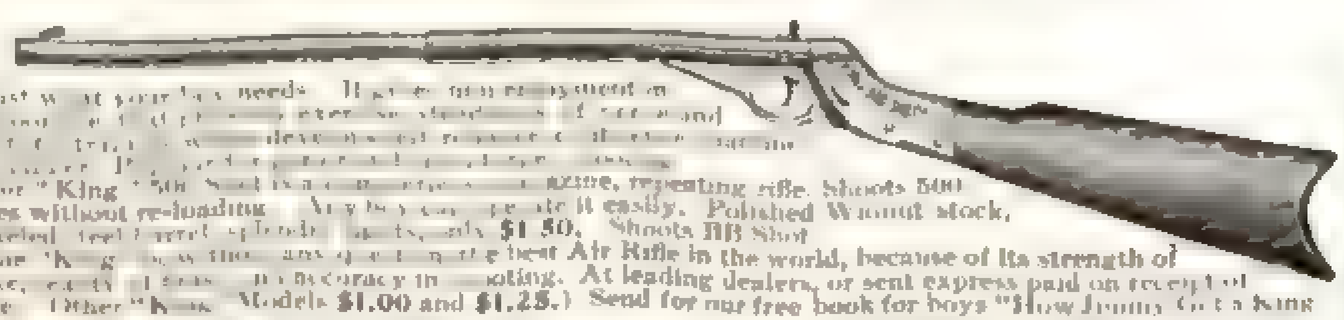
Then return it if you want to—that's all. The charge will be cancelled—or if you have paid for it your money will be promptly refunded. [illegible] from us direct give name of your clothier or furnisher. Write for booklet on care of clothes anyway.

Ladies' Goodform Set
6 Coat Hangers No. [illegible]
6 Skirt Hangers No. [illegible] 1 Shoe Rail
1 Shelf Bar **$3 Delivered**

Men's Goodform Set
6 Coat Hangers No. 2 [illegible]
6 Trousers Hangers No. 41 [illegible] Rail
1 Shelf Bar **$4.50 Delivered**

CHICAGO FORM COMPANY, 732 Garden City Block, Chicago, U. S. A.

The KING Air Rifle



Just what your boy needs. [illegible]

Our "King" 500 Shot is a [illegible] magazine, repeating rifle. Shoots 500 times without re-loading. Any boy can operate it easily. Polished Walnut stock, nickeled steel barrel, splendid sights, only $1.50. Shoots BB Shot.

The "King" [illegible] the best Air Rifle in the world, because of its strength of make, [illegible] and accuracy in shooting. At leading dealers, or sent express paid on receipt of price. (Other "King" Models $1.00 and $1.25.) Send for our free book for boys "How Jimmy Got a King."

THE MARKHAM AIR RIFLE CO., PLYMOUTH, MICH., U. S. A.
The Largest Air Rifle Factory in the World

Cherry
JELL-O
Frappe
JELL-O
The
Dainty
Dessert

In all the world no dessert equal to

JELL=O

[illegible] 10-cent package in a [illegible] When cool it will be ready [illegible]
Try the following for your Sunday dinner.

Cherry Jell-O Frappé

Dissolve one package any flavor JELL-O in [illegible] boiling water. When cool add [illegible] two or three Maraschino cherries on top.

Dozens of other recipes given in our

New Illustrated Recipe Book mailed free on request

JELL-O comes in six flavors: **Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Chocolate and Cherry.**

[illegible] 10c [illegible]

Highest Award, Gold Medal, St. Louis, 1904.
Highest Award, Gold Medal, Portland, 1905

[illegible]

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.
Le Roy, N. Y.

of the party system. But this is not practicable, or even possible; the boss has provided against this contingency also, as he has provided against all contingencies save only one, and that the one he fears least—a constant assertion of free, untrammeled individuality on the part of the electors.

The wise, or at least wily, boss—beholding his dupes and followers enslaved by the passion of party loyalty and given over entirely to party superstition, realizing that they need no longer be reckoned with, that they have entirely eliminated themselves from the situation—does all he can to keep them in this state of mind. He appeals, through the party organ which he, or his corporation client, controls, to their partisan feeling and passion, feeds them—barely enough (as is always done with slaves) to keep them alive—on the husks of party memories, sounds old slogans and battle-cries, and, by making politics as dirty as possible, deters decent men from entering. But if now and then, as sometimes happens, certain of the superstitious and stupefied show signs of returning consciousness and become restive, he has only to repeat the magic words, "The good of the party," and the hypnosis is restored; they become docile again and obedient. But if this should fail, if mere magic will not do, if the restive persist and begin to speak of "purifying the party from within," the boss changes his candidates, lays aside or transfers his pawns, and selects new ones, and with these the partisans, who naïvely supposed they could beat the boss at his own game, are satisfied and reënter the state of coma.

But he does more; he has laid a deeper, more sinister, more effective plot. If he is the boss of the dominant party, as invariably he is—because the boss is the strongest, the fittest to survive in his rude environment—he makes overtures to the boss of the minority party; they effect an arrangement, and thereafter the Big Boss dictates not only the nominations of his own party, but those of the opposing party as well. The nominations on the opposing ticket are always weak, they are always defeated and for his reward the Little Boss receives a portion of the plunder. Thus the government passes wholly into the hands of the Big Boss and his junta.

Such is the situation, at last, in every city in the land where the stupefied partisans have enabled bosses to build up partisan machines; inevitably, and logically, the machines unite and become one machine, a "bi-partisan" machine. The party system has defeated its own end, has fallen of its own weight, and where the young civilian saw only the beneficent results of competition, there is seen to be no competition, no opposition even, but a smoothly working coöperative system, by which friction and waste are eliminated, and the machines of the two parties are found secretly united for plunder and a division of the spoils. Such is the immense fraud, the stupendous hypocrisy of this system, which, as its last expression, perpetrates an amazing and unprecedented satire on the very men who admire, and uphold, and make it possible.

IV

IT WOULD be instructive to have, were it possible, some statistics of the cost of partisanship. The waste and extravagance of our municipal governments have become proverbial; men, until the recent awakening, have sat helpless before the fact, incapable of dealing with it otherwise than in a spirit of sardonic humor or pessimistic fatalism, passing at length into cynical indifference. The people's money has been squandered among a horde of contractors, allied with the bosses; it has been given away to dependents and servers, the occupants of useless offices; it has been spent in salaries to men, often respected, if not wholly respectable, wooed, through their vanity, into acquiescence, by membership on the idle and lazy boards among which the bosses have distributed the functions of municipal government. Privileges on which princely fortunes and new and insolent aristocracies are founded have been bartered away; the very streets and water-fronts have been sold for enormous sums, no part of which has enriched the public treasury. The result has been that municipal government in America has been the most inefficient in the world. For, with numerous boards, responsibility has been divided and dissipated, the people have been unable to say who was to blame

KINGFLEX

The Self-Conforming

Kingflex Hats

are the most comfortable hats made because they fit the head [illegible] new and exclusive [illegible] self-conforming feature [illegible] touches the head. **"It's All in the Band"**

The self conforming qualities together with their [illegible] give the **Kingflex** hats [illegible] styles to suit the individual taste.

KINGFLEX HATS COST $4.00.

Kingflex Werdna Hats contain the finest [illegible] trimmings that can be put into a derby. They are also self-conforming and cost $5.00

Ask your hat man for a **Kingflex**. Send for our booklet showing new Fall styles. Address

GUYER HAT COMPANY
163 Hampton Street, Boston, Mass.
Originators of Self Conforming Hats
Boston New York

Powerful—Durable—Economical
TELEPHONES
[illegible] **Cadiz Electric Co., 900 C C C Bldg Cadiz, O.**

From the Smoker's Standpoint

THE entire business policy of this greatest cigar-producing organization in the world is based on a clear appreciation of the point of view of the man who buys cigars to *smoke* and not to *sell*.

The usual thing in the cigar industry, as in so many others, has been to ignore every point of view except that of the dividend-hungry stockholder.

The common plan of the average cigar manufacturer has been to boom a single brand for all it was worth, and generally more—to whoop up big sales as long as that one particular brand could stand it, and then go on to something else.

The American Cigar Company's plan has made the smoker the first consideration—which is just nothing but plain *good business*, as we see it:

First—To produce the best cigars possible to make, of every grade, and to sell them at the lowest prices that only the finest modern system and equipment can insure.

Next—To maintain for all time absolutely even and unvarying quality in every different brand put out.

And finally—To mark every box of cigars with the "▲" (Triangle A), which the smoker can instantly recognize as a sure sign of *quality* and *condition*, regardless of the cigar *name* and regardless of the price he pays.

It's simple enough—and it's *certain* enough.

People are getting to know cigar quality pretty thoroughly; they are getting to recognize the importance of *condition*,—and they are rapidly finding out that the only dependable sign of a good cigar is the "▲" (Triangle A) which is more a *guarantee* than a trade mark.

The "Triangle A" Merit Mark ▲ **Insures Honest Cigar Values**

The American Cigar Company manufactures a large number of brands of different blends to suit individual tastes. The products of its various factories include every variety of cigars—from the little cigar such as the "Royal Bengals" at ten for fifteen cents to the highest type of "Seed and Havana." Among them you are sure to find a blend to suit you now and another to suit you when your taste changes.

The leading brands of the American Cigar Company are distinguished by this "▲" (Triangle A) merit mark, just as a soldier is rewarded for superior merit by the Victoria Cross.

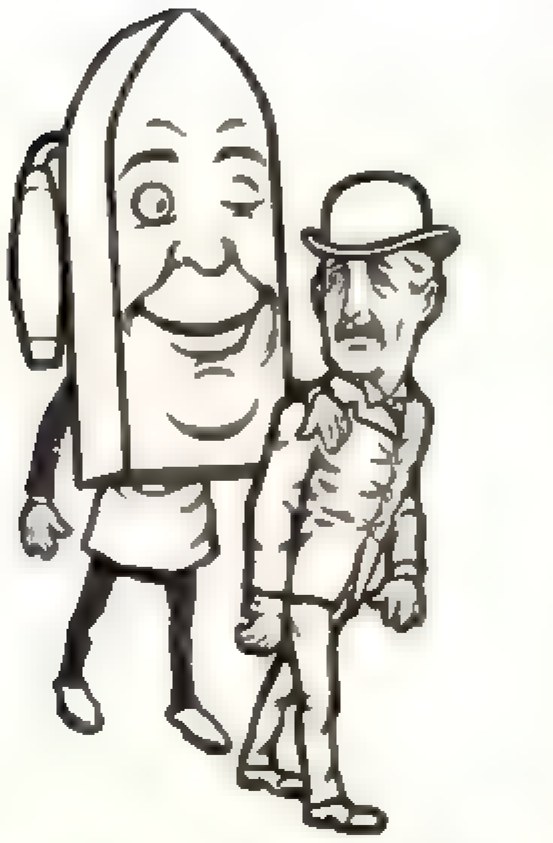
Among these "Triangle A" brands each smoker is sure to find the cigar he wants. The list is so long that only a few of the more prominent can be mentioned here:

The New Cremo (Victoria), Anna Held, George W. Childs (Cabinets), Buck, Spanaflora, Tarita, Stickney's New Tariff, Cubanola. The Continental, Chancellor, Caswell Club. Royal Bengals (little cigars), The Unico, Benefactor, Captain Marryat, Roxboro, General Braddock, Orlando. Also the Palma de Cuba and Isle of Pines.

Smoke any one in critical comparison with the best cigar you know at the same price and prove to your own satisfaction that the "▲" (Triangle A) merit mark does really mean better cigars for you if you look for it every time you buy.

AMERICAN CIGAR COMPANY, Manufacturer

ANNA HELD
BUCK



The Man Who Was Pinched by a Coat.

By A. Taylor-Cutler

IT was a Cold Day for Thompson!

He'd been in Tight Places before, but *this* was the Limit

He was Bound — Neck, Arms and Legs, by his clothes

Old Dr. Goose had fixed him.

When he first put on *that* suit in the Clothing Store he was very much Tickled with it

But now, instead of being "Tickled" he found himself "pinched" by it

You see the coat had been *sweated* into shape by the Flat-iron, instead of being patiently *worked* into shape with the Needle and Thread

This sweating by Old Dr. Goose, had *shrunk up* the cloth in places where it was too *loose* and flabby

It had also *stretched out* the cloth where it was too tight and pinchy

The flat-iron *can* do all *this*, in a hurry, you know. It can throw a *new* shape into the Coat "while you wait" almost

But that "shape" won't "stay put."

The first damp day *Wilts out* all the shrinkage.

And the first very dry warm day, or a very warm dry room, *shrinks up* the flat-iron *stretching* again

Then, you're in a sort of strait jacket

• • •

Haven't *you* felt that tugging-down on the back of your neck, sometimes?

Haven't you noticed how the Coat "*binds*" under the arms, and across the shoulders after a week or two of wear?

Haven't you seen the left lapel of your Coat collar *bunch up*, and swell out, from your vest collar?

And, perhaps you've noticed, too, how the shoulders get sloping, and drop down at the points when they *ought* to stand up and look stylish?

Well — all that gradual *degeneration* is the result of Flat-iron faking.

Because, a Coat that's properly *made* and *fully-shaped*, by sincere *hand needle-work* *can't* lose its shape from Wear or from Weather

Such needle work binds it forever into a given form.

And if that form *fits* you, and *pleases* you, when you *first* put the Coat on, you may rely upon that same form *remaining* in the garment till it is worn out.

• • •

Not so with clothes shaped by the Flat-Iron.

Because *these* have been merely shaped by *heat* and *moisture*, by "the Tailor's Goose," instead of by sincere hand-stitching.

And, for this reason, the Heat and Moisture of *weather* will *unshape* them in the same way they were shaped

Now 80 per cent. of all Coats or Overcoats are shaped and finished by the fake Flat-iron

But *you* can't tell *that* till you wear them a week or so

There's only *one* sure way of avoiding the flat iron faked Garment

That's to make sure *before you buy* that the Coat or Overcoat bears the label of the "*Sincerity*" Clothes Makers.

And that label reads —

SINCERITY CLOTHES
MADE AND GUARANTEED BY
KUH, NATHAN AND FISCHER CO.
CHICAGO

for the ills they were uneasily, if not intelligently, conscious of, disharmony and confusion have been the result; nothing can be done, progress is impossible.

But if the material cost of partisanship has been great, the spiritual cost has been immeasurably greater, and, of course, of immeasurably greater importance. For the most valuable capital, the chief asset, of a city is the character of its citizens.

That this cost has been somehow, though dimly, recognized is proved by the fact that men of clean hands and clean lives have not gone into politics; indeed, they have shunned and avoided politics. Let one such enter it, even in some humble way, and his friends condole with him, try to dissuade him. As a career, politics is not to be thought of; the young have been warned against it; its debauchery still affords the staple argument against woman suffrage; it has been a proof of high standing and respectability to turn from it in loathing and disgust. Instead of being, as it should, a high and honorable use to which to devote talents, instead of being the most worthy calling man is capable of, it has become an impossible sacrifice and degradation. To speak of a man as a politician has been to intimate something unsavory and low. And this in America, where all men, sovereigns by right, should be politicians, devoting themselves to the searching out of those divine laws by which men are to live together in equal brotherhood, giving themselves to the helping and saving of others!

We have recently had some saddening examples of this moral cost; we now know something of the men that have been ruined, of the characters that have been blackened and broken, of the hideous results of the bribery and the corruption that have swaggered wantonly and shamelessly through our legislative halls. Blind, stupid partisanship has not only done all this, but it has justified it. It has condoned any crime, so that slander, libel, lying, stealing, forging, ballot-box stuffing, kidnaping, bribing, have become excusable as long as they were done in its cause.

Furthermore, it has prostituted journalism. The party organ is conducted by men who, in all other relations, are apparently guided by high ideals and inspired by noble purposes, and yet are willing to delude, deceive and lead astray their fellow-men, and in the cause of partisanship to descend to any depths in order that their party may triumph. Though here again partisanship defeats its own ends; for the party press has become utterly unreliable, has wholly lost its influence, and abdicated its throne of power. Who, for instance, reading a partisan paper, believes that a meeting of the opposition is correctly reported, or an opponent correctly quoted?

But in importance and significance beyond all this is the withering of character, the wasting of strength, the disintegration of personality, which is the punishment that inevitably, inexorably and remorselessly follows the violation of law that is real Law — not the printed statute, which is oftentimes something very different from Law, but the law of the moral world, which no legislature need enact or can repeal, which requires no executive to enforce it. Conspicuous and chief among these laws is that of spiritual cause and effect, according to which evil can produce only evil, and hate more hate, so that all the bitterness and malignity and intolerance of partisan conflict can never bring forth any good thing in men or in their government. Instead of all this strife and hatred, there must be brotherhood and love; instead of this disunion, there must be union and solidarity. Then good will come.

V

PARTIES, then, as the great poet and prophet of democracy says, have been useful, and to a certain extent remain so, but only in national affairs, and there because they still depend in a way on elementary principles and fundamental differences, more or less hazy and doubtful, to be sure; but chiefly because our conception of nationality is as yet too weak to grasp the full significance of democracy, in which men struggle together toward one far goal and pursue unfalteringly one high ideal. But in the states, and more, yes, entirely, in the cities, parties have lost their meaning and their use. That this is true is already shown by the increasing independence the people are displaying in their own affairs. They are learning that a citizen's relation to his fellow-citizens, his attitude toward the issues in his town, are not determined by his views on tariff, or expansion, or immigration, or coinage. The old ideal of party loyalty is soon to be superseded by the newer, purer ideal of civic loyalty. No more is the success of the party to be the one thing aimed at; now it is to be the success, the triumph of the city. Not much longer will men run for local office on platforms dealing with national issues, real or artificial; they will run on platforms dealing with city issues, or they will run on no platforms at all, for platforms are dead things, after all, and receive only now and then a temporary galvanization from some great personality. In practical politics, lately discovered to be the most impractical kind, the campaign promise has come to be almost as cheap as the campaign cigar.

This is, after all, a representative government; but only the trusts, the railroads, the street-car companies, the breweries and other privileges have been represented in it. Now the people shall be represented, all the people — not any certain kind of people, the good, the bad, the rich, the poor, the "better element" or any other class, but just the people, all of them, and that without having to pay or even to consult a boss, big or little. And they will secure this representation by doing away with the fetichism of partisanship and all its nonsense and extravagance — primaries, central committees, conventions with typewritten programs — they will nominate men by free petition, and then vote for them, that is all. To the crystallized mind of the stupefied partisan all this is heresy, of course, or idle dreaming; but all progress has its inception in a heresy, and all realities are but dreams come true.

The principle of non-partisanship will demonstrate itself first in the cities, where the great problems of democracy more acutely present themselves, and where they must and will be worked out. Yesterday the city was the despair of democracy and its shame; to-day it is its hope; to-morrow it will be its glory. Many have referred the evils that perplex them to democracy; the remedy proposed has been less democracy, and much of our legislation has been in distrust of democracy. But democracy has not yet been tried. The remedy will be found in more democracy. The cities must be free to handle their problems in their own way; their governments must become autonomous; there must no longer be confusion with state issues or with national issues. They must have, in short, home rule.

In these young American cities we want good government, of course. The people in them at heart already are good, and when they find a way to have a government that represents them, that government must be good. If our municipal governments have been bad, it is because they have been representing bad things. But we want something more than good government, something more than mere honest, economical administration of affairs and clean streets. We want cities that will be filled with free civic spirit, expressing itself in artistic forms, above all, cities that will be better, kindlier places to live in, cities that will offer to every man on equal terms the opportunity to live a beautiful life — that is, to realize his own personality. For that is the great purpose of democracy — to let every man realize his own personality. But to do this there must first be men who are determined to express their own personality and not to subvert it to the personality of others; independent men, who are in no kind of slavery to a party or any other agency or institution. When we have enough such men in our cities then we shall have home rule in our cities, and when we have home rule in our cities we shall have simpler forms of government. We shall have a government that is responsible to the people, and when this condition prevails the problems of the cities will be soon those that belong to the next stage of evolution and to conditions that are hereafter to exist.

America has a big job on hand; it is not enough to get men into office, not enough to build navies and train armies, not enough to have a big census or a vast commerce; these may all be well enough in their way. But that is not the job; America, to justify itself, is to produce art, music, a great, original, native literature, and, above all, Men.

Rubifoam and Science
RUBIFOAM

The chiefest benefit of this delicious liquid dentifrice is not beauty but **health.** Worth its weight in gold for making pearly teeth, but worth much more for the trouble it prevents. Rubifoam is all business as well as all beauty.

Science says ill-kept teeth are avenues of disease. Some perplexing cases of anemia come from a form of poisoning due to dental decay, and the general tone of the system is affected by the condition of the mouth.

The preventive is regular and thorough care, — not work but *care*, — intelligence and Rubifoam, which makes it not alone easy but pleasant — a habit worth while.

Rubifoam does its work where the trouble begins — in the mouth. Literally, an ounce of this delicious liquid dentifrice is worth a pound of cure. The health value of Rubifoam is far greater than its returns in beauty, which all acknowledge. Its good work is not only *seen* but felt.

E. W. HOYT & CO., Lowell, Mass

25 CENTS EVERYWHERE SAMPLE FREE

Tools & Hardware

Of Quality.

Combination Bench and Tool Cabinet, $85.00

Solid Oak, Brass trimmed, highly finished Cabinet and 95 of the finest grade standard carpenter's tools

Smaller Oak Cabinets		Same Quality of Tools
No. 47	21 Tools	$7.50
" 52	24 "	10.00
" 53	36 "	15.00
" 54	40 "	20.00

[illegible]

[illegible]

HAMMACHER, SCHLEMMER & CO.
Hardware Tools Supplies and Piano Materials
New York, Since 1848 4th Ave. and 13th St.

Something New in Disability Insurance

A sure and steady income can be readily made through the sale of

The "Square Deal" Disability Policy

No insurance education is necessary to sell this contract covering every accident [illegible]

Responsible representatives wanted in every locality east of the [illegible]

[illegible] territory. For particulars apply, Dep't B.

Philadelphia Casualty Company Capital $300,000
116 North Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

JAP-A-LAC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A STAIN AND VARNISH COMBINED

TWO HANDS, A BRUSH AND A CAN OF JAP-A-LAC

Will work wonders, from cellar to garret, in every home. JAP-A-LAC is a quick-drying, beautiful, hard, lustrous finish for general household use. Everything of wood or metal you may have can be kept in perfect condition all of the time, at a trifling cost, with JAP-A-LAC. Sixteen beautiful colors.

For genuine economy there is nothing to compare with JAP-A-LAC. The thousands of uses around the home, the frequent marring and scuffing of furniture, woodwork and metal work, make JAP-A-LAC a household necessity. If you have never used JAP-A-LAC, get a can to-day and try it on some article which needs refinishing. You will at once realize how JAP-A-LAC SAVES YOU MONEY.

ALL SIZES, FROM 15c TO $2.50. FOR SALE BY PAINT, HARDWARE AND DRUG DEALERS.

COLORS of JAP-A-LAC

FLAT WHITE
DEAD BLACK
GLOSS WHITE
OX BLOOD RED
BRILLIANT BLACK
OAK
BLUE
GOLD
CHERRY
NATURAL
MALACHITE GREEN
GROUND
WALNUT
DARK OAK
ALUMINUM
MAHOGANY

Some of the ARTICLES on which JAP-A-LAC should be USED

WIRE SCREENS
REFRIGERATORS
PORCH FURNITURE
WICKER FURNITURE
INTERIOR WOODWORK
CHAIRS
TABLES
FLOORS
RANGES
RADIATORS
WEATHER BEATEN DOORS
ANDIRONS
LINOLEUM
CHANDELIERS
PLATE RACKS
PICTURE FRAMES

A Warning Against the Dealer Who Substitutes

Some dealers will tell you when you ask for JAP-A-LAC – "We don't handle advertised articles. They cost YOU more because the consumer pays for the advertising."

What a silly statement to an intelligent person. The facts are these – any article of daily necessity which is extensively advertised must be the best or the public would not buy it. What do you think about Ivory Soap, Sapolio and Uneeda Biscuit? Are they not the most extensively advertised of their class? So is JAP-A-LAC. Be sure you get it.

If YOUR dealer does not keep JAP-A-LAC, send us his name and 10 cts. (except for Gold, which is 25c.) to cover cost of mailing, and we will send a FREE Sample ([illegible] pint can) to any point in the United States.

Write for beautiful, illustrated bo[illegible] interesting color card. Free for the [illegible]

The Glidden Varnish Co.
Address Dept. S-10,
1011 Rockefeller Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio

BAKER'S
Barrington Hall
Steel-Cut
Coffee

Barrington Hall

The Steel-Cut Coffee

Sample Can Free

(See Coupon)

You Can Drink This Coffee To Your Heart's Content

EVEN though you may be blessed with a constitution that permits the use of ordinary coffee, this is no reason why you should not enjoy Barrington Hall, which combines the good qualities of other coffee with a purity and wholesomeness all its own. A Coffee that is used to-day by thousands who are now liberated from the use of tasteless cereal coffee substitutes.

Barrington Hall is just pure coffee of high quality, prepared by our patented process. The coffee berries after roasting are cut by knives of steel into fine uniform particles, and from it is removed the yellow tannin-bearing skin always heretofore left in ground coffee, tending to impair it in both flavor and wholesomeness.

This cutting does not disturb the little oil cells as does the grinding and mashing of older methods, and the essential oil (food product) does not evaporate. Therefore one pound of Barrington Hall will make 15 to 20 cups more of pure full strength coffee than would the same coffee ground in a coffee mill. It excels all other coffees in flavor and will keep perfectly until used.

The main thing about Barrington Hall is, it can be used without ill effect by those who find that ordinary coffee injures them, because it is possible to make from its small, even, refined particles, a cup of coffee free from the objection which eminent medical authorities agree comes from over-steeping the smaller particles in unevenly ground coffee, as also from the tannin-bearing skin and dust left in coffee ground in a coffee mill.

Price 35 to 40 cents per pound according to locality. If your grocer will not supply you, there are others who will be glad to do so. Let us tell you where to get it.

CAUTION — Baker's Barrington Hall is the only genuine Steel-Cut Coffee. Avoid so-called imitations. We roast, steel-cut and pack in Sealed Tins by machinery at our factories.

CUT OFF OR COPY THIS COUPON

Address nearest point

BAKER & CO., Coffee Importers

246 No. 2nd St., Minneapolis, Minn. 116 Hudson St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me free sample can of Barrington Hall Coffee and booklet, "The Secret of Good Coffee", in consideration I give herewith my grocer's name (on the margin) and name of magazine.

My own address is ..

Huyler's

SIGNATURE ON ANY PACKAGE IS A GUARANTEE AS TO PURITY, QUALITY AND FLAVOR.

THERE ARE MANY COCOAS & CHOCOLATES, BUT Huyler's

COCOA and CHOCOLATES

Are Acknowledged Everywhere as Being Superior to All Others Made in the Same Careful Manner

AND AS

FRESH—PURE—DELICIOUS

AS

Huyler's WORLD FAMED CANDIES

QUALITY & PRICE WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL

YOUR GROCER CAN SUPPLY YOU

INSIST ON GETTING IT

FOREIGN ART PICTURES We are direct importers of [illegible] paintings [illegible] \$3.00 [illegible] \$1.25 [illegible] 15c. [illegible] Write for illustrated price list [illegible] 25c to 15c each. ART PHOTO COMPANY, Ellwanger & Barry Building, Rochester, New York

The Great American Steer

(Continued from Page 7)

Land in 1871 is bought freely in Texas at two and one-half cents an acre, and cowmen consider even that a high price. All the earth is wild and free. Why buy land and pay taxes on it when there is all outdoors of free grass and water-front? The profits for many drovers in this year ran around two hundred per cent., with all the by-products thrown away. Cripples and sore-foots don't count as yet.

There are some strange disparities in this new business. A milk-cow with a calf at her side is worth a section of land in Texas—that is to say, a square mile of such land, located as one likes from the choice of the entire public domain; and yet it requires only about fifteen acres of this land, still rich in its natural grasses and never yet overpastured, to range that cow and calf, according to the estimates of most cowmen of that day. One can drive a cow North, but he cannot drive a section of land. As yet there seems to be no end to the possibilities either in land or in cows in this fecund and unused country south of the Red River.

The Breath of Panic

Now, just as the drovers are beginning to learn something of their new business, and just as the corn-belt market begins to compete with the territorial or stocking market of the upper range, and just as quarantine begins to be mooted against Texas fever—that fatal and mysterious disease which kills off whole herds of Northern cattle if they but cross the trail of a fresh Texas herd—and just as many new problems are arising for solution in this great new industrial occupation, comes the "Crime of '73." The year of panic catches Wichita, the current market, full of cows bought in Texas on credit at good prices, indeed at boom prices for the most part. The banks, warned earlier than the drovers, begin to call loans, which the drovers cannot by any possibility meet except by shipping their cows. Prices break in two. Half the cattle at the south line of Kansas remain unsold. Ruin is at hand for the trail drover, and all back of him and ahead of him. The losses of this panic season run into millions in the cow business—how many millions no man may say. As to the workings of the "Crime of '73" here and elsewhere, they furnish material for late fall oratory even to-day. That was a sad time on the cow trail; for we may be sure that very few industries were ever more spread out than was the cow business at this time. The rich rewards of earlier drives had sent every man in Texas into the game.

Comes now 1874, and land still has no value in the dry Southwest. The world is free for all. There is still a West. In Texas, however, you must now pay ten dollars a head for two-year-olds, twelve dollars for three's, which all men know to be exorbitant prices. Caldwell, on the Kansas line—later to be known as the place where the Dalton gang was exterminated, and ever known as the stamping-ground for the bad men of the Nations—is still called Stone's Store. Railroads now begin to argue with Texas men and ask them: Why drive North when they can ship North?

The next year finds matters much the same, except that land in the cow country of Texas has now jumped to the absurd price of eighteen dollars a square mile, this covering the pick from practically the entire State and the best of water-fronts. Kansas land also is beginning to climb. That absurd creature, known differently as "homesteader," "granger," "farmer" or "nester," begins to persecute the soul of drovers, north and south. The lands around Wichita are now so much settled up, or grazed down, that the herds cannot be brought in closer than fifteen miles with any safety. So now off to new towns as the railroads push on West. We drovers leave the Chisholm trail now at Pond Creek in the new Cherokee outlet, push northwest, and so presently find Great Bend, Nickerson, Ellsworth—all with their lamps trimmed in their saloons and their sextons ready waiting for us.

The buyers for the Government and for the corn-belt meet us at these new towns. The Army wants steers for the rank and file, but will buy cows for beef-issue at the Indian agencies. All the Army men naturally know what good beef is. Note now that they begin to demand Northern-wintered beef. Note also that this range beef, double-wintered in Kansas and such other wilderness principalities, begins to compete with corn-fed beef in the markets of the Middle West. It dresses as much, or more, net, and it is found fat and juicy. This plan of Nature of making the Northern range the maturing ground of the Western herds becomes more obvious every month, and it is to be observed that man has set his gracious seal upon Nature's obvious intent.

Lucky the cowman who has located for himself a million acres or so in Texas before the year 1876; for by this time Texas land jumps to the awful price of one hundred dollars a square mile, eight times what it was two years earlier—and, incidentally, about one-hundredth of what the same land is worth to-day. But cows keep up their march along this dusty highway of the West. The country is opening up rapidly every year. The Comanches are pacified, even in western Texas. Far in the North the Indians are being set to rights, and although this is the year Custer is killed, the tribes are steadily giving way before the front of the advancing white men. Back of the Army comes the trail drover and the rancher. Bold men push into the cow ranges of what is now North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, Utah, Wyoming. All these men demand cows to stock the ranges. Four Indian agencies in the Nations alone depend on Texas beef as rations. Market? A million-dollar market every week. Buffalo beef is no longer obtainable over vast districts where formerly it was abundant. At this time the American people are forming the beef habit. Breakfast-foods are not invented.

Now the emissaries of the railroads say always and always to the Texas cowmen that if only they would ship by rail instead of driving on foot, the cows could get North by May or June, and so go into the winter on the Northern ranges, strong and well "located"; and any cowman knows a "cow" is going to choose his own living place for hidden and mysterious reasons that no fellow can find out. He knows also that the earlier a "cow" gets in on his chosen range the better and stronger he is going to be. The innocent trail drover listens to all this, but still he would rather drive North at fifty cents a head than ship North at five dollars a head. He continues to drive to the Army market, and the agricultural states' market, and the new market which demands range stockers.

Another West that is Wild

The new trail town par excellence at this date is Dodge City, or Fort Dodge, in Kansas. Much more Wild West here, but very many cows therewith. To Dodge come all sorts and conditions of men wanting cows—most of all those who demand them for stocking the Northern ranges. It has been fully demonstrated that the Northern range has this faculty of doubling values.

The industrious drover is no fool, after all. He begins to locate Northern ranges for himself. He leases hundreds of thousands of acres of land in the Cherokee country, which is as good a cattle country as the West ever saw, a splendid wintering range, and not so very far from Texas. Western Kansas also has some open lands, and here thousands and thousands of cattle are driven in for wintering. Half of the total demand for range-beef now is for single, or double, wintered beef. This is a safer proposition, because such beef, of course, is above quarantine and has demonstrated its freedom from Texas fever.

Free range and water still exist down in Texas. But now a mild sort of boom has begun in west central Texas, both in lands and cows, as might have been expected. These Northern ranchers, now pressing into Montana from the North, will buy a whole herd in the wink of an eye. The vast North absorbs every offering of the fecund breeding range below. Moreover, to the vast interest of all Western men, seas of English and Scotch capital now begin to sweep over the Western cow-range. An Englishman is proverbially easy to separate from his money. Many Western men engage largely in that pastime.

In 1877 cows certainly "is cows." The range all over New Mexico, Colorado,

HAVE YOUR GARMENTS MADE IN NEW YORK

The best dressed women in New York this season are wearing jacket suits similar to our styles 102, 110, 129, etc. We show 50 costumes on this order in our new Fall Style book - sent free on request.

The Book also shows the new skirts which are so [illegible] in New York [illegible] entirely out of [illegible]

We carry a stock of over 450 materials [illegible] Among the samples which we send you are the new [illegible] in Autumn [illegible] and [illegible] materials.

We [illegible] save you money [illegible] garment [illegible] and [illegible] within ten days.

Remember these garments are not the ordinary ready made which you find in every store [illegible] We make them [illegible] the latest New York styles and [illegible] measurements, therefore they fit and become you.

We guarantee to fit you and satisfy you in every way or promptly refund your money.

Cloaks and Suits MADE TO ORDER

\$6 to \$25

Style Book and Samples of Materials Sent Free

Our Style Book Illustrates and Describes:

VISITING COSTUMES . . . \$6.00 to \$20
TAILOR-MADE SUITS . . . \$7.50 to \$25
STYLISH SKIRTS . . . \$3.50 to \$15
FALL and WINTER COATS . \$6.50 to \$25
ULSTERS and RAIN COATS . \$8.75 to \$20

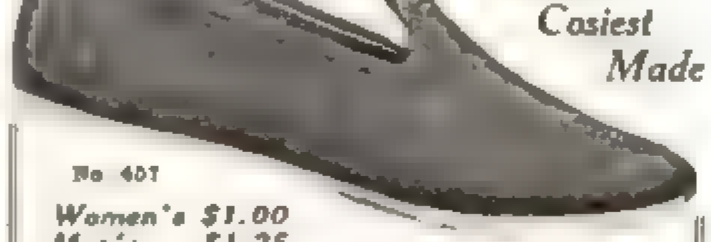
We prepay express charges on these garments to any part of the U. S. [illegible]

We Send Free to any part of the U. S. our New Fall and Winter Book of New York Fashions showing the latest styles and containing our Copyrighted Measurement Chart [illegible] Samples of the newest materials. WRITE TO-DAY. You will receive them by return mail.

National Cloak and Suit Co.

119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York.

Mail Orders Only. No Agents or Branches. Est. 18 Yrs



COMFY CONSTRUCTION
LEATHER

Lightest, Easiest, Cosiest Made

No. 401

Women's \$1.00
Men's . \$1.25
DELIVERED

Comfy Slipper

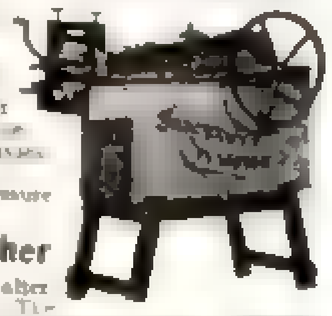
Made of pure "Comfy felt," soft leather soles with one inch of carded wool between felt inner sole and felt and leather outer soles, making a perfect cushion tread. Ideal for the bed-room. Weight 2 ounces.

Colors: Navy Blue, Gray, Brown and Red.

Send for Catalogue No. 38, showing many new styles.

DANIEL GREEN FELT SHOE CO.

119 West 23d Street, New York



A new and different way "To do Your Washing"

Labor Saving, Time Saving, Health Saving. [illegible] Lace Curtains [illegible] Woolen Blankets [illegible] Comforters. [illegible] cleansing by the alternate pressure and suction of water.

The SANITAREE Washer

produces a seething whirlpool of alternate compressions and absorptions. [illegible]

Sold on a Guarantee. Let us send you one on 30 days trial. Write for descriptive booklet and low introductory Price.

SANITAREE WASHER CO. 125 Washer St. Tell City, Indiana.

I Teach Sign Painting

Show Card Writing or Lettering [illegible] Write for large catalogue.

Chas. J. Strong, Pres.

DETROIT SCHOOL OF LETTERING

Dept. B Detroit, Mich.

PLAYS and Entertainments PLAYS

[illegible] FREE! FREE! FREE!

Address SAM'L FRENCH 23 West 23d Street NEW YORK

Why not Home Comfort, too?

The largest and most modern of offices, store and factory buildings in the world are warmed by our Low Pressure Steam and Hot Water outfits. It is because the genial warmth yielded puts every bread-winner therein at ease and comfort for best work. The home can be made equally delightful for the loved ones by use of smaller sized outfits of

AMERICAN & IDEAL
RADIATORS BOILERS

The bread-winner thus gets a right start for the day's work by rising, bathing, dressing and breakfasting in a cozily warmed house. So too, an evening in a cold house — no matter how brightly lighted or richly furnished — is a sad climax to the day's efforts. Then there are the vacant chairs in a cheerless room — the genial, cozy warmth of "other places" often lure family members away from what should be the place of all places — *home*

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN [illegible] pay their cost in fuel, labor [illegible]

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
Dept. 28. CHICAGO

DE LAVAL
Cream Separators

Save $10.- to $15.- Per Cow
Every Year of Use
Over All Gravity and Dilution Systems

And At Least $5.- Per Cow
Every Year of Use
Over All Other Cream Separators.

While They Last
From Two to Ten Times Longer
Than Any Other Machine

Catalogue and any desired particulars to be had for the asking

THE DE LAVAL SEPARATOR CO.
General Offices: 74 Cortlandt Street, New York.
Randolph & Canal Sts., Chicago [illegible] Philadelphia [illegible] 75 & 77 York St., Toronto [illegible] Winnipeg

EVERYTHING
[illegible] in the way of Tambos, Bones, Burnt Cork, Gags, Jokes, Wigs, etc., etc.
FOR AMATEUR MINSTRELSY
In our catalog No. 2, illustrated. You can have it for a postal. Write for it to-day, POSTPAID **FREE**
THE CREST TRADING COMPANY
21 D Witmark Building, New York

Hand-woven **Indian Basket 25 Cents**

[illegible]
THE FRANCIS E. LESTER CO.
Dept. B 10. Mesilla Park, N. Mex.

PATENTS that PROTECT
Our 3 books for Inventors mailed on receipt of 6 cts. stamps
R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869

Wyoming, Nebraska and Montana begins to fill up with cattle and with strange new men who think they are cowmen because they wear leather. It takes them perhaps a couple of years to discover that more than a pair of spurs and a leather hatband is necessary as equipment for the reading of the soul of a Texas longhorn steer.

High-Priced Madness

Now comes another scene-shift in this second act of the cow drama. It is to be noted in this golden year 1877 that discontent has arisen over horns and legs, which hitherto have been the main ingredients of the great American steer. The Northern farmer has always objected to the Western brands, so much so that some drovers take a chance and leave off as much as they dare of the customary road-brands, which have been relied upon as the best protection of trail beef in transit. Now this Northern farmer begins to object not only to brands, but to the animal which has carried the brands! Those of us who knew the Southwest about this time must remember the advent on the range, even then, of bands of high-grade young bulls for distribution among the ranges of the lower country. These high-grade animals, shorthorns or Herefords, cost their importers from $150 to $4000 each — prices which for a long time seemed insanity to Texas men.

Yet Fate was not to be withstood. And now presently even Texas began to differentiate. The Texas cowman admitted, in the first place, that a north Texas horse or cow was better than one from south Texas. He admitted grudgingly that Northern double-wintered beef was better than anything Texas could produce. Now slowly he began to admit that possibly these horns and legs would have to come off, and that a better grade of animal must take the place of the old Texas longhorn. Slowly the complexion, the personnel, so to speak, of the Western herds began to change.

Another Change of Scene

By this time another railroad had gone across the cow trail, up the historic Platte Valley, where the buffalo now ceased to impede the railway train. Ogalalla, on the Platte, is a town near the current market for the territorial stocking-cattle. Hence it begins to cut into the reputation of lately famous Dodge. One-third of the Northern drive goes to Ogalalla now to meet the new phase of the market.

There has now been a gradual rise in average cattle-values of about one dollar a head per year from 1875 to 1879, in Texas. According to our statistical friend, Andy Adams, who was in a good position to know, at this time the drive of 650,000 head in 1879 was about one-tenth of the range stock of Texas. It is hard to estimate these totals, because the canny cowmen may be depended upon not to give in a full count to the tax assessor. But at the later date prices took a sharp upshoot under the Northern stocking demand.

We may now picture lands rising in value, water-fronts beginning to spell war and bloodshed, the nester beginning to threaten the free range, the cow-thief beginning to stock his own range from those of the big buyers who have turned loose vast herds upon the upper country. Picture now the wire-fences beginning to creep west and south and encircling the public domains, school-lands and all; picture fence-cutters and malcontents who could and did burn and shoot. In short, picture the cow-game annually becoming more and more complex as more and more jealous money comes into it, and as things tighten with the disappearance of the free, wild West.

All the Territories have cattle associations and cattle conventions now. Lawyers have come into the game. Cattle detectives have been discovered, and a few daring cowmen say that all range brands ought to have State registry and not merely a county registry. The local inspector at the towns of shipment, the association inspector at the Eastern market — these things are now assured. Beef is beef now, and worth watching from the cradle to the grave. All these things are discussed in the convention of the cowmen of the North and South. The eyes of North and South alike begin to open. A quarter million of cattle are bought in one week at the Fort Worth cow convention this year, and no man bats an eye thereat. Large

Why Beans are so Rich in Nitrogen

PULL up a bean stalk and see why!

Observe the little nodules clinging to its roots

These have the unique power to seize free Nitrogen from the air and convert it into nitrates for the roots.

This Nitrogen in turn ascends, through the stalks, to the pods, and accumulates, as Nitrogenous Proteid, in the Beans.

That's *why* Beans are among the greatest of all Body-Builders.

⁂

Beans contain about *23 pounds* of Nitrogenous tissue and Muscle-making Proteid in every 100 pounds.

Bread contains only 6½ pounds, Bacon 8 pounds, Cream Cheese 8½ pounds, Eggs 12½ pounds, Beefsteak *20 pounds* per 100

So that Beans are a much more powerful food for body-building and repair than even Beef, Eggs, Bacon or other foods of many times their price

Beans also contain three times as much Phosphorus as Beef, 2¼ times as much as Eggs, and 4 times as much as Milk

Phosphorus, you know, is the food-factor which feeds Nerves and Brain, and which is used up in *thinking*

Beans also contain more of the Potash and Lime from which Bone and Teeth are formed, than any other *vegetable* food

Moreover, Beans while being such magnificent tissue, muscle and bone builders contain practically *no Fat*

(There is a broad hint in this for Americans with a tendency to stoutness.)

⁂

But, Beans, as usually served, have their fault

That fault is a heavy surplus of useless *Sulphur*.

This Sulphur turns into Sulphuretted Hydrogen Gas when Beans are eaten

And that Gas is what causes Flatulence, Colic, "wind on the Stomach"

This is where the "Snider-Process" steps in — to eliminate such bean-faults

That Process not only extracts the bitter principle (Natural to all Beans) but makes them mellow, cheesy and firm to the tooth, while *porous* as little sponges, so the Stomach Fluids can readily penetrate and *digest* them

⁂

The "Snider-Process," in this way, *doubles* the *digestibility* of Beans without making them mushy, soft, split, squashed or discolored, like other brands of Pork and Beans

The *porous* nature of "Snider-Process" Beans also permits them to evenly absorb the delicious Catsup in which they are immersed, with its dainty flavor of Seven Spices.

Buy a tin of "Snider-Process" Pork and Beans to-day

SNIDER
(PROCESS)
PORK
AND
BEANS
WITH
TOMATO SAUCE

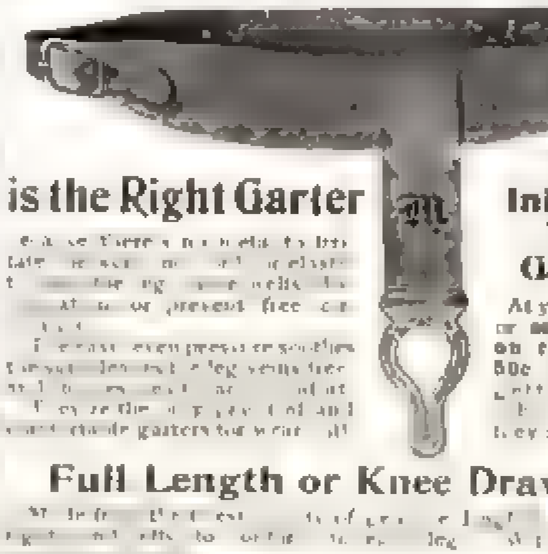
Cut it open *before heating* and compare its perfect whole-bean contents with the *best* brand of Pork and Beans you have ever before used

If it is not *better* than that *best*, take this to your Grocer as authority to get your money back.

That's an offer worth while, isn't it?

THE T. A. SNIDER PRESERVE CO., CINCINNATI, O.

The "Lincoln" Leather Garter



is the Right Garter

[illegible]

Your Initial on Your Garters

At your dealers, or sent prepaid on receipt of 50c [illegible]

Full Length or Knee Drawers

[illegible]

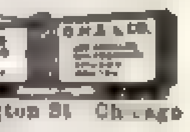
LOCKHART-MACBEAN CO., (Inc.)
1219 Market Street Philadelphia, Pa.
Makers of [illegible]

$500
Cash or Time
Buys a
FARM
In Virginia

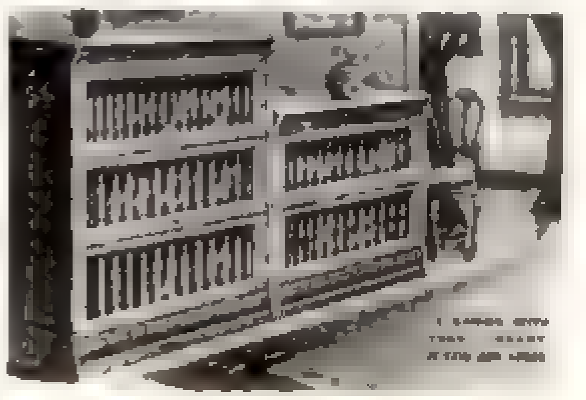
With cozy new 3-room cottage like cut, and 25 acres for poultry, fruit and vegetables. Only two miles from the live town of Waverly, on N. & W. Ry., midway between Norfolk and Richmond. Delightful climate, abundant water, unexcelled markets for produce. Splendid social advantages. "Go South — Young Man!" Write today for Booklets, lists of bargains in farms, lowest excursion rates, etc.

F. H. LaBaume, [illegible] Dept. 26. Roanoke, Va.

REDUCED RATES on Household goods to or from Colorado, California, Washington and Oregon. Write Bekins Household Shipping Co., 90 E Washington St. Chicago



On Approval, Freight Paid, Per Section **$1.00** without Door; **$1.75** with Door



"Lundstrom" Sectional Bookcase
Sold Direct From Factory Only.

[illegible] has non-binding, disappearing glass door [illegible] in Solid Oak [illegible]

Send for Our Beautiful Illustrated Catalogue No. 25.
The C. J. LUNDSTROM MFG. CO., Little Falls, N. Y.
Mfrs. of Sectional Bookcases and Filing Cabinets

Tufts

"Better than Sterling"

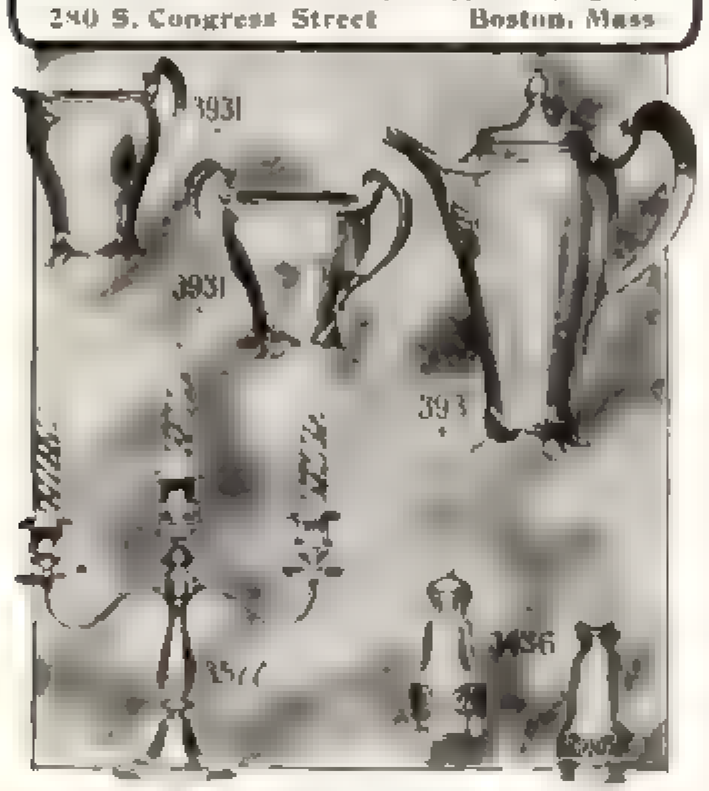
[illegible]

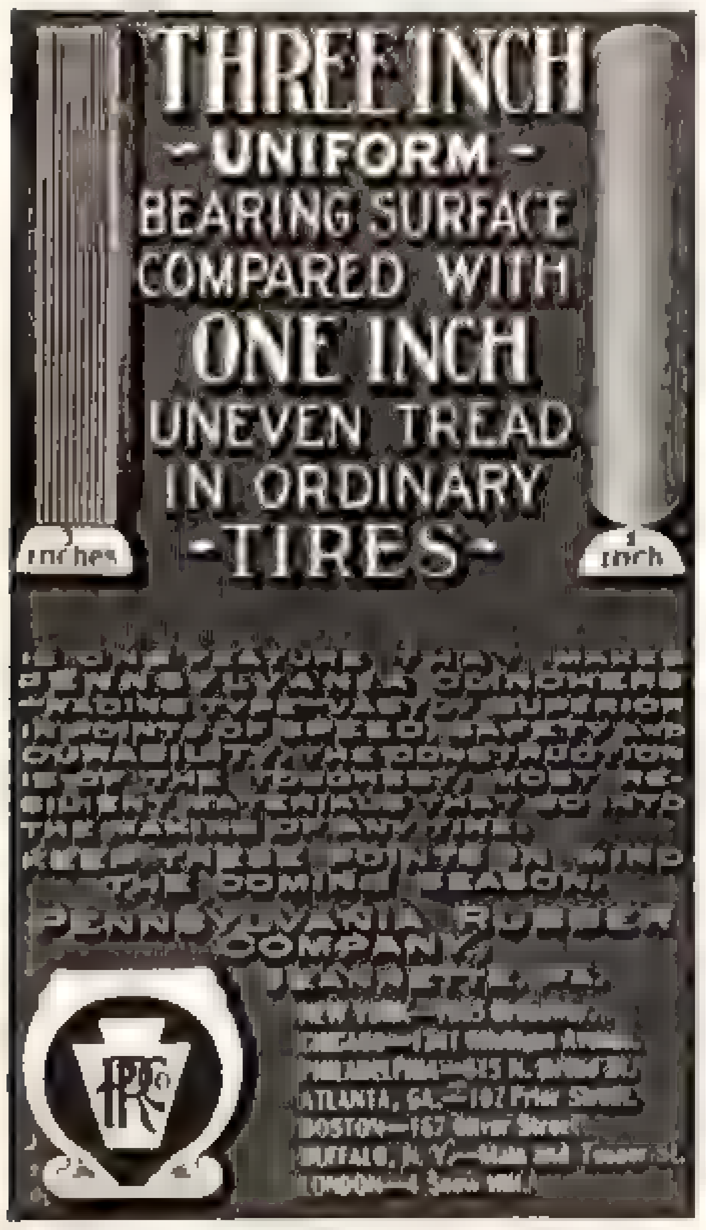
PRICES OF THE PIECES SHOWN HERE

No. 3750,	$3.00	No 3931A,	$4 25
No 3340,	4 25	No 3931B,	4 75
Brush,	1 00	No 3931C,	8 00
No 712,	3 50	No 3577,	11 75
No 10,	3 75	No. 3436,	1 50 each, 3.00 pair

[illegible]

James W. Tufts Silverware Co.
280 S. Congress Street Boston, Mass




THREE INCH
-UNIFORM-
BEARING SURFACE
COMPARED WITH
ONE INCH
UNEVEN TREAD
IN ORDINARY
-TIRES-

[illegible] KEEP THESE POINTS IN MIND THE COMING SEASON.

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY
JEANNETTE, PA.
[illegible]
ATLANTA, GA.—102 Prior Street
BOSTON—167 Oliver Street
[illegible]

DON'T BUY A MOTOR CAR until you know what makes a good car. [illegible] to keep you from making a costly mistake. Large type. 102 illustrations. Limited edition. Leather binding $1, cloth 50 cents, paper 35 cents. THE AUTOMOBILE INSTITUTE, 109 Prescott Street, Cleveland, O.

pink stripes surround the utter and entire earth, which now certainly is a lovely place of residence for whoso maketh or loveth a cow. The banks of Kansas City and Chicago pour in money. The cow is king. The country is cow-crazy.

In 1880 the craving upper ranges continue to take all offerings, and the market holds. Heifers on the North Platte bring twenty-five dollars and upward, and are worth two to three dollars a head over steer stock. The Yellowstone, the Musselshell, the Judith, the Stillwater, the Bellefourche, the Little Missouri—all new names become words familiar to travelers North and South. The great pilgrimage of the cows continues; thousands, hundreds of thousands, plod through their tremendous journey, driven by splendid men in a bold and splendid day of American life. The wild appeal of this life thrills the heart of every man who hears of it.

Booming with the Spring

In 1881 leased range in the Indian Nations is much coveted. Hay and fences appear along the Cimarron and Canadian rivers. A gradual change is coming over the business. But in the spring the boom opens strong. Texas, and even Mexico, Arkansas, and all the Southern ranges, are combed for stocking cattle. In Texas cows treble in value all at once, and land jumps to two and three dollars an acre.

At this boom time very many great cattle companies of the East came into the business, attracted by reports of these fabulous profits. Many of these companies proved easy picking for the range drover, and the nester, and the farmer, and the rustler, and everybody else. Graded stock appeared all over the range, and distinctions in range cattle were more sharply drawn. The Panhandle and north Texas stock from above quarantine was much more valued than the coasters and Mexicans from below the Rio Grande, some of which were "wet cows"—that is, cows which never paid any duty, but swam the Rio Grande.

The great captains of the cow-game now began to seek ranges both North and South, thus covering the profit of double wintering. Some outfits owned ranges in central Texas below quarantine; in the Panhandle above quarantine; in the Indian Nations; and also in Wyoming or Montana. In time they were to go even north of our northern boundary and there hunt for range.

In 1882 over 700,000 cattle went North from endless Texas. Now land begins to pinch. One outfit has leased a million acres in the Nations, and pays cheerfully $50,000, it being understood the Indians may steal all the cows they need. Everybody has money, and first one town and then another gets its share. Caldwell and Hunnewell, near the line of the Indian Nations, assume dignity as shipping points. Kansas, of course, has begun to farm far out to the West. The range is thought threatened over large areas—amusing as that seems to us now when it really is gone. Talk of depasturing from overcrowding is heard, but for the most part laughed at. For, after all, the West is regarded as inexhaustible. Yet this time the impossible was happening—indeed, had happened.

It may be seen that quality has begun to count as against quantity, both in cattle and in land. The water-front controls the range, and the water-front is going. Industrial levels are shifting rapidly. Men begin to use fences, to segregate, to individualize. The old communal day of open range and free water-front is passing. There is trouble ahead. The year 1883 dawns with days of turbulence and change. Abilene and Dodge and Wichita are done as cow camps now. The Chisholm trail has finished its brief, eventful day. Men drive cattle northward farther westward in Texas, because the farms are moving westward in Texas also. The vast exodus of cows to the northward continues—nearly a million this year for all that man may know; but certain it is that the boom now begins to wobble on its feet. Something is happening—change, satiety, something. The vast North refuses to absorb the drive! The truth is the ranges are beginning to fill. The cry of overstocking is heard arising still more distressfully. There has been a bad winter, and in the Nations the cattle losses average twenty per cent. The year is one of discontent and uncertainty.

The year 1884, the boom-year in some respects sees some cautious men standing

LEADER & WINNER
L-W
TRADE MARK
STOVES & RANGES

Every L-W Stove or Range bears our trade mark and is sold by dealers everywhere under a positive guarantee to refund your money in full if you are not absolutely satisfied.
You can save 10 to 25 per cent on any L-W Stove or Range over any similar article manufactured

The L-W Steel Leader Range

How to Save —STOVE MONEY— and Secure Satisfaction

Read here what L-W Stoves and Ranges Are
Then let us Prove to you what they will Do

These pictures can give you but a faint idea of the quality of our **Leader and Winner Stoves and Ranges.** You must see them on your dealer's floor, you must compare them point by point with other stoves—before you can really appreciate their superiority of design and workmanship, and the money-saving that you make in buying them.

We have been bending every effort for years to the making of **good stoves at a moderate price.** To-day L-W Stoves and Ranges are better than ever, and the new models shown here are absolutely unrivalled at the prices asked for them. They have all the latest improvements and conveniences. They are built, first and foremost, for lasting service.

To prove this to you, we take all the risk, pay all the freight, deliver any L-W Stove or Range, and give you 60 days free trial.

[illegible]

If your local dealer cannot show you the L-W Stoves and Ranges give us his name, so we can arrange to place one in your home for trial

[illegible] Stove and Range Pointers," [illegible]

The Lattimer-Williams Manufacturing Co.
394 W. Spring St., Columbus, Ohio

The L-W Sun Oak Heater

FOR SHOTGUNS AND RIFLES

DU PONT
POWDER

Can be Operated Only by the Hand That Holds It

COLT'S New

POCKET POSITIVE

Calibre .22 Weight 1 lb. 6 shots.

This revolver is positively safe against accidental discharge. The perfect arm for the pocket or the [illegible] reliable, accurate [illegible] backed by the Colt guarantee. For over fifty years the Firearms Standard of the world. [illegible]

London Office, 15-A, Pall Mall, London, S. W.

TRADE MARK

COLT'S PATENT FIREARMS MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

H A SPRINGETT
H B HAYES

Do You Want More Salary?

I am helping my students' salaries by teaching them how to plan, prepare and manage trade-pulling advertising

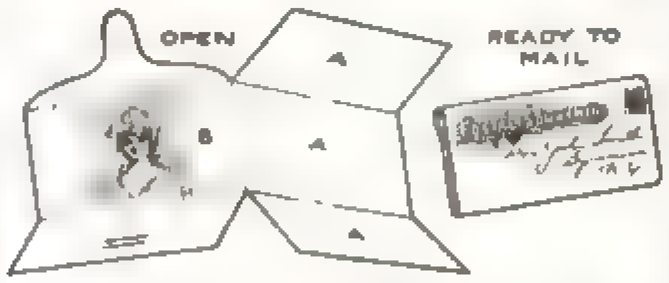
Mr. H. A. Springett, advertising manager of the Manhattan Bedding Co., 527 541 W. 23rd St., New York, and its parent company, the Rome Metallic Bed Co., with branches in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Cleveland, just writes: "During this year sales have increased from 20 to 50% per month, averaging 35%."

Mr. H. B. Hayes, advertising manager of the noted clothing house of the A. J. Rogers Co., Dallas, Texas, admits that he owes his present position "almost entirely to the Powell System." In his recent letter he adds: "I investigated several courses of instruction before deciding on yours, and am confident your System is far superior to any other school."

The simple facts of interest to the ambitious young man or woman who is attracted to the advertising field are: FIRST, it is expanding constantly; SECOND, the Powell System is the one enthusiastically endorsed by leading advertising authorities (I generally get enrolments of their friends and even office-workers); THIRD, there are probably more Powell graduates filling big positions at salaries running from $1,200.00 to over $6,000.00 a year than are represented by all of my so-called competitors combined.

[illegible]

George H. Powell,
207 Metropolitan Annex,
New York



LATEST NOVELTY IN
Souvenir Mailing Cards

[illegible]

Mailing Card, Letter Sheet and Envelope all in one. [illegible]

[illegible] real photographs [illegible]

20 for $1.00

[illegible] your letter

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD
Largest Photographic Concern in the World
[illegible]
3 West 10th St., Cor. 5th Ave., New York
Boys and Girls [illegible] can make lots [illegible] Write for [illegible]

Do You Get the Returns
from your Business Letters you look for?

If you do not, they may lack something *to make them convincing*

Sherwin Cody's New Book

SUCCESS IN LETTER WRITING

will help solve the problem

Of All Booksellers, 75 cents, postpaid
A. C. McClurg & Co., Publishers, Chicago

from under. In 1885 the cow convention at Fort Worth is very slimly attended by Northern buyers. The upper range is full. Texas has millions yet to sell, but the balance of the cows is for the time restored between the Northern and the lower ranges. Conservatism and caution for the first time make their appearance west of the Missouri. Troubles multiply. There is talk that President Cleveland is going to throw all cowmen out of the Indian Nations.

The cattle of the Nations had been weakened by a long, hard winter. They could not be driven back to Texas, for there was no place there for them. They could not safely be driven North in the face of winter, for all cowmen know, if all Presidents do not—President Roosevelt would—that cattle should be driven in early on the range where they are to winter, and should be allowed to move about to "locate" themselves before the storms come. Mr. Cleveland stood firm in his resolve to oust the cowmen from the Nations, and he cost the West some millions in cash, cost also an amount of animal agony which no man can measure. Thrown off their accustomed range, the evicted cattle died in thousands in that fateful January. The barb-wires killed thousands of tons of beef. After the drift-line fences were later taken out, their course could be traced for miles by rows of bleached bones, showing where the cattle had huddled in long lines and died. So much for politics, and for ignorance of a great industry.

But the day of our trail drover was now nearing its end. In 1889 sunset came on the trail. This year the last driven herd left Texas. For five years or more the railroad had competed with the trail.

As the innocent trail drover—year after year, for twenty years of romantic merchandizing, whose like the world can never see again—pushed his cows North, and still farther North, learning all this strange geography now familiar to every Western cowman, he learned no truth greater than that the North was the maturing range while the Southwest must always remain the chief breeding range. The increase in Texas ran ninety-five per cent. counted in some years, and averaged over ninety per cent. The wild-animal conditions of open range life won out. In the North a winter that cost only five per cent. loss was good, and bad conditions might mean fifty per cent. loss. In one very bad winter the loss over large regions in the North was seventy-five, eighty and even ninety per cent. Investments were wiped out at a stroke, and the round-ups gathered nothing at all the following spring. These things did not happen so frequently in Texas. It was obvious that better conditions for saving Northern cattle must in time prevail; and in spite of this the South must continue to breed what the North matured.

So here was the equation of our trail drover. He was the link of two great geographical truths. He brought to Nature the aid of transportation, although he forced Nature to furnish that transportation.

Now this drover, this trail man, who holds the centre of the stage at this part of the drama of the steer, was a useful man, a benefactor rather than a robber, was he not? Assuredly. He inaugurated new conditions, but soon became the victim of those conditions. For the most part, he sooner or later went broke. Every man who adhered to the early methods of his day inevitably went broke in the next decade. It seems impossible to charge up the exorbitant prices of our breakfast-table beef to this big, brave, daring, child-like adventurer in the wild commerce of the plains.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Hough on The Great American Steer. Each article is complete in itself

WE CAN SAVE YOU 25% to 75%
SOLD - RENTED
ALL MAKES. ALL PRICES
TYPEWRITERS
12 STORES
[illegible]
Machines Shipped for Inspection

NEW YORK
[illegible]
CHICAGO
319 Dearborn St
[illegible]
BOSTON
[illegible]
ST LOUIS
[illegible]
RICHMOND
605 E. Main St
PHILADELPHIA
715 Sansom St
SAN FRANCISCO
[illegible]
KANSAS CITY
817 Wyandotte St.
LOS ANGELES
[illegible] Broadway
Executive Office
343 B'way, N Y
Write nearest store

THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE

You Cannot Corner the Brain Market

Here at last is an encyclopædia, the product of the greatest minds of the English speaking world which will meet the need of everybody, at a price everybody can afford. **An encyclopædia absolutely new from A to Z,** the very latest, most reliable high-class library of reference at a price that should put it in every home

Nelson's Encyclopædia
Everybody's Book of Reference

FRANK MOORE COLBY, M. A., New York, American Editor. GEORGE SANDEMAN, M. A., Edinburgh, European Editor. With over 600 contributors, each the authority in his field.

There are two ways of making encyclopædias. One is to reprint old material in bright, new volumes, sprinkling in accounts of a few late well known events for "talking points," and selling the whole set at a low price. This kind is made in 90 days and is dear at any price

The right way, the method followed in the making of Nelson's Encyclopædia, is the slow, careful and costly process of building an entirely new work, treating every subject from the latest viewpoint and sparing neither time nor expense to insure accuracy, completeness and clearness. It required eight years' work by 600 experts and an outlay of over Half a Million Dollars before we could offer a single set of Nelson's Encyclopædia for sale. Of the result of this vast undertaking, one great literary authority, The New York Times, says, "It seems as though the ideal encyclopædia had been found for readers of English."

There are also two ways of selling encyclopædias. We could charge the same high prices at which former encyclopædias of the first class have sold and find a market among those who could afford it, and who usually buy new things, or we could make the price **less than half the amount** at which a complete and reliable encyclopædia has ever been sold, thus appealing to a greater number of people, and depend upon the sale of many thousands of sets for the return of our money.

With faith in the public, we have chosen the latter course. While Nelson's Encyclopædia was produced by the same costly process as former high grade works of reference, it is absolutely the first encyclopædia of unquestioned standing and reliability to be sold at a price so low. We ask **less than half** the usual charge, because we are convinced there are thousands of people anxious to have a complete reference work of the best class who have been unwilling to pay the high price heretofore necessary to get it, and who have gone without, rather than buy one of uncertain quality simply because the price was low

Nelson's Encyclopædia is the work for which you have been waiting

There are 12 large octavo volumes (7 x 10 inches in size), 7,500 pages, over 80,000 subjects and 5,000 illustrations [illegible] The price is remarkably low, [illegible]

HANDSOME BOOK and SPECIMEN PAGES Sent FREE

We have prepared an interesting and instructive 42 page book which fully describes Nelson's Encyclopædia [illegible] beautiful illustrations [illegible] wonderfully low prices and easy [illegible] payment plan. We want to send you this book, [illegible] our Special Discount Offer to Advance Subscribers. [illegible] for delivery, and the Discount Offer will be withdrawn in December, when the whole set of twelve volumes will [illegible] **Send for the free book and specimen pages now, and take advantage of this money saving offer.**

Here is the coupon, fill it in and mail it now.

THOS. NELSON & SONS, 37 East 18th Street
New York
Also Publishers of The American Standard Bible

CUT OFF COUPON ALONG THIS LINE

Thomas Nelson & Sons,
37 E. 18th St.
New York

Please send me [illegible]

Name
Occupation
Street
Town
State

How to Save DOLLARS in Cooking and Heating

It has cost many stove users HUNDREDS OF WASTED DOLLARS to find this out.

Cut out this Coupon and mail to us and we will solve this problem for you. You will get all this information FREE.

GARLAND STOVES AND RANGES
"The World's Best"

Sold by Leading Dealers Everywhere

FREE INFORMATION COUPON

WRITE PLAINLY and only on ONE SIDE OF THE PAPER
Address Manager Advice Department
THE MICHIGAN STOVE COMPANY, Detroit, Mich
Largest Makers of Stoves and Ranges in the World
A STOVE or RANGE to meet the wants of all—also a complete line Garland Gas Ranges
No attention can be given to your letter unless this coupon, fully filled out, is attached

Send me free of charge your Stove Book on

Cast Ranges	Base Burners
Steel Ranges	Heating Stoves
Cook Stoves	Oak Stoves
Gas Ranges	Gas Heaters

Also your Expert Stove Advice free of charge
Indicate by a cross (X) the kind of stove or range wanted

My stove dealer's name
My Name
Address
State

Rex Flintkote
ROOFING

Test It
Free

[illegible]

[illegible] Look for the Boy [illegible]
J. A. & W. BIRD & Co.
43 India Street, Boston

The Satisfaction of Getting 4% Compound Interest on your money, and the sense of security you feel in having it deposited in this
THIRTY MILLION DOLLAR BANK
is sufficient incentive to **bank by mail** here, no matter where you live
Capital and Surplus of Five Million Dollars together with strong and efficient management guarantees you against loss
59,000 Depositors
Assets over $40,000,000.00
Write for our Booklet "A"
THE CLEVELAND TRUST COMPANY
(Savings Bank)
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, $3.25
Sent to your home by express prepaid.

Sizes and Prices	
9 x 6 ft.	$3.25
9 x 7½ ft.	3.75
9 x 9 ft.	4.25
9 x 10½ ft.	4.75
9 x 12 ft.	5.25
9 x 15 ft.	6.25

[illegible] Both sides can be used. Sold direct at one profit. Money refunded if not satisfactory.
New Catalogue showing goods in actual colors sent free
ORIENTAL IMPORTING CO., 687-G Bourse, Philadelphia, Pa.

I Print My Own Cards
[illegible]
The Press Co., Meriden, Conn.

VAITI OF THE ISLANDS

(Continued from Page 11)

country would have upheld him. But it seemed as if his courage had nothing to stand on now, and he was almost — almost, but, thank God, not quite! — afraid.

The Malekulans had been dancing for full two hours — ever since they had brought him up to the valley and flung him down upon the ground. In the middle of the open village square were three huge idols, carved out of entire tree-trunks set upright. They had black, empty sockets for eyes; their mouths were curved upward into a ghastly, wrinkled grin, and their tongues hung mockingly out. On the head of each was perched a huge, black, wooden bird, with its beak bent down, and gloomy wings outspread — the very spirit of Nightmare herself. Round and round these devilish things, in the red glow of the fires, danced the cannibals ceaselessly and untiringly, fleeing with heads down and outspread hands, wheeling and turning, circling with measured steps, and all the time the huge hollow idols, beaten with heavy clubs "to make the spirits speak," thundered death and doom. It was plainly a religious ceremony, which must be fully enacted down to the last detail; but Tempest thought — as clearly as he could think in such a place and at such a time — that it could not last much longer.

"A fellow ought to say his prayers," he thought; but the thunder of the drums and the wild, shrieking song of the dancers bewildered him, and his swollen wrists and ankles hurt him so much as almost to confuse his mind. . . . What could he say? Only one prayer remained clear in the turmoil of his brain — just the old, old prayer that he had prayed at his mother's knee. Well, that would serve — and up above he hoped they'd understand how sorry he was — for lots of things. . . . "Our Father Who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy Kingdom come. . . ."

It was coming indeed! The dance had stopped.

"Thy will be done. . . ."

What came next? He could not remember — and the savages were dancing across the square.

"Forgive us our trespasses . . . and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil ——"

It was *now!* The women were hiding themselves in the houses and two of the men, armed with clubs, were stepping forward.

He was only conscious of one feeling — joy that he had the courage to look the cannibals in the face as they advanced and meet his fate "game." He hardly knew that he was still praying:

". . . For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory. . . ."

It came with a blaze of light — a sound as of a wild, deep shout and the rushing of many waters — then ——

Was this the end? Was it indeed death? He had felt nothing — but a man does not feel the blow that kills — and his eyes were so dazzled with a strange blue glory that he could not see. The rushing sound continued; it was like the thunder of hundreds of flying feet. . . . The light burst forth again, and yet again, and then died away, and there was a great silence. Tempest saw the hideous faces of the idols standing out in the empty square and began to understand. He was not dead — but something had happened. What was it? He tried to break loose and sit up so as to see all around.

"Stop 'um little bit," said a voice, and some one drew a sharp knife across the lashings that bound his limbs, and lifted him into a sitting position.

The blinding light had almost died away now and he could see the whole square. There was no one in it. The cannibals were gone, and the beautiful half-caste girl who had brought about his downfall — innocently, as Tempest, of course, supposed — was squatting beside him.

"No good stop here, you Belitani sailorman," she was saying; "more better we go away too much quick." She poked him unceremoniously in the ribs as soon as she saw that he was reviving. "Show 'um leg there, lively!" she ordered, dragging him by the arms.

Rather to his surprise Tempest found that, once on his feet, he could walk. He wasted no time in getting away after

Pantasote Leather
Which way does it go

In either direction! Yes, in every direction, reaching out like Pantasote to all parts of the world.

Pantasote derived from the Greek, means "To serve all purposes," and for whatever *real leather* serves — [illegible] — Pantasote does still better and at one-third the cost. "Seeing is believing," [illegible]

We make it easy for all to test Pantasote by mailing, postpaid, on receipt of price, Morocco embossed *squares* of 18 x 18 inches, 25 cents; 25 x 25 inches, 50 cents; 27 x 27 inches, 70 cents; and 36 x 36 inches, $1.00. Just the thing for chair seats, cushions or footstools. *When buying Pantasote by the yard look for the word PANTASOTE embossed on the selvage edge every* [illegible] *fraudulent products* [illegible] *which fail to imitate and are useless and objectionable.* To protect you against [illegible] covered with **Pantasote** from your dealer or upholsterer unless it bears our trade-mark label as shown below.

These illustrations represent two of the many handsome effects in Pantasote leather furniture to be seen at our showrooms 26 W. 34th Street, New York City.

If you want an artistic treat send for our catalogue which contains the story,

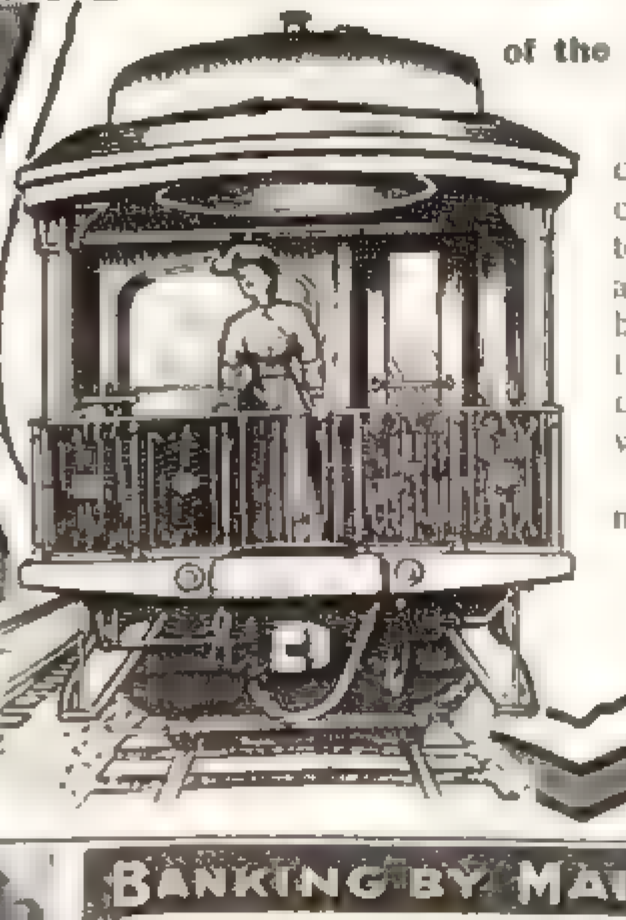
"THE OLD MAN IN THE COACH,"

profusely illustrated by leading artists, in ten colors. It gives particulars, prices, and includes sample of the material, exact tints from which to select. It also includes cut showing the handsomest and most extensive line of leather covered furniture, giving prices and details of each piece. Just write us and it will be sent postpaid. The number is limited. Write to-day. You will be delighted. Address

This label on Pantasote furniture

THE PANTASOTE CO.
Dept. S, 11 Broadway New York

What You See From This Car—
While whirling through wonderful country of the West, toward
California
is surely worth the trouble of packing and the price of the ticket
The Overland Limited
of the Union Pacific—Southern Pacific
daily from Chicago is a first-class rolling hotel from end to end. Electrically lighted and ventilated — all the latest books and papers — News of the World bulletined twice daily, and in extras when warranted.
For booklets and all information address
E. L. LOMAX, G. P. A.
Omaha, Neb.



BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST
No matter where you live you can open a savings account with any amount from $1.00 to $10,000 at 4 per cent interest compounded twice a year. The advantage and convenience of Banking by Mail is explained in our illustrated booklet "M" mailed free. Your address on a postal is enough.
THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO — THE CITY OF BANKS
ASSETS OVER FORTY-TWO MILLION DOLLARS.
OUR BUILDING

Bradstreet or Dun may reveal that you are more influential than your business stationery indicates—provided, of course, the paper doesn't altogether preclude your being "looked up." Everything considered, it will pay you to use stationery that rates you high itself.

OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND
"Look for the Water Mark"

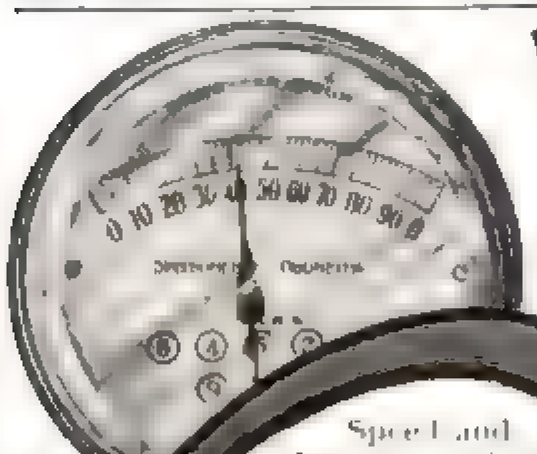
helps to establish confidence. It has a parchment-like rustle that makes a man look for the water mark, and feel better disposed toward you because of your discrimination.

That you may discover for yourself the substantial body and exquisite texture of this paper we suggest that you let us place samples in your own hands.

We would like to send you OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND paper and envelopes [illegible] business stationery. Have [illegible] show you the OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND Book of Specimens [illegible] better still, write us for a copy. [illegible] OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND. Please write on your present letterhead

Hampshire Paper Company
The only paper makers in the world making [illegible] paper exclusively
South Hadley Falls, Massachusetts

Old Hampshire Bond



Where Good Oil Shows

Speed and improper oil can never be reconciled. The only scientifically perfect oil—prepared to meet the requirements of every engine and every system of lubrication is

VACUUM
MOBILOIL

There's a grade of Mobiloil especially adapted to your automobile.
Our booklet will tell [illegible] the patent spout.

VACUUM OIL CO.,
Rochester,
N.Y.

IT PAYS men with small capital give Public Exhibitions with a Magic Lantern, Stereopticon or Moving Picture Outfit. Catalogue free.
McAllister, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau Street, New York

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED.
Free report as to Patentability. Illustrated Guide Book, and List of Inventions Wanted, sent free.
EVANS, WILKENS & CO., Washington, D. C.

Vaiti's brief explanation of the blue-light stratagem and the probable return of his enemies before very long. At something as near a run as his cramped limbs would allow he followed her down the pathway.

It would have been no more than fitting if Vaiti, like a true heroine of romance, had vanished silently into the forest when they encountered the man-of-war's men, leaving Tempest to "turn to thank his preserver" and "find that she had disappeared." But Vaiti, as it happened, was born under the Southern Cross, where the poetry of the footlights does not flourish. So she gave the men her company on the way down as a matter of course; asked the officer in command for a cigar, smoked it and accepted half a dozen more out of his case, and made herself wonderfully pleasant—for Vaiti. She had further driven Tempest to distraction by starting up a flirtation with a handsome petty officer, eaten up two emergency rations, "borrowed" some one's gold tie-pin, and very soundly boxed the ears of a leading seaman who tried to kiss her in the dark, before the long roll of the surf on the barrier reef and the welcome glimmer of the Alligator's riding-lights told the tired-out party that they were safe back again. Then, like the mysterious heroine at last, she disappeared.

Tempest had found time to "thank his preserver" on the way down, haltingly enough; but the preserver, instead of accepting his thanks after the fashion he would have preferred, had laughed wildly and somewhat wickedly, and gone on walking right in the middle of the column, without a glance to spare for him. Still he thought he knew women. Time would show.

. . . .

The rest of the wardroom did not envy Mr. Tempest his interview with the commander. It took place immediately after his return to the ship; and he came out from it with a countenance of entire inexpressiveness and extreme whiteness. One sentence—the last one—was unavoidably heard by the lieutenant who followed immediately after Tempest.

"Finally, Mr. Tempest—this Miss—a—Saxon—has risked her life to save your life and reputation. I think there is only one way in which you can repay her—by never seeing her again."

Tempest's answer was inaudible. But—he never did.

At Paderewski's Villa

(Concluded from Page 15)

We went out on the marble terrace for coffee afterward; a cool breeze moved the vines on the balustrade; the lawn, the lake and the mountains were in a glory of moonlight. Mr. Paderewski talked to me for a long time of the things that had come into his life, things not to be mentioned now, which will some day be written in his biography, and which it took a strong heart to bear up against. If, in becoming celebrities, people have a great deal to encounter, when once they are world-famous troubles are not unlikely to spring up under their beds while they sleep.

Every one breakfasts alone in their rooms at Villa Riond-Bosson, in the continental fashion, and the company meets first at *déjeuner.*

Up to that hour, in summer, Mr. Paderewski is in his study composing, working out the ideas that have come to him, and the notes he has made of them in the winter season of concert and travel. After that there is complete rest, and he wanders about the grounds, always without a hat, in comfortable negligee, the only reminder of the Paderewski we know being the full, white tie.

Later came five o'clock tea in the cool, tiled-floor hall, open to the roof, with its long bed of foliage plants running the length of it, and then Mr. Stojowski gave us a recital in the drawing-room. There was poetry in his playing and in the moment, heavy with the stillness of the summer afternoon. Once, when the music was over, some one, stepping out on the terrace, let in a rush of light on Alma-Tadema's famous portrait of Paderewski, and the group of autograph photographs of kings and queens he had played before. That was the only allusion at Villa Riond-Bosson to the pianist's world-successes, and the sun and an accident made it.

NO HONING NO GRINDING
Carbo Magnetic
Griffon
THE Carbo Magnetic RAZOR

No New Blades—No Annual Tax
One Blade for a Lifetime. The Razor You Will Eventually Buy

The purchase price is the first and last expense you need *ever* put into a razor. Always ready—never a variation—everlastingly perfect and forever improving in your esteem. Totally different and totally superior to any other razor or shaving device. *Tempered by electricity*, a controlled process that improves and *preserves* the steel.

If you will send us your dealer's name, and let us know whether he handles the CARBO MAGNETIC Razor, we will send you our booklet, "Hints on Shaving," FREE and make you a proposition whereby YOU CAN TEST ONE OF THESE RAZORS WITHOUT ANY RISK OR OBLIGATION ON YOUR PART, then you will learn something about real shaving comfort. This little booklet is very valuable to self-shavers, as it illustrates the correct razor position for shaving every part of the face (actual photographs taken from life). It also tells you how to strop a razor properly.

Hollow Ground as illustrated $2.50
Double Concave for extra heavy beards $3.00
Set of Two in Leather Case $5.50
Carbo Magnetic Strop, $1.00 Strop-Aids, 25c

Firm of A. L. SILBERSTEIN,
443-444 Broadway, NEW YORK

MAKE MONEY DRAWING
ILLUSTRATORS AND CARTOONISTS EARN $25 TO $100 a week. Send for [illegible]
THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION
67 The Baldwin, Indianapolis, Ind.

Learn Shorthand at Home—Only $3
[illegible]
Post-Graduate College of Shorthand, 411 Girard Trust B'dg, Phila.

30 Volumes SENT FREE

WE are willing to send this magnificent set of Dickens—in 30 volumes—to you for examination, at our expense, and allow you a discount of nearly one-half from the regular price. And if you mail your order promptly you will be in time to secure a PORTFOLIO OF RARE DICKENS PRINTS, ready for framing, absolutely free with the set. To own a good set of Dickens is to have an endless source of pleasure and delight. He is the great novelist of every day life. Merry Mr. Pickwick, unhappy little Oliver Twist, the rascally schoolmaster Squeers, and incomparable David Copperfield are known to every English speaking land. The names of Dickens' characters call to mind joyous hours spent over glorious stories—whole-souled and vital—for no writer ever had a saner outlook upon life.

Portfolio Free

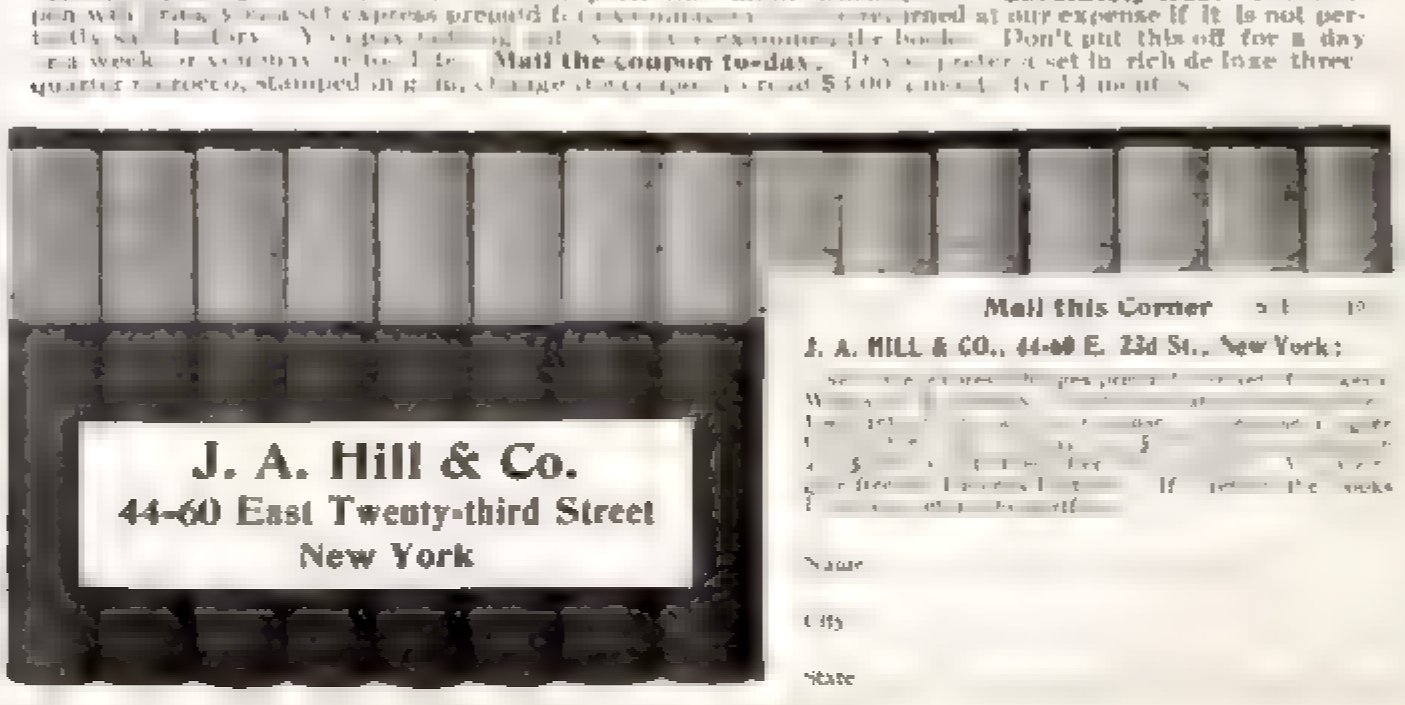
This collection of rare Dickens prints is conceded to be the best gallery of Dickens characters and portraits ever [illegible] portraits and sketches, [illegible] of Dickens [illegible] who owns his works. [illegible] and sold for $8.00 a set of [illegible] pictures.

30 SPLENDID DE LUXE Volumes

This edition is [illegible], and well made in every way. It is the most satisfactory edition of Dickens' Works ever produced. It contains everything that Dickens wrote—including the many great novels, short stories and sketches, [illegible]
The set contains 150 SUPERB ILLUSTRATIONS [illegible] Browne, Maclise, etc. The books are printed from clear, large type on fine paper. The volumes are [illegible] inches in size and are bound in handsome green art cloth, with paper labels and gilt tops.

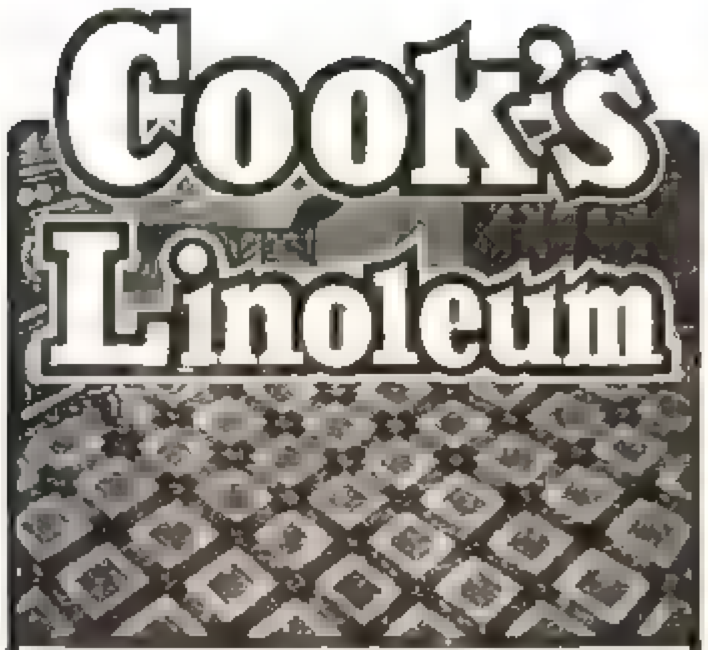
Special Before-Publication Sale

We make you here an offer which will not be repeated. The books are now on the press and will be ready for delivery in four weeks. [illegible] we will distribute [illegible] at exactly half price, [illegible] After these three hundred sets are sold the price will be [illegible] a set. If your order [illegible] you will secure a set for $1.00 [illegible] $2.00 A MONTH FOR FOURTEEN MONTHS, and you will have the Dickens portfolio—alone worth $8.00—absolutely free. The coupon [illegible] returned at our expense if it is not perfectly [illegible] Don't put this off for a day [illegible] Mail the coupon to-day. [illegible]



J. A. Hill & Co.
44-60 East Twenty-third Street
New York

Mail this Corner
J. A. HILL & CO., 44-60 E. 23d St., New York:
[illegible]
Name
City
State



"LINOLEUM to many people is only a name; as to what it really is they are quite ignorant,"—says GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

Before buying floor-coverings of any kind, you should consider linoleum—for sanitary, artistic and economical reasons.

Before buying *any* linoleum, you should learn why it will pay you to insist on having the special kind stamped on the back—

Cook's Linoleum

Cook's Inlaid Linoleum is entirely free from the defects found in other kinds—For instead of being pieced together with patterns cut out by dies—instead of having depressed lines and joints to open up and catch dust, water and even disease germs, **COOK'S** is **moulded** in one solid piece and has a perfectly smooth surface without a joint, depression or weakness anywhere.

Cook's Printed Linoleum has a pliableness peculiar to itself, insuring superior service and extraordinary permanency of colors.

For full information about linoleum and how to buy it, write for **"Linoleum Book G."** Sent free, together with photographic reproductions in colors of the newest patterns—a valuable help in selecting. Remember, if your dealer cannot supply **COOK'S**, we will send you the name of one who will.

Cook's Decora The original washable, waterproof wall covering

[illegible] Write for booklet **"Waterproof Wall Coverings"**

**Trenton Oil Cloth and Linoleum Co.,
Trenton, N. J.**

30 FLOWERING BULBS FOR 10c

Together with our [illegible] *the culture of* [illegible] These [illegible], 10 kinds, 3 of each, different colors, will make [illegible] pots of flowers for winter, or 10 clumps of early spring flowers for your garden. Pot or plant them now. [illegible] Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissus, [illegible] Bulbs and rare new winter-flowering plants [illegible]

JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Floral Park, N. Y.

Stewart Hartshorn

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.

Wood Rollers *Tin Rollers*

MAP OF THE WORLD

25 cts Valuable reference map in full colors, on heavy paper 42 x 64 inches, mounted on rollers, edges bound in cloth. Shows [illegible] and new [illegible], Pacific Ocean cables, railway lines and other features of Japan, China, Manchuria, Korea and the Far East. Sent on receipt of 25 cents in stamps.

W. B. KNISKERN, P. T. M., CHICAGO, ILL.

Chicago & North-Western Railway

THE YELLOW STREAK

(Continued from Page 15)

joyously fingering the large silver dollar in his trousers' pocket. He beheld a tall, impressive gentleman, with a very red face, in the parlor door, crooking the forefinger of command. Obedient to the beckoning digit, the boy slid into the dim parlor. He promptly surrendered the note to the Commissioner's ravishing clutch and silently doubled into an armchair as the heavy hand upon his shoulder impelled. Also, he comprehended the significance of the brandished forefinger, and sat very still while the tall gentleman slid through the double doors at the back. Two minutes later the gentleman reappeared, replaced the note in his hand, and, with another threatening motion of the forefinger, fairly thrust him out-of-doors.

The boy went away whistling his ragtime in a louder key. He observed that the gentleman had opened the note bunglingly. Also, there were two silver dollars in his pocket where there had been only one before. This circumstance naturally inclined him to regard interruptions good-naturedly, and when he finally reached young Wildey's lodging his pocket sagged with the weight of three units of our currency system. As Wildey gave him only a quarter, he felt, in his illiterate, formless way, that a certain balance of poetic justice had obtained throughout the transaction.

Wildey tore the envelope rashly, and read:

"I must see you this evening, and I can't come out. Be in the garden at eight without fail. I have something to give you. Don't fail me. Probably the gate is locked; but you can climb over." It was signed with the initial "M."

His heart quailed and ached as he read it. By letter and by word of mouth he had told her, in all moods from beggarly entreaty to passionate command, that she must not mix herself up in his cotton reports affair. He had insisted that for her and poor Julia Ainsley to attempt to entrap Lattimer would be like two pigeons trying to ensnare a vulture. He had frankly declared that their innocent little wits, matched against the guile of the chief clerk, wouldn't stand a ghost of a show; it couldn't help ending disastrously for both of them. The only result of his expostulations had been to bring down scorn and defiance upon his devoted head. He understood the note. The headstrong girl, with her woman's wrath against the rascal, had plunged on. Probably she or Julia, or both of them, had been going through Lattimer's desk. Evidently she thought she had something important to give him. Even if she had he loathed the idea of taking it from her generous but purloining hands. And his heavy heart misgave. Lattimer was not asleep.

However, he could see nothing to do but go on with the action. Whatever she had done was done. It was now seven o'clock. He sat down and lighted his pipe in a sad oppression. He could muster his philosophy against his own little purely personal troubles—such as getting branded a liar and losing his job and being arrested. But there was no philosophy that availed against this heavy fact that she wouldn't heed him, but rushed on to put herself in grave peril. He watched the clock, sighing.

At twenty minutes to eight he put on his hat and overcoat, turned out the lights and went downstairs. He was rather early, for the distance was short; but that did not matter. He tramped along the street in a kind of dull, half-heedless abstraction; and it was a sort of accident that he noticed the bright arc street-lamp near the mouth of the alley that led to the Commissioner's garden gate. Probably that did not matter much; but he remembered that the Clearwater place was closed, the family being South. He vaulted the low stone wall therefore and made across the dark grounds, which brought him to the Lester garden wall at the side. He had to leap to get his hands on the top of the wall, then scrambled up and dropped down on the other side. The little garden seemed empty as he advanced a couple of steps; but a shadow detached itself from the dim shape of a lilac-bush and softly called. "Jimmy!"

The secrecy and the dark, even the compulsion to stand close together and

WHAT makes the *investment* phase of life insurance so attractive? It's the "coming-back-to-you" idea, appealing to the selfish side of man's nature.

Getting-your-money-back is a strong inducement.

But that isn't life insurance's *real* purpose.

Eagerness for investment inclines men to take on more insurance than they can carry. Which is very wrong, very unwise. That's the fault.

Real insurance is protection assured to those who are dependent on you. It isn't a *gamble;* it's a sacred *duty*.

Insurance-for-investment has its place of course. But it's something the salaried man can't always afford and should think twice about.

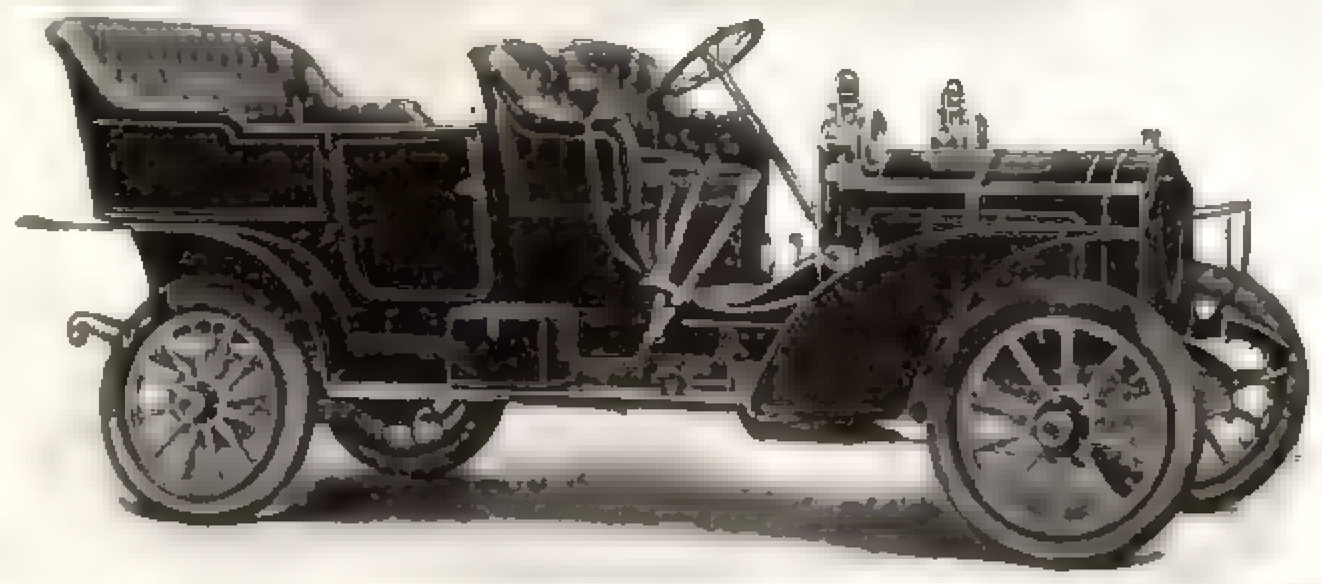
I'd rather you'd think of the real, the protection side of insurance. It's the simplest, safest, cheapest security in the world for the man-on-the-pay-roll.

Write me. I want to hear from salary earners. I like to have them put questions to me. I feel that I'm here to answer them. You know what your income is. I know insurance. I'll point out to you what you ought to have and show you why.

John Tatlock
PRESIDENT

Washington Life Insurance Company
141 Broadway, New York

Packard



Before a single "Packard 30" was delivered four cars were driven 50,000 miles including the Detroit-Chicago-Detroit run of 606 miles in 20⅓ hours and the work of the Glidden Tour patrol car.

A "Packard 30" acted as patrol car in the Glidden Tour and each day covered more than twice the mileage of the regular contestants under exactly the same road conditions but carrying from five to eight people.

Price (in standard colors and equipment) - - - $4,200 f. o. b. Factory

Special colors, Upholstery and Equipment, Extra

Packard Motor Car Co., Dept. E

Detroit, Mich.

Member Association
Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

New York Branch
1540 Broadway

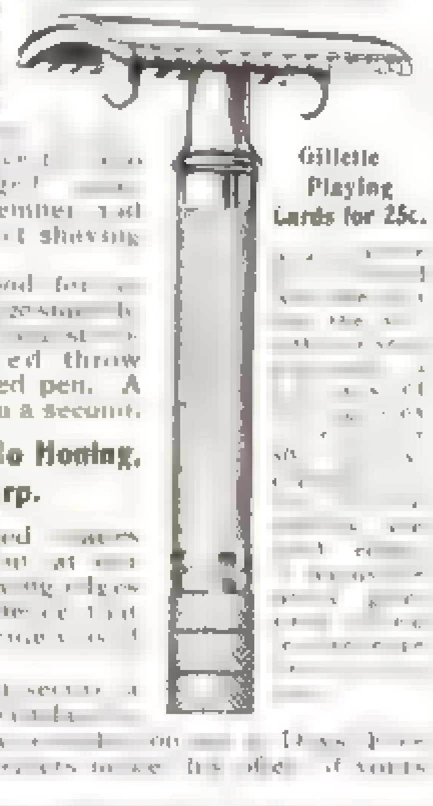
365 SHAVES

WITHOUT STROPPING

A shave every day in the year for [illegible] a week.

One million satisfied users prove [illegible] the Gillette double-edged [illegible] require **No Stropping** and are **Always Sharp.** If there is a single user of the Gillette Razor who [illegible] getting the utmost satisfaction **we want to know it.**

12 Perfect Blades. 24 Sharp Edges.


Two Thirds Size Ready for Use

Gillette Playing Cards for 25c.

The steel used [illegible] Blades [illegible] this purpose [illegible] test [illegible] Gillette [illegible] blades, uniform in temper and [illegible] the most perfect shaving [illegible] in the world.

[illegible] as good for [illegible] average [illegible] 20 shaves [illegible] When dulled throw away as you do a used pen. A new blade inserted in a second.

No Stropping. No Honing. Always Sharp.

50,000 double-edged [illegible] a day are [illegible] out at our factory [illegible] shaving edges.

The strongest evidence that Gillette Razors are wonderful [illegible] and appreciated.

Every man should secure a Gillette Razor [illegible] Free Trial Offer. [illegible]

Prices: Triple Silver plated Set with 12 blades **$5**; Standard Combination Set with Shaving [illegible] and Soap in Triple Silver plated Holders, **$7.50**; Extra Blades 10 for **50c.**

Sold by all Drug, Cutlery and Hardware dealers everywhere. Send today for our handsome illustrated booklet.

Gillette Sales Company, 286 Times Bldg., New York

Gillette Safety Razor
NO STROPPING, NO HONING.

Clearing Sale Slightly Used **TYPEWRITERS**

We own and offer [illegible] **Better than new** [illegible] free examination [illegible] $95 [illegible] $45

FREE [illegible] today

ROCKWELL-BARNES CO., 1465 Baldwin Bldg., CHICAGO ILL

Let me sell Your Patent

My book based upon 15 years experience [illegible] mailed FREE. Patent sales exclusively. If you have a Patent for sale call on or write

WILLIAM E. HOYT
Patent Sales Specialist
200 P Broadway N.Y. City

HOW TO BREATHE
For Health, Strength and Endurance

[illegible] Lung and Muscle Culture [illegible] subject of

BREATHING AND EXERCISE

[illegible] 10 cents

P. von BOECKMANN, R. S.
839 Bristol Building, 500 5th Ave., New York

ARCHITECTURAL DRAWING

This advertisement points a way for you to secure a better paying position. Clip it out, mail it to us and receive free [illegible] page [illegible]

ARCHITECTURE

[illegible] Mechanical Drawing, Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering [illegible] all about some particular [illegible] something about [illegible]

American School of Correspondence, Chicago, Ill

Mention THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, [illegible]

Motsinger Auto-Sparker
starts and runs
Gas Engines without Batteries

[illegible]

MOTSINGER DEVICE MFG. CO.
[illegible] U.S.A.

NEXT SUMMER WEAR
[illegible]

B.V.D.

[illegible]

COAT CUT UNDERSHIRTS
[illegible]
KNEE LENGTH DRAWERS
ERLANGER BROS., New York

Commonwealth Casualty Co.
PHILADELPHIA.
Accident and Health Insurance
Send postal for circular.

speak low, could hardly fail to stir their quick young pulses. There was that everlasting resurrection of romance, that penetrating claim, which appears whenever a woman, in any positive way, intrusts herself to a man.

"It breaks me up, Mary—your doing this," he said—low, necessarily, and with a kind of heavy-hearted simplicity. "Be sure Lattimer is watching like a hawk. Julia doesn't matter, either; for really I get the benefit of what you do. Don't you see, if any harm should come to you, it would—bowl me over for good."

"There won't be any harm." She raised her voice a little, for the fact was she found herself a bit unsteady when he spoke with that kind of heavy-hearted simplicity. "I'm being careful, Jimmy," she added, in the lower, softer key. "I've brought you something—of Lattimer's. I'm not sure; but I think it will help." She thrust a packet into his hand. "It's about the cotton report," she almost whispered.

He stuffed the packet in his overcoat pocket. "I hope it will help. But that isn't what troubles me now, Mary. I haven't been exactly lucky, you know; but for the little knocks I've got so far I can fight back. Only—if you should get into a scrape through me—I wondered, coming up here to-night, if bad luck could have that saved up for me." His hand found hers, which was inert. "Don't quarrel with me any more about it. Be my friend—and keep out of the mess. What could the rest matter if I were the means of getting you into trouble?"

She had a wild wish—the mere instinctive spreading of wings to escape—to say something by way of starting a quarrel with him; but it failed in her general unsteadiness.

"You must go now, Jimmy," she murmured hastily. "I can't stay." Her fingers pressed his hardly more than the stirring of a leaf. "Go," she repeated.

He went obediently. At the wall he looked back and saw her shadow melt into the thick dark of a corner of the house. He thought he saw a dark door open to admit her. He climbed over the wall, dropped on the other side, and strode across the Clearwater grounds.

Opening the door, she saw the silhouette of his figure on the wall, and stepped in, closing the door behind her. But in the passageway she hesitated. An obscure yet insistent sense of peril pressed upon her agitated nerves. Of course, it was nothing. Yet she paused, biting her lip. A minute later she stepped out again, and went swiftly back to the middle of the garden, athrill with a formless fear.

Wildey vaulted the low outer wall of the Clearwater grounds and turned homeward, but halted abruptly after half a dozen steps. For the last twenty seconds he had been struggling with a foolish obsession that called him back. Of course, it was merely an effect of nervous strain. All had been still and safe. He had seen her go to the house; was almost sure she had opened the door and entered. If there had been a mischance inside the house, his presence in the neighborhood was more likely to be a complicating than a helping circumstance. Yet there the intangible thing was pulling away at his pulses—so persistently that, after a minute's vain resistance, he turned about, walked to the mouth of the alley and looked up it. He could see nothing; but so far from releasing him from his obsession, that circumstance merely started him up the alley at a rapid pace. As he approached the Commissioner's high brick wall, with the iron gate in the middle of it, his heart bounded into his throat. For a human figure stepped out from the wall.

An instant later he saw that the figure was skirted—bareheaded—Mary!

She walked to the centre of the alley, looking up and down, and saw him as he leaped forward. She ran to meet him and even in the rush of the action what he chiefly perceived was that this was not the unsteady, apprehensive girl of the garden interview, but one roused and bold. She stooped as her hand caught his arm.

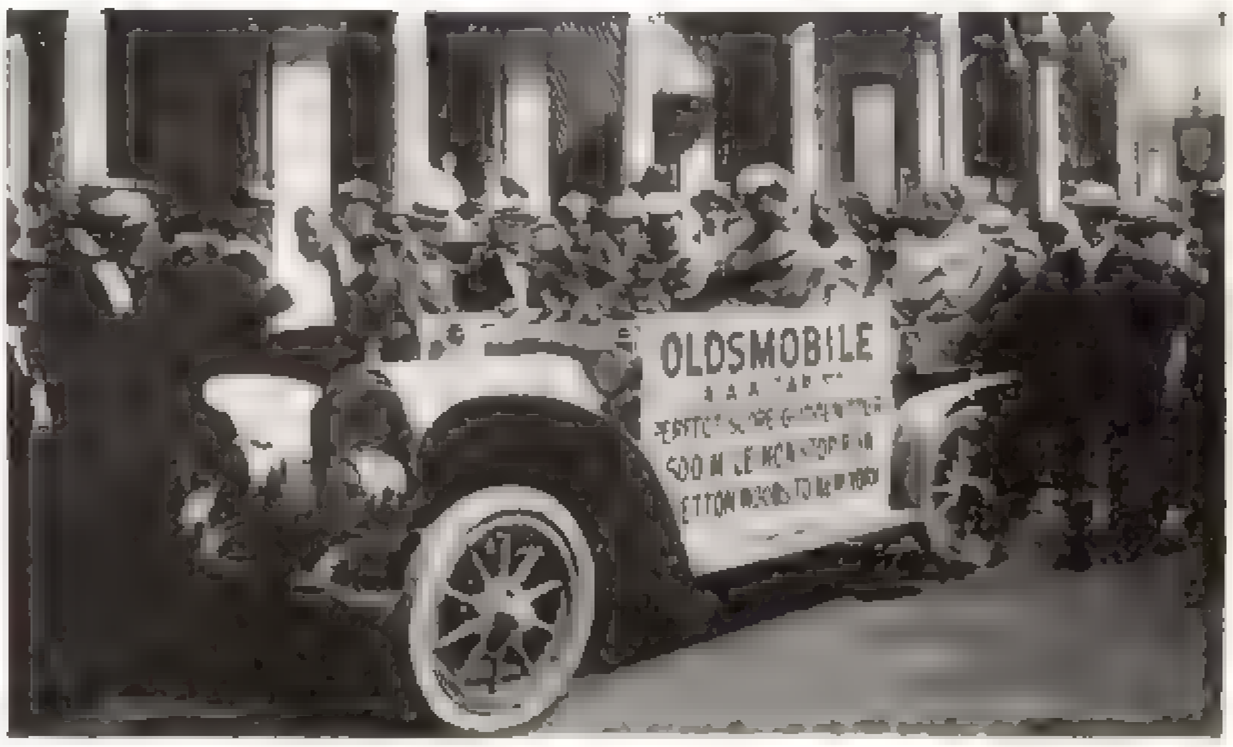
"What was it, Jimmy? What was it?" she demanded breathlessly.

"What? What do you mean?" he answered, as breathlessly.

"Didn't you come back? Didn't some one—strike you?"

"Why, no, Mary. What do you mean?" He looked swiftly about the vacant alley.

She, too, looked swiftly about, still holding his arm. "Why, I was sure you



On the Glidden Tour the

OLDSMOBILE

easily equalled the performance of the cars selling for twice its price and completed the run of over 1100 miles with a perfect score

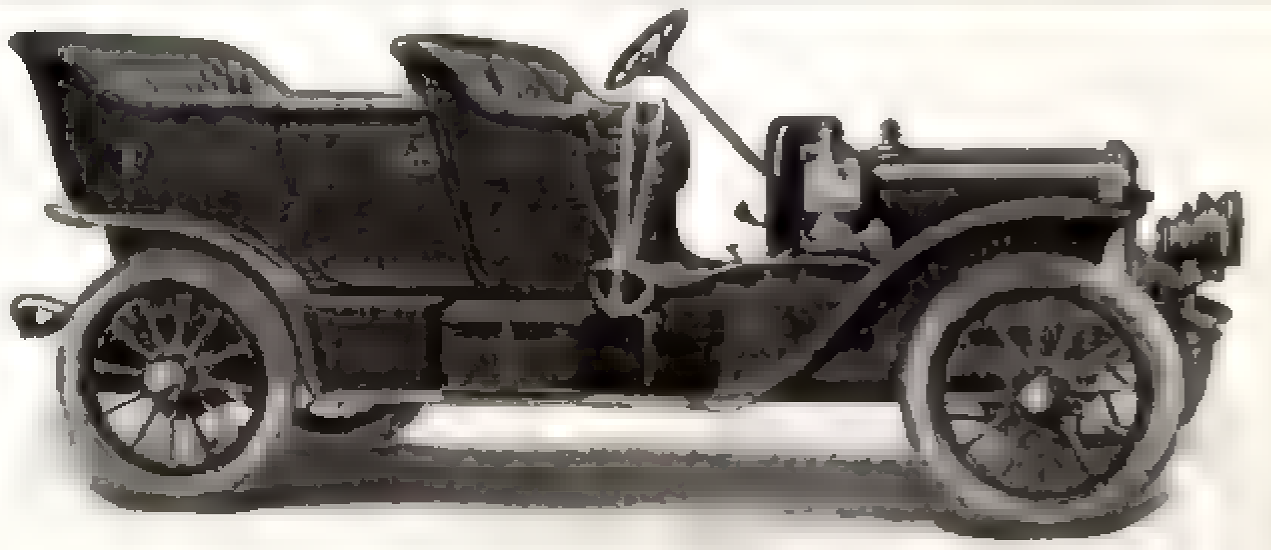
To demonstrate how thoroughly it had stood the strain of this trying contest the same car was immediately started on a non-stop run from Bretton Woods to New York City without receiving a single adjustment, repair or tire change. The run of 505 miles over rough roads, through heavy rains, and deep mud was made at an average of 24 miles an hour. The car carrying 4 passengers, one of whom was an official of the touring committee who acted as observer, left Bretton Woods at 12.10 P. M. Sunday and arrived at headquarters of New York Motor Club, Broadway and Fifty-fourth Street, at 2.28 o'clock the following afternoon. The total elapsed time was 26 hours and 18 minutes and the actual running time 21 hours and 30 minutes.

This is the most notable automobile achievement of the year. *You drive a winner when you drive an Oldsmobile*

Member of Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

OLDS MOTOR WORKS
Dept. S. E., Lansing, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian trade supplied from Canadian Factory Packard Electric Co. Ltd. St. Catharines, Ont.



Two New Models—Both Winners

WINTON MODEL M	**WINTON** TYPE X-I-V
40 H. P. four cylinder motor. Carries seven passengers. Four forward speeds, selective type. Direct drive on *third* speed. Multiple disc clutch, takes fourth speed from standstill without jar or shock. Off-set cylinders—more power; no "knock" in cylinders. Immediate accessibility of all working parts. Interchangeable, mechanically operated valves, all on one side of motor. One cam shaft for all valves. Off-set cam shaft—less power required. Horizontal drive shaft. Mechanically throttled carburetor. "Shooting" oiler, mechanically operated. Improved Winton Twin springs. Four brakes, all on rear hubs. Bearing surfaces ground to accuracy of 1-10000 of an inch. Ball and roller bearings, properly distributed. Jump spark ignition. Centrifugal pump cooling. Materials tested to provide safety. Wheel base, 112 inches. Gas, oil and tail lamps, trunk carrier, tools, horn, etc., included as equipment. Price, $3500 f. o. b. Cleveland. Book R describes Model M in detail.	30 H. P. four cylinder motor. Carries five passengers. This car succeeds the wonderfully successful Winton Model K and is lighter, faster and a greater hill-climber. Individual clutch transmission—separate clutch for each gear change. Off-set cylinders—conserve power; eliminate the "knock." Immediate accessibility of all working parts. Valves all on one side of motor. Only one cam shaft. Off-set cam shaft—less power required. Horizontal drive shaft. "Shooting" oiler, mechanically operated. Improved Winton Twin springs. Four brakes, all on rear hubs. One pedal and two levers operate all brakes and gear changes. Bearing surfaces ground to accuracy of 1-10000 of an inch. Ball bearings in all wheels. Jump spark ignition. Centrifugal pump cooling. Materials tested to provide safety. Wheel base, 104 inches. Gas, oil and tail lamps, trunk carrier, tools, horn, etc., included as equipment. Price, $2500 f. o. b. Cleveland. Book R1 describes Type X-I-V in detail.

The Winton Motor Carriage Company
Member A. L. A. M.
Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.

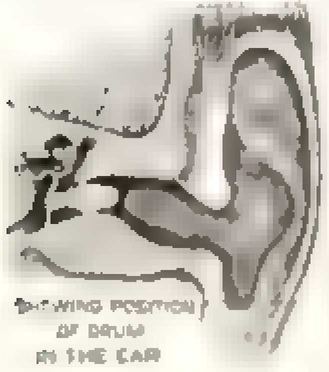
Why Are You Deaf?

Don't You Know It Is Now Possible to Help at Least 90 Per Cent. of those Whose Hearing is Defective?

And In Some Cases to Restore Completely Lost Hearing.

George P. Way is the man who has made this possible. For 25 years Mr. Way suffered from deafness. Finally, after much study and experimenting, he perfected a small artificial ear drum. Mr. Way wears these drums all the time. Without them he is deaf. With them he hears perfectly.

The "Way Ear Drums" are made from a peculiarly sensitized material moulded to fit in the auditory canal and are entirely invisible. Note the peculiar shape—the end farthest from the drum is open and as the sound waves are caught they are carried to the tapering point which touches the natural drum. In this way all the force of the sound wave is concentrated at one point of the drum and if the auditory nerve is not completely destroyed (and this is very seldom the case) *you cannot help but hear.*



Another feature of the Way Ear Drum is a resilient ring formed by the curve, just before the drum tapers to a point. This absolutely prevents the drum collapsing in the ear. Yet these drums are so soft and pliable that they cannot injure the most delicate ear passage. U. S. and foreign patents have been granted the Way Ear Drums.

If you have any trouble with your hearing, write Mr. Way—tell him the cause of your deafness and how long you have been deaf.

Remember, you are not asked to take any "treatment," [illegible] run no risk of using something which might leave you worse than before [illegible]. You are simply asked to investigate a mechanical device perfected after years of study, by a deaf man who by his own skill and research now hears perfectly. Address your letters to GEO. P. WAY, 1027 Majestic Building, Detroit, Michigan.

DON'T PAY RENT

Own a Home!

NO MATTER where you live, we will build or buy you a home, and you can pay for it in monthly payments [illegible] about the same as you now pay for rent.

Among our contract holders we have Lawyers, Doctors, Dentists, Business Men, Mechanics and men in every walk of life. Many of our members are now living in homes which we have built or bought for them—we shall be pleased to send you their names and addresses upon request.

Our system of Home Building is simple, conservative and safe. The Company is composed of [illegible] and responsible Business men of Rochester, and a **positive guarantee** secured by first-class [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] has been in operation [illegible] has proved a splendid success.

Our plan is fully explained in our free booklet, which every Rent Payer should send for.

SECURITY BUILDING CO., The Originators
1006 Insurance Building, Rochester, N.Y.

We desire a first class man to represent us in each community

At your dealer's [illegible]

Lowest Factory Prices

LOTS OF FUN FOR YOUR BOY

And what is of greater importance [illegible] strength [illegible]

"IRISH MAIL"

The car that is endorsed by physicians everywhere. It is "Geared" for speed, yet built [illegible] can't [illegible]. Don't [illegible]. Look for name "Irish Mail" on the seat.

Hill-Standard Mfg. Co., 54 Irish Mail Avenue, Anderson, Indiana

came back! Sure I saw you at the gate on the outside and somebody attacked you!" Plainly she could scarcely believe the evidence of her senses that he stood bodily beside her.

"Of course it was all dim and shadowy; but I felt sure—sure——" Again she looked about her; but there was only the still, peaceful, commonplace alley. She closed her eyes and drew a deep, revivifying breath; her lips curved and she gave a low, relieved, joyous, little laugh. "I thought they'd got you, Jimmy!"

The young man's eyes shone in the dark and his head bent toward her. "And so you came—to see about it, Mary?" he asked, under his breath, even with a touch of awe.

She did not exactly look at him, and still smiled a very little. "I dragged up a bench and climbed the wall. I don't care either, Jimmy, now that you're safe."

"I hardly—hardly dared hope it, dear," he replied, and ended in a sigh of content.

"They're all jumping on you. And I won't have it—not *all!*" she said, with generous passion, then caught his reckless hands. That brought him to, and he himself checked their impulsive motion and was ashamed. They were standing in an alley!

She drew his hand through her arm. "Take me around in front, dear," she said with a noble pride. "My father is a gentleman."

The Commissioner, however, was not at home, and at that moment had probably more completely forgotten his gentility than at any other point of his long and honorable life. In fact, he was taking the leading part in an impromptu and extraordinary drama. The scene was an unused stable standing a hundred yards up the alley from his own garden. He stood in the centre of the floor and had every appearance of having been roughly handled. He was bareheaded, his hair awry and bristling. There was an angry contusion on the side of his head, which had already begun to swell and which promised to attain about the proportions of a goose-egg.

Beside him, confounded and open-mouthed, stood an operative of the Lockett Private Detective Agency—formerly professional thug and bouncer in a gambling establishment, and incidentally a jailbird. The sleuth's nerveless right hand still held that symbol of his trade, a slung-shot, and from time to time he waggled it a little in a completely idiotic manner. Confronting them were two others, no less astounded than the professional foe of crime—namely, Mr. Lattimer, chief clerk in the Cotton Reports Office; and Mr. Adamson, subterraneously associated with a minor brokerage house of indifferent repute.

"Explain this infamous outrage, you scoundrel!" the Commissioner shouted.

"Why, Mr. Lester—it's a mistake. We thought you were somebody else. Somebody else was due to be there," the clerk stammered—and seemed likely to drool in his extreme confusion.

"And you plotted to assault and kidnap him! You intercepted a note to him! Wretch!" cried the Commissioner.

The sharpness of the prod roused Lattimer to a kind of sullen defensiveness. "He had some papers of mine—papers that had been swiped," he said.

"Papers that incriminated you! Papers that disclosed your villainy!" the Commissioner thundered. "I know this man! This hook-nosed, one-eyed man!" The Jovian forefinger turned to the gentleman whose physical defects were thus indelicately stated. "He's the go-between; the Wall Street tool. I see it all. You are the rascal young Wildey said you were! You shall answer for it! Don't think false pride will stand in my way when I have a traitor to the Government to denounce!"

Lattimer's capable mind, rousing from its stupefaction, was gathering in the salient points of the situation, and had even reached that point of alertness where he remembered that trains were running out of town. He moved toward the door; but halted there for this single shot at his denouncer:

"If you hadn't been a fat-head, we never could have worked the graft."

Thus it was a chastened and enlightened Commissioner who received from his daughter the disclosures which she felt in duty bound to make. Before she left him that night his head sank upon his breast.

"I must tell you that I intercepted your note to Wildey. Forgive me, daughter," he said.

Get All the Dirt Out of Your Skin

There's a great deal of difference between *getting some of the dirt* off and *getting all of the dirt* out. Washing will take off surface dirt. Only massage with

Pompeian Massage Cream

will take out the dirt that is in the pores—below the surface. It's this pore-dirt that it is most necessary to remove, because that is the cause of blackheads, bad complexions and unhealthy skins.

To prove how washing leaves the pore-dirt in, and just how Pompeian Massage Cream gets it out, wash your hands as thoroughly as you can with soap and water, then rub a little of the cream on the back of your hand. Rub it in well, then keep on rubbing till it comes out—that tells the story better than words. We will send any man or woman a liberal sample of Pompeian Massage Cream free, to make this test—or men can try it at their barber's.

Only a Postal is Necessary to
Send for Generous Sample—Free

and our illustrated book on Facial Massage, showing how to keep the skin in a natural, healthy condition, free from black heads and other imperfections.

Ladies appreciate Pompeian Massage Cream because it gives a bright, clear complexion by stimulating the circulation, and keeping the pores free from dust and dirt, which mere soap and water can only partially remove.

Gentlemen find Pompeian Massage Cream is a great relief after shaving; it takes away the after-shaving discomfort, and tends to make the skin stronger and less sensitive. Your barber has Pompeian Massage Cream—insist on a *hand* massage and don't let him use a substitute.

[illegible]

We prefer you to buy of your dealer wherever possible. Do not accept a substitute for Pompeian under any circumstances. If your dealer does not keep it, send us his name, and we will send a 50-cent or $1.00 jar of the Cream, postpaid, on receipt of price.

Pompeian Mfg. Co., 49 Prospect Street, Cleveland, O.

Pompeian Massage Soap is a delight to any one who appreciates a soap of the very highest quality

[illegible]

DON'T PAY CASH

Fine Suits and Overcoats

made to your measure at cash prices

On Special Credit

Honestly disposed persons, living anywhere, may open a charge account with us and arrange to pay at their convenience.

[illegible]

Bell Tailoring Company. 124 E. Madison St., Chicago

1 CENT IS ALL IT COSTS to write a postal for our big **Free Bicycle** catalog showing all models at lowest prices.

DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires until you learn our [illegible] offers. We ship on approval [illegible] prepay freight [illegible] 10 Days Free Trial. [illegible]

[illegible] FREE [illegible]

WE WILL CONVINCE [illegible]

[illegible] Make Money or Earn a Bicycle [illegible] Special Offer.

TIRES, Coaster-Brakes, [illegible] wheels and all sundries at half usual prices. Do Not Wait, [illegible] a postal today and learn everything. [illegible]

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. B-53 Chicago, Ill

RARE COINS Ancient and modern, bought and sold. [illegible] book, 150 pp., 750 ill. [illegible] U. S. & Foreign [illegible] 1803, 25c. [illegible]
T. L. Elder, Dept. F, 32 E. 23d St., N. Y. City

CALIFORNIA Our big illustrated magazine only ten cents for six months trial. Answers questions for homeseekers.
WESTERN EMPIRE, Times Block, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

CUT OUT HERE
CUT HERE

Leather Watch Fob 12 Cents in Stamps
With your own initial on it

This illustration shows exact size of our Leather Initial Watch Fob. [illegible] You may have [illegible] you wish. We have [illegible] [illegible] will not have to [illegible] fill in the blank [illegible] 12 [illegible] in stamps [illegible]

The Star Monthly
Oak Park, Illinois

THE STAR MONTHLY
Oak Park, Illinois

GENTLEMEN: Please send me one Leather Initial Watch Fob with my initial on it. Also a free sample copy of your illustrated magazine. I enclose 12 cents in stamps.

Name

St., P. O. Box or R. F. D.

Town

Initial Wanted ☐ *State*

Find the letter of YOUR line

E

	PAGE
Editors	18
Engineers	10-13-15
Entry Clerks	9
Express Employes	14-26
Everybody Else	1-32

This is simply part of the index from **Dixon's Pencil Guide** — a book of 32 pages *alphabetically divided by vocations* — which selects and describes the right Lead Pencil for every line of work. It prevents haphazard pencil buying and ends all pencil troubles. The Guide is sent free on request.

If your dealer doesn't keep Dixon's Pencils, send 16 cents for samples, worth double the money.

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.
Department X **Jersey City, N. J.**

BANKING BY MAIL
PEOPLES SAVINGS BANK
PITTSBURGH, PA.
CAPITAL & SURPLUS
TWO MILLION DOLLARS

Banking by Mail

was originated by us some years ago in order to place the advantages of a safe savings institution within the reach of saving men, women and children everywhere. Our capital and surplus is larger than that of any other strictly savings bank in the World. Send today for booklet "P" explaining our system in detail.

4% THE BANK THAT PAYS 4%

FRENCH — GERMAN — SPANISH — ITALIAN
Spoken, Taught and Mastered by the
LANGUAGE PHONE METHOD
Combined with The Rosenthal Common Sense Method of Practical Linguistry
The Latest and Best Work of Dr. Richard S. Rosenthal

YOU HEAR THE EXACT PRONUNCIATION OF EACH WORD AND PHRASE. A few minutes' practice several times a day at spare moments gives a thorough mastery of conversational **French, German, Spanish or Italian.**
Send for testimonials, booklet and letter.

THE LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD
803 Metropolis Bldg., Broadway and 16th St., New York

CANTAB "A"
AN
ARROW
Clupeco Shrunk Quarter Sizes
15 cents each two for 25 cents
SEND FOR BOOKLET AND DEALER'S NAME
CLUETT, PEABODY & CO.
459 RIVER ST. TROY, N.Y.
MAKERS OF CLUETT AND MONARCH SHIRTS

STARK TREES ARE FAMOUS wherever planted; are planted everywhere trees are grown. Free Catalog of superb fruits — Black Ben, King David, Delicious, etc. — **Stark Bro's, Louisiana, Mo.**

SAMPSON ROCK OF WALL STREET

(Continued from Page 5)

"I've got two hundred shares," wailed Gilmartin, hesitating between a self-reproachful frown at his stupidity, and the visible expression of an unbearable pain at his misfortune.

"Eh? Ah!" Rock turned to the reporter. "What did you say you had?"

"Two hundred Virginia Central. Holy smoke!" excitedly, "it's 46!" He remembered himself, and said, very bitterly: "It cost me 48¾." To lose six hundred dollars would make a very poor man bitter. And Gilmartin was even poorer.

"Well, why don't you—er ——" Rock stared vacantly at Gilmartin's red hair. His thoughts were across the street with Dunlap.

"Yes, sir?" said Gilmartin eagerly. Rock blinked his eyes. The vacant look disappeared. In its place was indifference —nothing gained by the change!

"Er—do something." And Rock turned to the ticker again.

"Why don't you tell me what to do?" retorted Gilmartin, with precisely the degree of indignation he thought he might safely permit himself.

"You get all the news. You ought to know what to do." The tone of the voice was non-committal, narrowly escaping being sarcastic; which was bad. Then: "What do you hear about it?" The voice was again friendly. One wing of hope fluttered.

"I heard," answered Gilmartin, emphasizing the past tense to show that out of loyalty to Rock he no longer believed it, "that the London people were waiting for some kind of a report before they bought a block of treasury stock Colonel Robinson is trying to sell them. I thought Colonel Robinson might get somebody to put up the stock to lure them on."

"Well, I guess the Englishmen will get it cheap enough," said Rock calmly.

"Robinson going over?"

"Don't ask me questions," said Rock sharply, looking at Gilmartin straight in the eyes. "How do I know what he is going to do?"

"*I* am telling *you.*" Gilmartin spoke with the dignity of a man who is rebuffed while being good. "He is, or was, to sail on the third of next month."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, sir." Then he placed the blame on others; he added, "Hubbard and Stillwell said so."

On Rock's face there was nothing that Gilmartin could read. But the captain of finance said reflectively:

"They are easy folks in London to deal with. He'd better make haste."

"Do you really think it's rotten?"

Rock laughed.

"Nonsense, Gilmartin; you are becoming prejudiced and slangy. It's a fine road. Hasn't it kept out of bankruptcy —so far?" The speaker, it was quite obvious, did not wish to be nasty to a competitor, but neither did he wish his reporter friend to be fooled. In the tie-vote between friendship and duty, the ticker usually casts the deciding ballot. Gilmartin gratefully asked:

"Do you think there is any danger of a receivership for the Vir ——"

"Well, there are good times coming for all. If Robinson can land the English again for another ten million or so and gets a few up-to-date railroad men to show him how the road ought to be run, I think he'll pull through." This was gospel truth.

"Mr. Rock," asked Gilmartin tremblingly, "do you think the stock is going still ——"

"It is not still. It keeps moving. It's now 45¾," observed Rock, the tape between his fingers.

"Somebody on the inside is selling out. The report must be unfavorable."

"Don't jump at conclusions, Gilmartin," quizzed Rock. "Maybe it's only a drive to get cheap stock."

"Drive? That's long stock coming out. Just look at it!" retorted Gilmartin with indignant skepticism. Mr. Rock's face did not permit itself to smile. Dunlap, like every professional trader, actually rejoiced when he had a chance to "whack" a stock. If a man is in a hurry to reach a place on foot, it is nice to be able to walk down hill. He was happy now. So were the professional traders who were blithely selling stock because somebody else was.

AUTOCRAT

The Stationery of Quality

¶ It is the women of taste, those who best appreciate the really fine things of life — and get them — who have created that demand which has made possible the peculiarly delightful characteristics of AUTOCRAT Correspondence Papers.

Our Offer to Users of Fine Correspondence Papers

¶ That you may quickly acquaint yourself with the rich texture, the delightful finish, and delicate tintings of AUTOCRAT Stationery, **we will send for ten cents,** in stamps or silver, a liberal assortment of these papers in their varying sizes and tints — including our newest Linen Velour — with envelopes to match.

Also our interesting booklet "Polite Correspondence," giving the approved forms of extending and accepting social invitations.

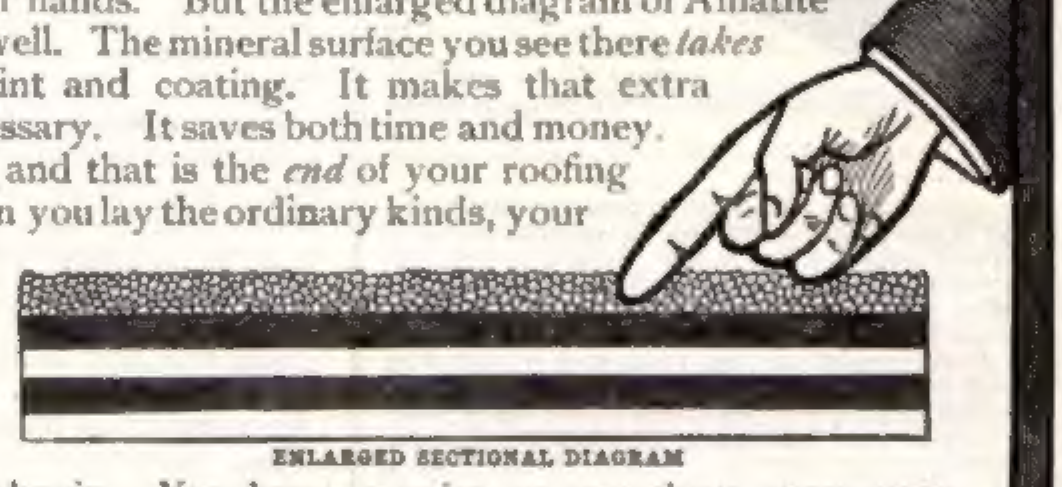
The best dealers sell AUTOCRAT Stationery
¶ If you have any difficulty in obtaining it, send us your dealer's name and we will see that you are supplied.

White & Wyckoff Mfg. Co., 80 Water St., Holyoke, Mass.

The Reason You Don't Have To Paint Amatite ROOFING

It's all in the top surface. We could show you better if you had a sample in your hands. But the enlarged diagram of Amatite shows it pretty well. The mineral surface you see there *takes the place* of paint and coating. It makes that extra expense unnecessary. It saves both time and money.

Lay Amatite and that is the *end* of your roofing troubles. When you lay the ordinary kinds, your



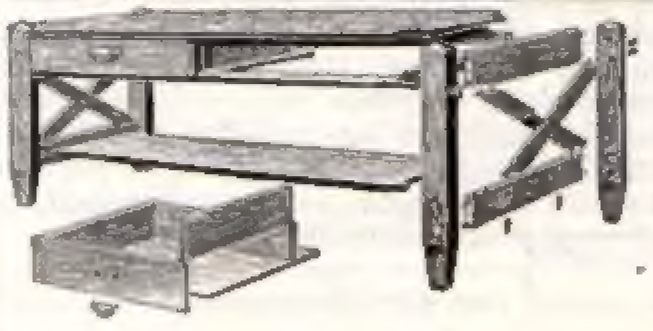
ENLARGED SECTIONAL DIAGRAM

roofing troubles begin. You have to paint or coat them every year or so. Their expense soon amounts to as much as the original cost of such roofings.

Amatite costs *less* than the other kinds to buy, and it costs *nothing whatever* to maintain. Amatite is the kind of roofing you want. The kind that is naturally waterproof. Amatite does not have to hide under a coat of paint in order to give good service. It is made to take the brunt of any kind of weather under any kind of conditions.

Send for a Sample and examine the mineral surface for yourself. You will see at once that it is the only kind worth having. We will send a Sample free on request. Address nearest office of

BARRETT MANUFACTURING CO., Amatite Dept.
New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Boston, Minneapolis, Kansas City, St. Louis, New Orleans, Allegheny.



Try the "NEW WAY"

By the "New Way" you can secure this table and 125 other articles of the latest design of Mission, Arts and Crafts and other up-to-date styles of furniture at one-fifth the usual cost. We furnish all the material which is of the best quality already prepared with complete instructions. You set it up. Boys or girls can do it. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Catalogue and price list sent postpaid on request.

THE NEW WAY FURNITURE CO.
1201 Jefferson **Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.**

The Side Vent Does It

There are no straps or buckles to wrinkle the back of the "NUFANGL" Trousers. The side vents adjust the waistband so that it fits snug and smooth. The waistband is divided into *two* parts by the openings at the side seams—the end of one passes *over* the other and is fastened by a snap clasp, otherwise they are built the same as the trousers you wear. The normal measurement of

The Present
"Nufangl"
Trousers

is at the *outer* stud—from this the garment can be taken in over an inch at each side.

Wrinkling in the back is impossible—"NUFANGL" Trousers fit perfectly. They adjust instantly; and in material, style and finish are all that could be desired by the most critical dresser.

Leading clothiers have "NUFANGL" Trousers in all seasonable weights and weaves at the same price as ordinary trousers. Remember the name "NUFANGL."

PRESENT & COMPANY,
592 Broadway,
New York City.

HOME STUDY COURSES

JOHN F. GENUNG, A.M., PH.D.
Professor of English.

OUR School affords the home student an opportunity to pursue a Complete High School Course under professors in leading American colleges and universities. The Courses in English are given by Prof. Genung, of Amherst; History, by Prof. Wells, of Yale; Latin, by Prof. Harkness, of Brown; Greek, by Prof. Chase, of Harvard. An eminent specialist is at the head of every department.

Students may register at any time and may take up complete courses or pursue special branches. Special attention is given to students preparing for college. We also offer instruction in Commercial and Normal Branches.

Every reader of THE POST who is interested in home study and correspondence teaching is invited to send for a free copy of our eighty-page catalogue and full information in regard to our home study courses.

The Home Correspondence School
Dept. 17, Springfield, Mass.

Shur-On
Eye-glasses

Shur-On Eye-glasses help the sight as no other glasses can and also improve the looks. Keep center of lenses directly before eyeballs; neat, comfortable, won't fall off.

At all opticians'—shapes to fit any nose. "*Shur-On*" on the mounting.

Any broken part of **mountings replaced free** within one year by any optician in the United States.

Valuable book free. Contains information of value to everybody. Free for the name of your optician.

E. Kirstein Sons Co., Dept. B
Estab. 1864. Rochester, N. Y.

WEDDING INVITATIONS 100 for $3.50
Announcements, etc., engraved and printed
Visiting Cards 100 50c; with case 75c. Monogram stationery. Write for samples.
The Estabrook Press, 181 S. Tremont Street, Boston

They knew nothing about Virginia Central, but the unknown somebody else probably did.

"Tut, tut, man," said Rock, just a trifle impatiently. There was something in the way Rock was looking at the tape that made Gilmartin say determinedly—it was no time for play-acting:

"Mr. Rock, do you think it's going much lower?"

"Is this for your paper?" Rock looked at the reporter with a sort of indecisive benignity.

"No, it's for Gilmartin," answered Gilmartin, thrilled. The ticker began to sing goldenly: *Haste! Haste!*—and then—*the cash! the cash!*

"I think," said Rock very deliberately—and Gilmartin, listening with his very soul, heard the words tinkle like coins dropping into a cup slowly, one by one, all of gold, each an embodied hope—"I think that the price is more than likely to go down. In fact, Gilmartin, I think the entire market will work lower. And the Virginia Central stock, I should say, might very possibly be the leader. It depends on whether Robinson can raise the money he needs or not."

"I bet he won't get a cent," interjected Gilmartin. He had made up his mind. The Virginia Central was doomed. The doom was also reducible to dollars and cents. He still waited, in the hope of getting more information. That was common-sense. Moreover, with additional data, he could reckon more closely his probable profits. He might then tell his wife exactly what needed things she would be able to buy in a few short and happy days. He loved his family. For their sake he now loved the ticker. A year's salary in one week—what did that mean? Heaven! The ticker would open the shining gates; Gilmartin would let his wife and children enter first. He was not selfish.

"I haven't said anything for publication, you understand?"

"Do I ever quote you unless you specifically say I may?" asked Gilmartin reproachfully.

"No; that's why I talk to you," said Rock dismissingly. "And, Gilmartin"—as the reporter turned to go—"tell Valentine I said you were good for a couple of hundred shares, whether you want to buy or sell ——"

"Thank you, Mr. Rock. It will be Virginia Central, and it won't be to buy," said Gilmartin ingratiatingly; "unless," he added prudently, "you think there is some other stock that I'd better ——" His hopes did not intoxicate him utterly; he still thought of his family's welfare.

"It's your funeral," laughed Rock. "Pick your own winner. If you hear anything of interest let me know, will you?"

"You bet," replied Gilmartin with hasty gratitude, before he almost ran out to sell two hundred shares of Virginia Central in Dunlap's office, without having to put up any margin. Mr. Rock had not asked him to circulate false statements about the road, nor about the stock, and had not bribed him, but left everything to Gilmartin's susceptibility to impressions. If Gilmartin wished to sell Virginia Central short, and allowed his gambling to bias his judgment and influence his writings, it was of his own doing. Mr. Rock had merely been generous in lending money to a poor chap to gamble with, that a poor chap might make a year's salary in a week—a glorious, workless week—which would buy clothes for three red-haired little boys in Flatbush. Rock did not tell lies, deliberately or accidentally. He considered it unnecessary; which, indeed, it was, in Wall Street. Gilmartin inevitably would sell that tip to people who would gamble on it and give him a share of the winnings; and then he would give it, free of charge, to as many people as would listen to him—so that they too would sell the stock short. Each of the recipients of the tip, which was a very good tip, would in turn tell his friends; for, naturally, if the friends took it and passed it on to their friends, it would mean selling, and that would help the price to go down, and that would help the third, and second, and first generation of tip-givers; and that would help Gilmartin, and that would help Rock, and that would give work to railroad-builders in Virginia. The philosophy of the truthful, and therefore intelligent, "inside tip" at a certain stage of the manipulation is the fascinating philosophy of the endless chain.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Let Us Send You this
Two-Horn
DUPLEX
Phonograph
On Trial

Direct from our Factory to your own Home.

SAVE ALL the DEALERS' 70% PROFIT

Each horn is 30 inches long with a 17 inch bell.

Size of cabinet, 18 inches by 14 by 10 inches high.

An Entirely New Principle in Phonographs

- —**Two** vibrating diaphragms to reproduce the sound.
- —**Two** horns to amplify and multiply all the sound from **both** sides of **both** diaphragms.
- —No tension spring and no swing arm to cause harsh, discordant, mechanical sounds.
- —Consequently, the Duplex produces a sweeter tone and greater volume of music than any other phonograph and is absolutely free from all metallic sounds.

Double Volume of Sound.

THE **Duplex** is the first and the only phonograph to collect the vibrations and get **all** the sound from **both** sides of the diaphragm. Because the reproducer or sound box of the Duplex has **two** vibrating diaphragms and **two** horns (as you see) to amplify the sound from **both** sides of **both** diaphragms. The **Duplex**, therefore, gives you **all** the music produced—with any other you lose one-half.

Compare the volume of sound produced by it with the volume of **any** other—no matter what its price—and judge for yourself.

Purer, Sweeter Tone.

But that is not all, by any means. For the Duplex Phonograph not only produces **more music**—a greater volume—but the tone is clearer, sweeter, purer and more nearly like the original than is produced by any other mechanical means.

By using **two** diaphragms in the Duplex we are able to dispense **entirely** with **all** springs in the reproducer.

The tension spring used in the old style reproducers to jerk the diaphragm back into position each time it vibrates, by its jerking pull **roughens** the fine wave groove in the record, and that causes the **squeaking**, squawking, harsh, metallic sound that sets your teeth on edge when you hear the old style phonograph. In the Duplex the wave grooves of the record remain perfectly smooth—there is nothing to roughen them—and the result is an **exact reproduction** of the original sound.

Direct From the Factory.

We ask the privilege of **proving** to you that the Duplex gives a double volume of music, of purer, sweeter tone than any other phonograph made. We want to prove it at our expense. We ask you to let us send you one **at our expense**—under an arrangement mutually satisfactory—for use in your home one week.

Invite your neighbors and musical friends to hear it and if they do not pronounce it better—in volume and in tone—than the **best** old style phonograph, return it at once at our expense. That's a fair offer but it isn't all. We save you in the price exactly $70.15—because we save you all the jobbers', middlemen's and dealers' profits. We sell it to you at actual factory price. Sold through dealers the Duplex would cost you at least $100—and it would be a bargain at that. Bought direct from our factory it costs you (one profit added) only **$29.85**

And you get a seven days' trial in your own home—and under no obligation to keep it if you are not satisfied. You run no risk, for this advertisement could not appear in this magazine if we did not carry out our promises.

Music In Your Home.

With the Duplex Phonograph you can enjoy a delightful selection of songs, poems, piano, banjo, guitar, or violin music, short stories, anecdotes or dialect pieces, all reproduced by the marvelous two horned Duplex with the faultless fidelity of an instantaneous photograph. You can bring to your family and friends, in all their original beauty, the priceless gems of musical art, the classic performances of famous artists like Paderewski, D'Albert, Raoul Pugno, and Jan Kubelik.

Or, you can listen, entranced, to the magic notes of melody fresh from the throat of a Patti, Melba, or Calve, and the great dramatic tenors, Caruso and Tamagno.

And, best of all, you can hear once more, the voice of dear old Joe Jefferson as, with matchless pathos he delivers the lines of Rip Van Winkle so familiar to a former generation.

With every "Duplex" we give, Free, Six 7-inch Records, or Three 10-inch Records.

Write today for catalog and full particulars of our FREE trial offer. You'll never regret it. Please address

The Duplex Phonograph Co., 143 Patterson St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

"Looking for the Diamond"

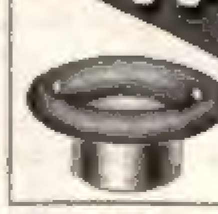
The final touch that makes or mars a shoe is the eyelet. Where ordinary eyelets become brassy, the Diamond Fast Color Eyelet keeps its original color longer than any shoe can last.

In Diamond Fast Color Eyelets the tops or parts which are in sight are of solid color and simply can't wear brassy. The only metal is the part which holds it in the leather and is nickel-plated and non-corroding.

Thousands of men and women of refinement are daily demanding this eyelet when they buy shoes.

You can tell them by looking for this little raised diamond ◆ trade mark on the rim; you'll have to look close to find it, but if it's there you can buy the shoe with an added satisfaction.

DIAMOND
FAST COLOR
EYELETS



On request we will send you free samples and our interesting booklet.

United Fast Color Eyelet Co.
BOSTON, MASS.

WICK'S ADJUSTABLE
Fancy Hat Bands
(The Band with Hooks—all rights reserved)

Made in over 800 fancy color combinations for Schools, Universities, Colleges, Clubs, etc. They're sold separate from the hat, are adjustable and will fit any hat. You don't have to buy the hat you don't want to get the band you do want. Can be worn over the regular hat band. On and off in a twinkling. They make your old hat look new.

25 AND 50 CENTS

1½ in., 25 cts.; 1¾ in. and 2 in., 50 cts. If your Hatter, Clothier or Haberdasher can't supply you, remit price to

WICK NARROW FABRIC CO.
Dept. F, Philadelphia.

Storm Proof Buggy

Dry
Warm
Light

30 Days
Free
Trial

A Rig for Man Who Drive in All Weathers

A top that gives perfect safety from all storms and quickly adjusts for fine weather—one buggy for every day, comfort all the time. Your money back if you are not thoroughly satisfied. Write for catalog R giving all details.

Fouts & Hunter Carriage Mfg. Co.
141 S. Third St., Terre Haute, Ind.

DR. KAHN'S
Sanitary Underwear
1464

The Pathway To Health

is the pat title of a little Booklet which we will **send FREE** to any man who recognizes that

Health is Wealth

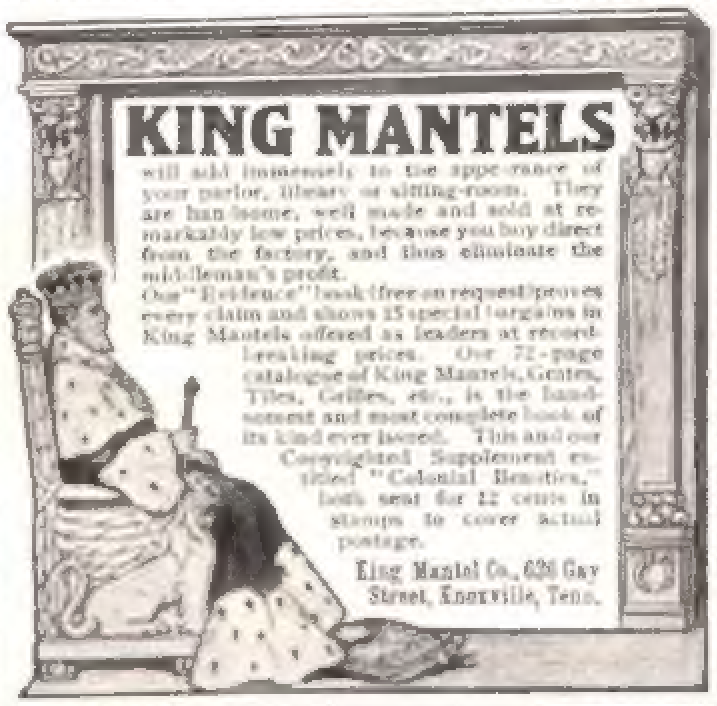
"The Pathway To Health" tells of the right sort of underwear and the wrong, punctures some common misconceptions about **next-to-the-skin dress**, deals with facts, not fads.
Read **"The Pathway To Health"** and you'll never again wear any but

Dr. Kahn's Sanitary Wool Underwear

$1.50 to $3.00 a garment

made from the finest wool, **(shrunk before knitting)** as approved by the "Dr. Kahn" test, which demands smoothness, and softness of texture and extra long fibers. These when woven, produce a satiny, non-irritating surface of delightful warmth and glossiness. If your dealer can't supply you, send us your chest, waist and leg measurements and we'll forward garments prepaid.

Frank Brothers & Co.
578 BROADWAY NEW YORK



KING MANTELS

will add immensely to the appearance of your parlor, library or sitting-room. They are handsome, well made and sold at remarkably low prices, because you buy direct from the factory, and thus eliminate the middleman's profit.
Our "Evidence" book (free on request) proves every claim and shows 15 special bargains in King Mantels offered as leaders at record-breaking prices. Our 72-page catalogue of King Mantels, Grates, Tiles, Grilles, etc., is the handsomest and most complete book of its kind ever issued. This and our Copyrighted Supplement entitled "Colonial Beauties," both sent for 12 cents in stamps to cover actual postage.

King Mantel Co., 626 Gay Street, Knoxville, Tenn.

DEAFNESS

"The Morley Phone"

A miniature **Telephone for the Ear** — invisible, easily adjusted, and entirely comfortable. Makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard. Over fifty thousand sold, giving instant relief from deafness and head noises.

There are but few cases of deafness that cannot be benefited. Write for booklet and testimonials.

THE MORLEY COMPANY, Department T
31 South 16th Street, Philadelphia

AN INVITING FIELD

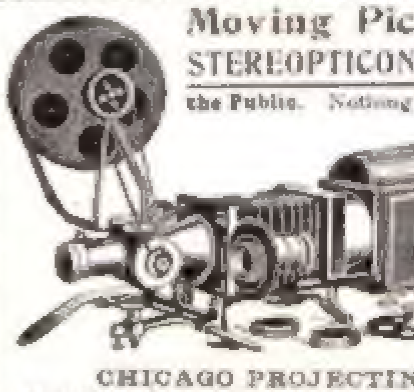
A legitimate business enterprise capable of making large profits with very small capital with a

PETTYJOHN
Concrete Block Machine

An opportunity TO THE FIRST TO WRITE US from each locality to start a BIG PAYING BUSINESS with small capital. If you are going to build a home you should have it. Whole outfit costs only $125.00. Sand, Water and Cement only materials required. One man can make 200 blocks daily. Machine sent on trial.

WRITE FOR PARTICULARS.

THE PETTYJOHN COMPANY, 666 N. Sixth Street, Terre Haute, Ind.



Moving Picture Machines

STEREOPTICONS You can make **BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public.** Nothing affords better opportunities for men with small capital. We start you, furnishing complete outfits and explicit instructions at a surprisingly low cost. **Our Entertainment Supply Catalog** and special offer fully explains everything, **sent free.**

CHICAGO PROJECTING COMPANY
225 Dearborn Street, Department L, Chicago, Ill.

PATENT YOUR IDEAS

$100,000 offered for one invention; $8,500 for another. Book **"How to Obtain a Patent"** and **"What to Invent"** sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. We advertise your patent for sale at our expense.

Chandlee & Chandlee, Patent Attorneys,
948 F. Street, Washington, D. C.

You Should Know Why

Sackett Plaster Board was used in preference to wood or metal lath in the construction of

Savoy Theatre, New York,
U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis,
Marlboro Hotel, Asbury Park,
State Asylum, Binghamton,
University of Wisconsin, Madison,
and fine residences without number.

Before You Build

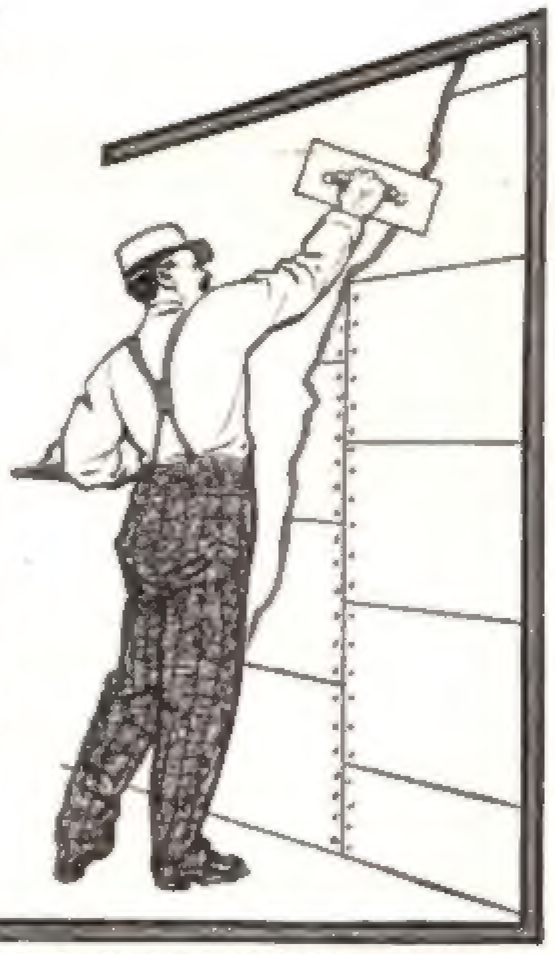
You should write for our booklet (free on request) which tells what Sackett Plaster Board is, what it will do, and what a large number of owners and builders think of it who have used it. Whether building for yourself or some one else, it will pay you to send for this book and learn **why** so many builders are using

Sackett Plaster Board

Instead of Lath

Sackett Plaster Board is made of alternate layers of stucco and felt, rolled into sheets which are nailed to the studding. Plaster mixed with half the usual water is then spread on as shown in the cut, making a firm, hard wall that is non-inflammable, and every way more satisfactory to the old style construction. Sackett Plaster Board is also better and cheaper than lumber and paper sheathing, and is an effective sound deadener between floors. Your next building will be better if you write today to

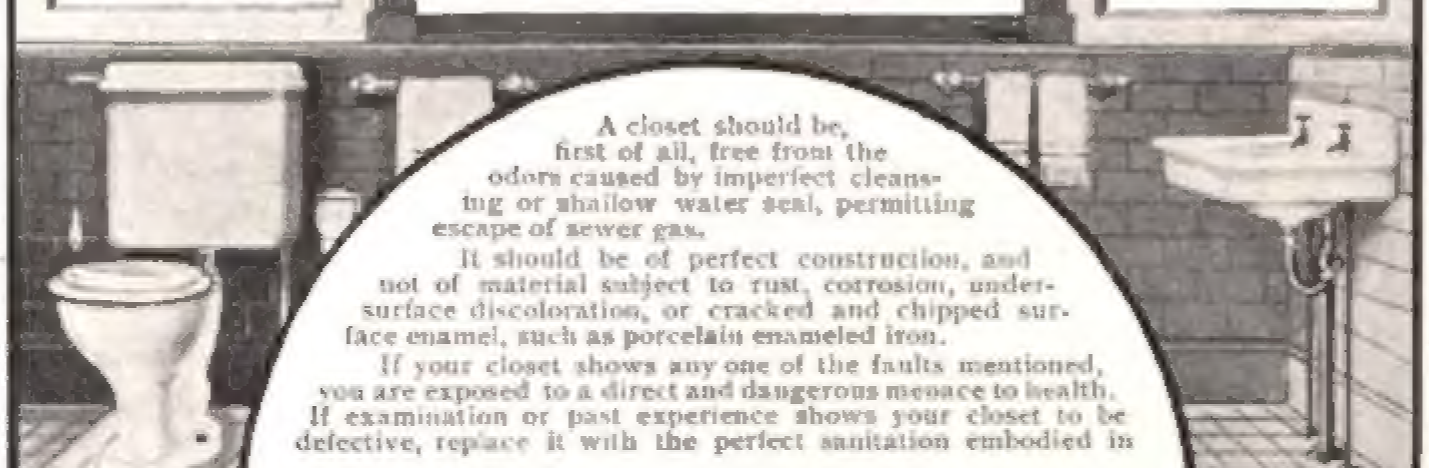
Grand Rapids Plaster Company
Western Sales Agents, Grand Rapids, Mich.



Book on Household Health sent free, if you mention the name of your Plumber.

What Your Closet Should be TO BE SAFE

Book on Household Health sent free, if you mention the name of your Plumber.



A closet should be, first of all, free from the odors caused by imperfect cleansing or shallow water seal, permitting escape of sewer gas.

It should be of perfect construction, and not of material subject to rust, corrosion, undersurface discoloration, or cracked and chipped surface enamel, such as porcelain enameled iron.

If your closet shows any one of the faults mentioned, you are exposed to a direct and dangerous menace to health. If examination or past experience shows your closet to be defective, replace it with the perfect sanitation embodied in

Sy-Clo

TRADE MARK

The Closet of Health

Unlike the ordinary closet, the "Sy-Clo" has a double cleansing action, a combination of flush from above and a powerful pump like *pull* from below. The downward rush of water creates a vacuum into which the entire contents of the bowl is drawn with irresistible syphonic force.

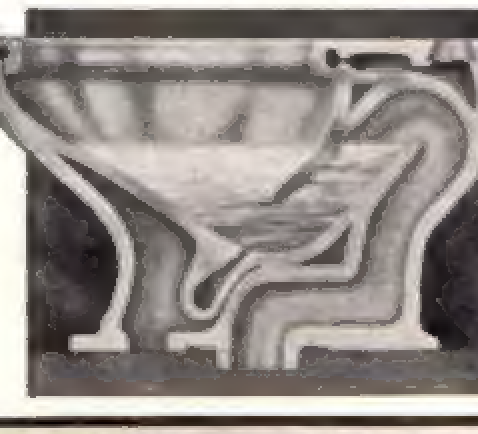
The material of the Sy-Clo Closet is heavy white *china*, hand moulded into a single piece without joint or seam; its surface cannot chip off nor crack, and is unaffected by acid, water or wear.

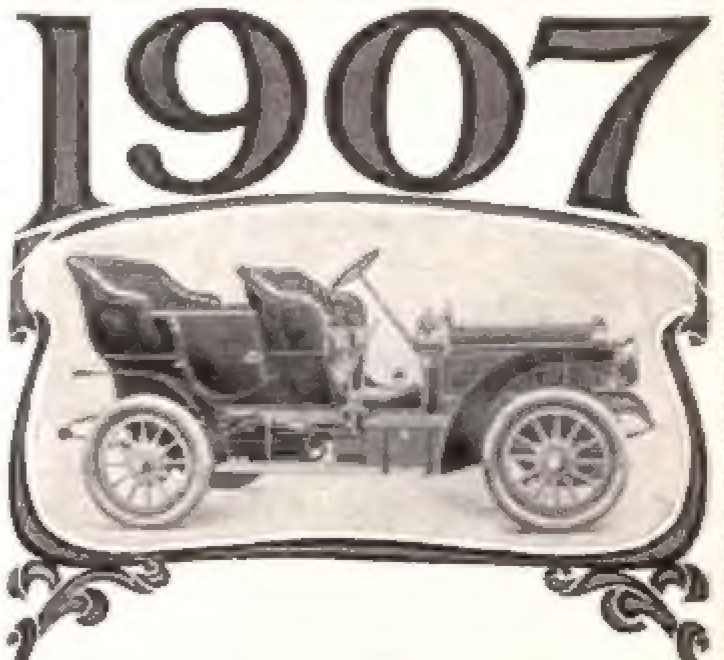
The name "Sy-Clo" on a closet guarantees that it is made under the direction and supervision of the Potteries Selling Company, of the best materials, and with the aid of the best engineering skill, and has the united endorsement of eighteen of the leading potteries of America.

Booklet on "Household Health" sent free if you mention the name of your plumber.

Lavatories of every design made of the same material as the Sy-Clo Closets.

POTTERIES SELLING COMPANY
Trenton, N. J.





All motordom is agog over the advent of Model H, the brand new four-cylinder Cadillac for 1907, now ready for instant delivery.

In every particular this car is not only up to the minute, but is really *two years* ahead of any other machine on the market. Its many improvements, its mechanical completeness, its superior finish and design, make it imperative for you not to take another step in the purchase of a car until you have learned all about this wonderful

CADILLAC

—an automobile whose smooth and well-balanced action is almost marvelous when compared with that in what has heretofore been accepted as the highest type of motor car. The new and exclusive double acting steering gear greatly increases safety of riding; surprising ease of control is gained through the perfect planetary transmission; a new marine type governor regulates the speed of the engine under all conditions, minimizing vibration and fuel consumption; the independent steel suspension for engine saves wear and strain.

These and a dozen other reasons why you ought to choose the Cadillac will be explained by your nearest dealer. His address, also finely illustrated booklet O, will be sent on request.

Model H will accommodate five persons; **30 horse power**; capable of 50 miles an hour. Price, $2,500.

Other Cadillac models are: MODEL K, RUNABOUT, $750; MODEL M, LIGHT TOURING CAR, $950. All prices f. o. b. Detroit, and do not include lamps.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY,
Detroit, Michigan.

Member Asso. Licensed Auto. Mfrs.

WHITELAW'S
Paper Blankets
SANITARY ·
HEALTHFUL · WARM ·

BED Clothing should be warm and light. Blankets and thick quilts should never be put upon the bed. The weight is depressing, retains perspiration, causes nightmare and is unhealthy. **Paper Blankets** are warmer than woolen, and weigh only ten ounces each. Made of strong sterilized paper, kid finish, will not slip. Cost less than washing blankets. They are an application of **A Well-known Scientific Principle.** Worn between sheet and top cover. Price $3.00 a dozen, F. O. B. Cincinnati, or we will send two full size for sample, post paid, for $1.00.

Also make the famous **Paper Diapers** that **Appeal to the mother of the Babe,** to be worn inside the regular diaper and destroyed when soiled. 75 cents per 100 F. O. B. Cincinnati, or will mail 50, post paid, for $1.00. If skeptical send 10 cents in stamps for samples of diapers.

Whitelaw Paper Goods Co., Dept. 4, Cincinnati, Ohio.

MY BOOK FREE
Stop Forgetting
THE KEY TO SUCCESS

You are no greater intellectually than your Memory

My course simple. Increases earning capacity, social standing, gives ready memory for names, faces, conversation, business details. Booklet free. **Dickson School of Memory, 933 Kimball Hall, Chicago**

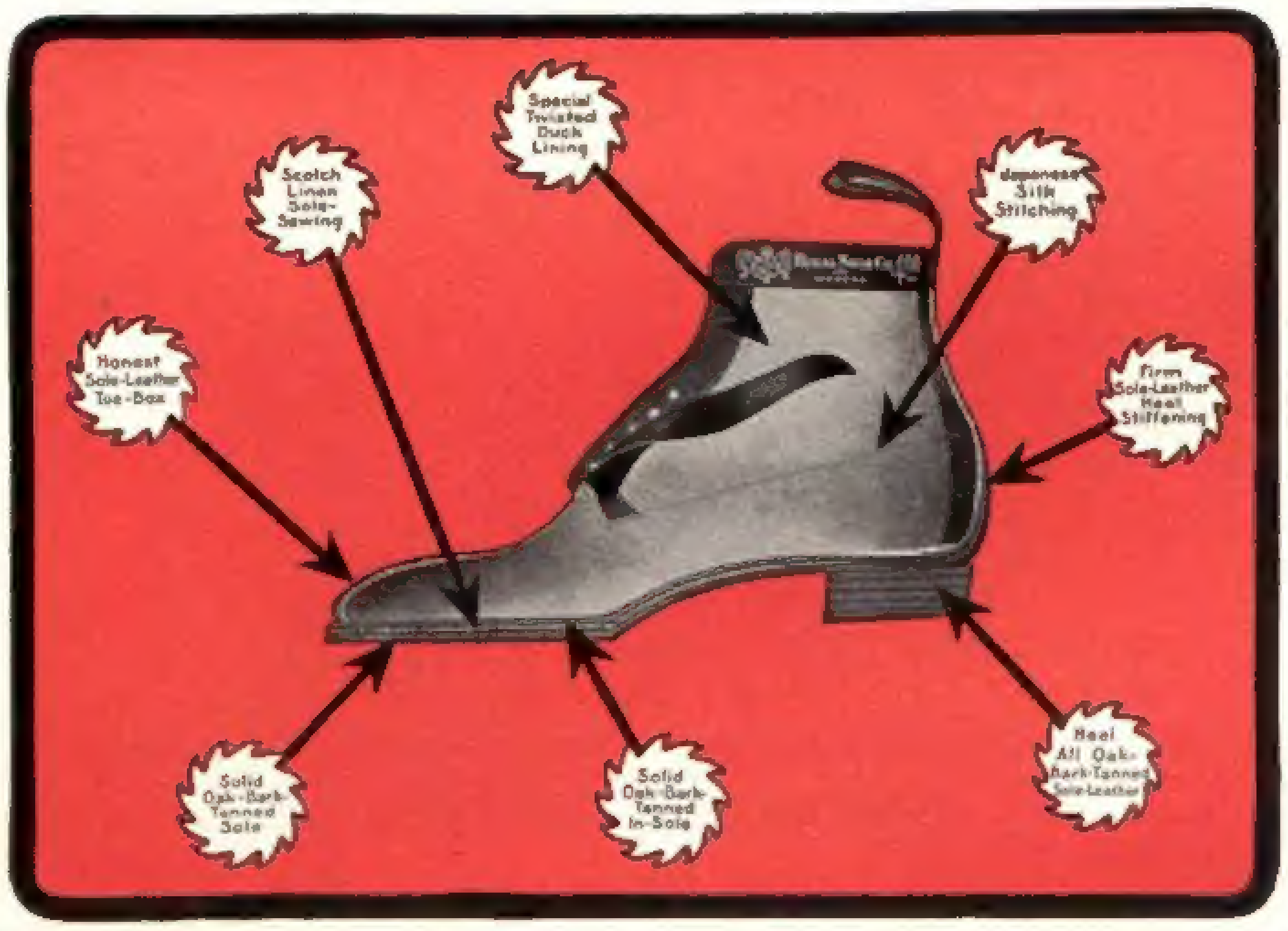
A TAG OF SPECIFICATIONS
With Every Pair of Regals

SPECIFICATIONS
SPECIFICATIONS

SPECIFICATIONS
SPECIFICATIONS

The *wear*-withstanding quality that's built into Regal shoes is so high and so entirely above the average that we have never yet been able to devise too many ways of *proving* it before you buy.

This Fall, and hereafter, we don't intend to take anything for granted—nor let *you* do it, either. Every square inch of leather that goes into every pair of Regal shoes is good enough to point out and *tell* you about; and we're going to tell you, whether you are willing to take it for granted or not. And not only the *leather*, but the *lining* and the *silk* thread and the *linen* thread, are all going to be *specifically described.*


Special Twisted Duck Lining
Scotch Linen Sole-Sewing
Japanese Silk Stitching
Honest Sole-Leather Toe-Box
Firm Sole-Leather Heel Stiffening
Solid Oak-Bark-Tanned Sole
Solid Oak-Bark-Tanned In-Sole
Heel All Oak-Bark-Tanned Sole-Leather

Every pair of Regal shoes that leaves the factory now has its factory record in the form of a *Specifications tag.* You'll find the various parts of *your pair* of Regals listed in definite detail on the tag that goes with them.

Every *wearer* of Regal shoes knows how well they *do* "stand up." The tag that goes with them will hereafter tell every *purchaser* just *why* he may *expect* them to "stand up" and give the most faithful kind of honest, long service.

That tag would be worth getting, even if the cost of shoe materials had not increased. But just now it's going to count for double value—for the advanced price of leather has made a lot of difference in the hidden parts of most shoes.

Don't let anybody offer you a pair of shoes backed by nothing better than oral assurance. Insist on seeing, *in black and white*, what you are buying.

The Regal *Specifications tag* fills this bill. No other shoe is backed like that.

Quarter Sizes Perfect Fit

REGAL—REGAL—REGAL—REGAL—REGAL—REGAL—REGAL—REGAL—REGAL—REGAL—REGAL—REGAL—REGAL—REGAL—REGAL—REGAL
Exact Shape Top View
Exact Shape Side View

Piccadilly
Men's Regal
$4.00

Style 9RS1—As illustrated, high shoe, lace style, Blucher cut, military heel. Made of Patent Leather. **Style 9RD3**—Same, except made of Black King Calf. Slightly narrower toe.

Fall Style-Book Ready

Every new shoe-shape shown in photographs and diagrams, and every model fully described. ***Sent free on request.***

Regals By Mail Wherever The Stores are Out of Reach

—and you are equally sure of getting the model you *want*, and getting the right fit. No trouble to prove it—let us send the Style-Book and you'll see why.

REGAL SHOE CO., Inc.
MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT:
Boston, Mass., 129 Summer Street
MAIL ORDER SUB-STATIONS:
Factory, East Whitman, Mass. Box 921.
820 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Quarter Sizes Perfect Fit

REGAL—REGAL—REGAL—REGAL—REGAL—REGAL—REGAL—REGAL—REGAL—REGAL—REGAL—REGAL—REGAL—REGAL—REGAL—REGAL
Exact Shape Top View
Exact Shape Side View

Cameo
Women's Regal
$4.00

Style 9AC4—As illustrated, high shoe, lace style, Blucher cut, Cuban heel. Made of Patent Leather. **Style 9AC1**—Same, except made of Black King Calf.

REGAL STORES—*Men's*

Albany, N. Y.
Altoona, Pa.
Atlanta, Ga.
Augusta, Ga.
Baltimore, Md.
Birmingham, Ala.
Bluefield, W. Va.
Boston, Mass.
2 stores.
Bridgeport, Conn.
Brooklyn, N. Y.
4 stores.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Cananea, Mexico.
Chicago, Ill.
Cincinnati, Ohio.
Cleveland, Ohio.
Dallas, Texas.
Denver, Col.
Detroit, Mich.
E. Whitman, Mass.
Fall River, Mass.
Guadalajara, Mex.
Hartford, Conn.
Haverhill, Mass.
Huntsville, Ala.
Iloilo, P. I.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Jacksonville, Fla.
Jamestown, N. Y.
Jersey City, N. J.
Kansas City, Mo.
London, England.
Los Angeles, Cal.
Louisville, Ky.
Lynn, Mass.
Manila, P. I.
Mexico City.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Mobile, Ala.
Monterey, Mexico.
Nashville, Tenn.
Newark, N. J.
New Haven, Conn.
New Orleans, La.
Newport, R. I.
New York, N. Y.
10 stores.
Norfolk, Va.
Norwich, Conn.
Oakland, Cal.
Oskaloosa, Ia.
Panama, S. A.
Parral, Mexico.
Philadelphia, Pa.
4 stores.
Pittsburg, Pa.
Providence, R. I.
Richmond, Va.
Roanoke, Va.
Rochester, N. Y.
San Antonio, Tex.
San Francisco, Cal.
San Juan, P. R.
San Luis Potosi, Mexico.
Saratoga, N. Y.
Savannah, Ga.
Schenectady, N. Y.
Scranton, Pa.
Seattle, Wash.
Springfield, Mass.
St. Louis, Mo.

REGAL
FOR MEN AND WOMEN
SHOES
$3.50 and $4.00

REGAL STORES—*Men's*

St. Paul, Minn.
Syracuse, N. Y.
Tacoma, Wash.
Tampa, Fla.
Taunton, Mass.
Troy, N. Y.
Utica, N. Y.
Waco, Tex.
Washington, D. C.
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Wilmington, N. C.
Worcester, Mass.

REGAL STORES—*Women's*

Altoona, Pa.
Augusta, Ga.
Baltimore, Md.
Birmingham, Ala.
Boston, Mass.
2 stores.
Brooklyn, N. Y.
3 stores.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Cleveland, Ohio.
Dallas, Texas.
Denver, Col.
E. Whitman, Mass.
Haverhill, Mass.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Jacksonville, Fla.
Jersey City, N. J.
Kansas City, Mo.
Los Angeles, Cal.
Lynn, Mass.
Mexico City.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Mobile, Ala.
Newark, N. J.
New Haven, Conn.
Newport, R. I.
New York, N. Y.
4 stores.
Norfolk, Va.
Norwich, Conn.
Oakland, Cal.
Oskaloosa, Ia.
Panama, S. A.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Providence, R. I.
Richmond, Va.
San Francisco, Cal.
San Juan, P. R.
Saratoga, N. Y.
Savannah, Ga.
Schenectady, N. Y.
Scranton, Pa.
Seattle, Wash.
St. Paul, Minn.
Syracuse, N. Y.
Tacoma, Wash.
Tampa, Fla.
Taunton, Mass.
Troy, N. Y.
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.